



..... *Читаем вслух!*

СТИХИ АНГЛИЙСКИХ ПОЭТОВ

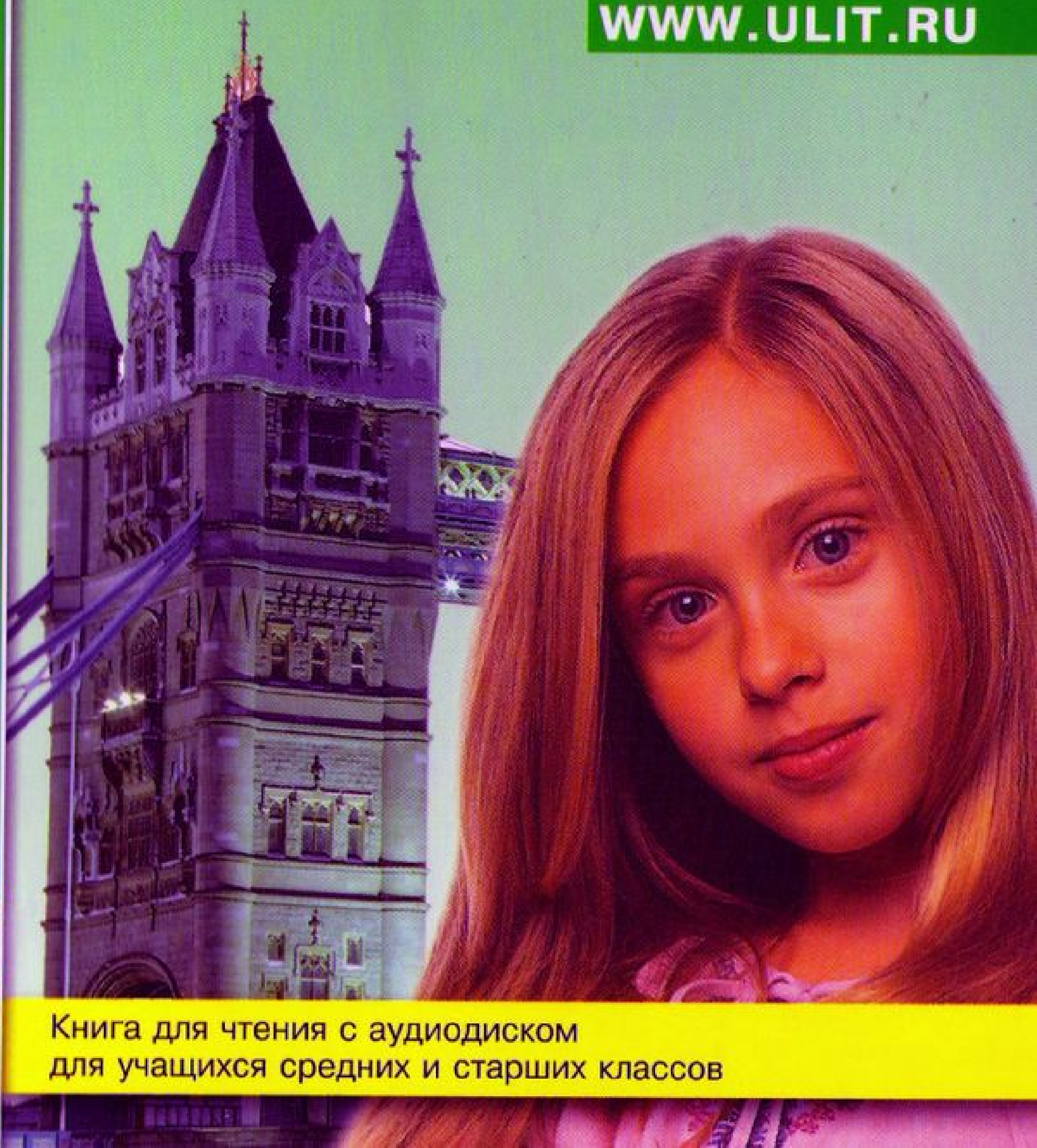
Посетите наш web-магазин
WWW.ULIT.RU

English Poems
to listen, read and learn

Words Aloud!



Книга для чтения с аудиодиском
для учащихся средних и старших классов





Words Aloud

**Words alive! Words aloud
Spoken alone or in a crowd.
Words to learn, words to remember
From January until December.**

track 1

----- *Words Aloud!* -----

English Poems
to listen, read and learn

A book with audio-CD

Moscow ♦ Binom-Press
Saint-Petersburg ♦ CORONA-Vek
2006

..... *Читаем вслух!*

СТИХИ
АНГЛИЙСКИХ ПОЭТОВ

**для учащихся средних
и старших классов**

Книга для чтения с аудиодиском

Москва ♦ Бином-Пресс
Санкт-Петербург ♦ Корона-Век
2006

ББК 81.2Англ
С80

Составители *Кэтрин Дж. Поллок, Зимина М. С., Катенин С. Б.*
Текст читает *Кэтрин Джанетта Поллок (Великобритания)*
Художник *Гаузельман Е.*

Стихи английских поэтов. Книга для чтения с аудиодиском для учащихся средних и старших классов. — М.: Бином-Пресс; СПб.: КОРОНА-Век, 2006. — 112 с.; ил.

ISBN 5-7931-0348-1

Данное пособие рекомендуется для школ с углубленным изучением английского языка, колледжей и неязыковых вузов. Книга предназначена для совершенствования навыков произношения и правильной интонации английской речи. Прилагается компакт-диск.

СТИХИ АНГЛИЙСКИХ ПОЭТОВ

для учащихся средних и старших классов

Ответственный за выпуск *Катенин С. Б.*

Верстка *Селезнева Ю. А.*

Редактор *Чернявская И. А.*

Обложка *Чикулаев А. А.*

ООО «КОРОНА-Век». 190005, Санкт-Петербург, Измайловский пр., д. 29.
тел. (812) 251-33-94

Подписано в печать 24.04.2006. Формат 60 x 88/16

Бумага офсетная. Печать офсетная.

Объем 7 печ. л. Тираж 3500 экз. Заказ № 636

Отпечатано с готовых диапозитивов в ОАО «Техническая книга».

190005, Санкт-Петербург, Измайловский пр., 29

Тираж компакт-дисков изготовлен в ООО «Фортмедиа». Россия, 196006,

Санкт-Петербург, ул. Цветочная, д. 7. Тел.: (812)388-82-90.

Лицензия МПТР России ВАФ №77-225

ISBN 5-7931-0348-1

© «КОРОНА-Век», 2006

От редакции

Книга создана совместным трудом российско-английского коллектива и содержит около 60 произведений (стихи, проза, баллада, драма), каждое из которых записано на компакт-диск. Безукоризненная дикция и истинно английская речь в сочетании с выразительным чтением делают тексты яркими и запоминающимися. Вы почувствуете английскую интонацию и откроете для себя, как нужно читать Шекспира, Байрона или Бёрнса. Каждый текст несёт крупицу житейской мудрости и прочесть его гораздо приятней, чем выслушивать или высказывать нравоучения на ту же тему.

В алфавитном указателе в конце книги можно найти номер дорожки на диске, где расположено интересующее вас произведение.

Книга будет полезна школьникам, желающим поразить экзаменаторов или друзей своей эрудицией, прочитав неизвестное другим стихотворение, сонет Шекспира или что-нибудь из Бёрнса с истинно английской интонацией; учителям английского языка для использования на уроках по английской литературе и организации праздников; всем любителям английского языка.

Надеемся, что вы получите удовольствие и одновременно потренируете память и расширите свой кругозор.

Желаем успехов!

Catch a Snowflake if You Can

By Elizabeth Bewick

Catch a snowflake if you can,
see the patterns as they run,
hold them melting in your hand,
lick your fingers as they numb.

Try to find an icicle,
put it in the microwave,
watch it turn into a pool
which the buzzer cannot save.



**Nothing is quite what it seems,
living is for here and now,
so defrost your frozen dreams,
do not wait to question how.**

**Hold your hands out to the wind,
let the rain run down your face,
step in every fairy ring,
hide in each enchanted place.**

**Write your words upon the air,
see them curve and rhyme and scan,
make new patterns everywhere,
catch a snowflake if you can.**



The Spare Room

By Diana Hendry

It was just the spare room,
the nobody-there room,
the spooks-in-the-air room,
the unbearable spare room.

It wasn't the guest room,
the four-poster best room,
the designed-to-impress room,
the unusable guest room.

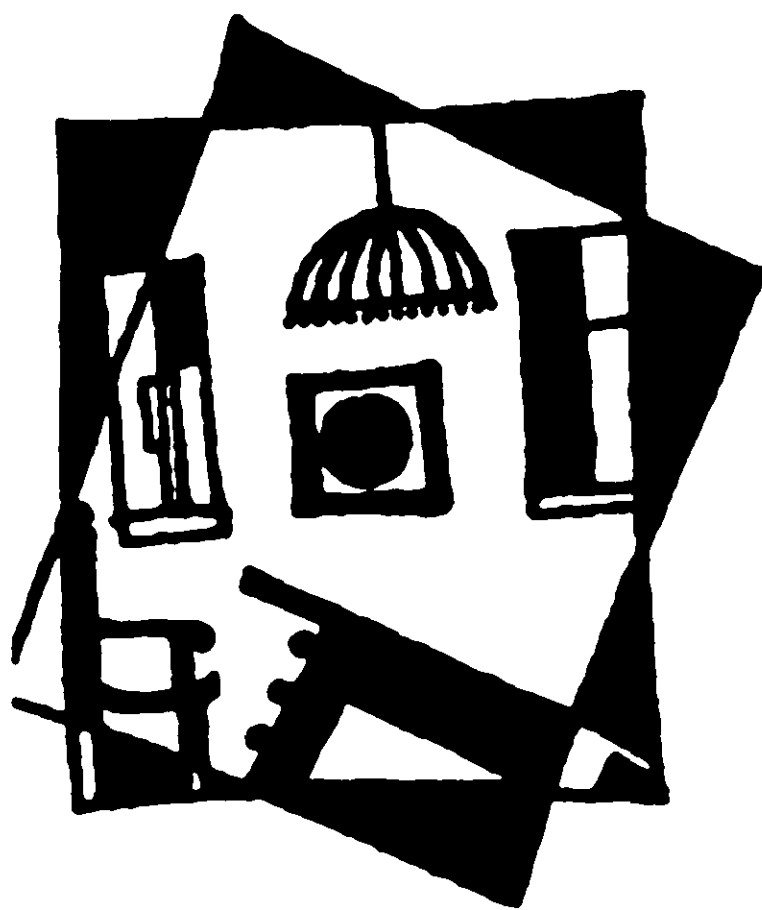


**It wasn't the main room,
the homely and plain room,
the flop-on-the-bed room,
Mum and Dad's own room.**

**It wasn't the blue room,
the sweet lulla-loo room,
the creep-on-your-feet room
the baby's asleep room.**

**It wasn't the bright room,
the clothes-everywhere room,
the music-all-night room,
sister's scattered-about room.**

**It was just the spare room,
the nobody-there room,
the spooks-in-the-air room,
the unbearable spare room.**



Grasshopper Green

Grasshopper green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,
These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadows he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.*

* Дочитайте самостоятельно.



Grasshopper green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.

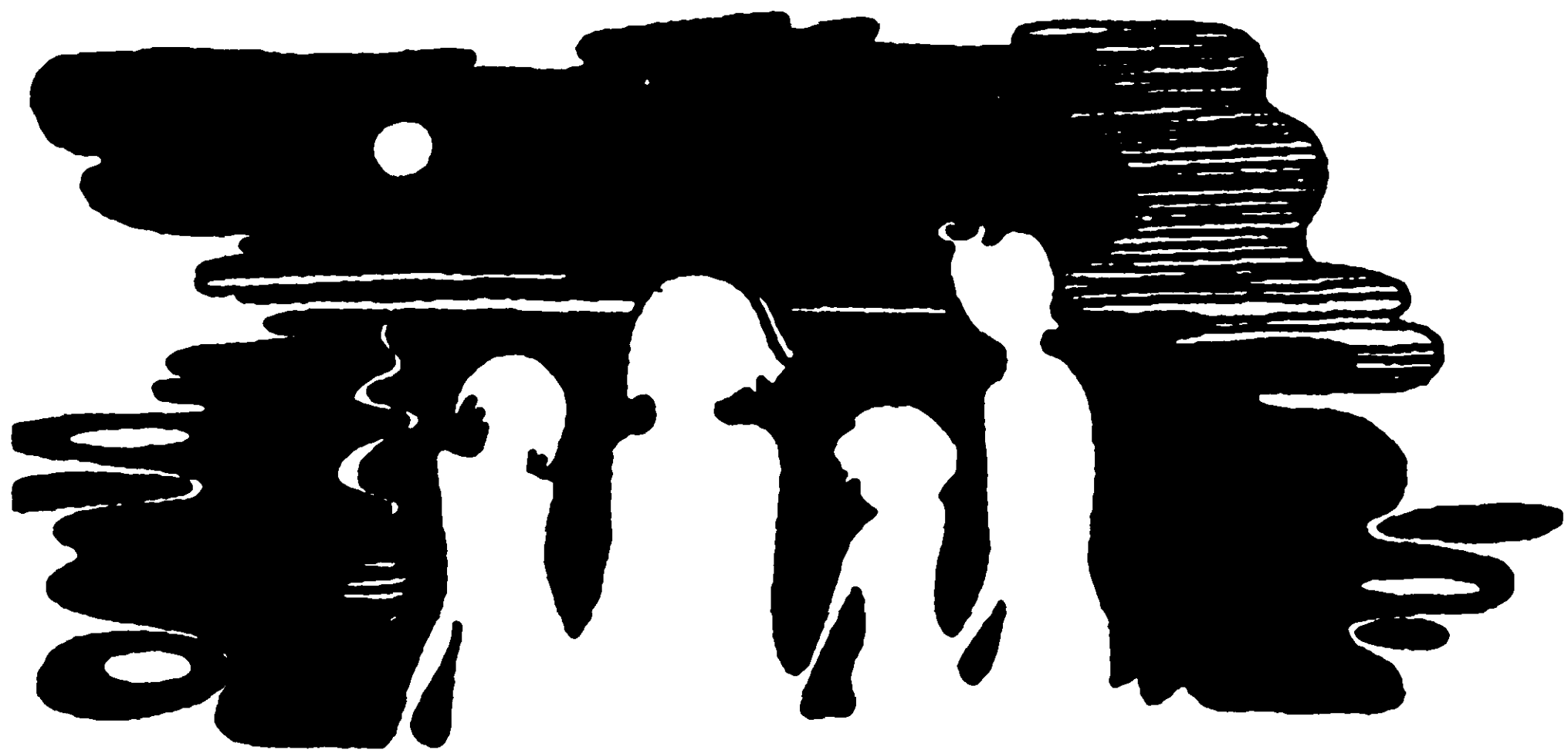
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.



The Sea at Night

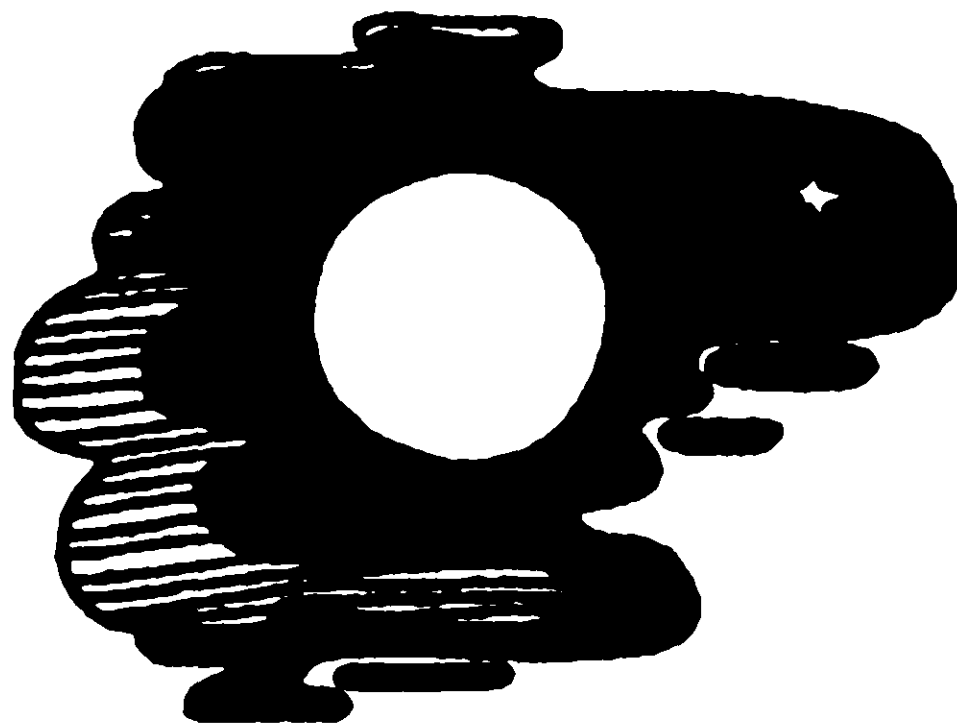
By Sujata Bhatt

The sea at night, all black
yet distinguishable from the day, all black.
Close above the sea: a vertical sickle
a flame yellow waxing moon —
and right above the moon;
a chrysanthemum yellow star,
the evening star.



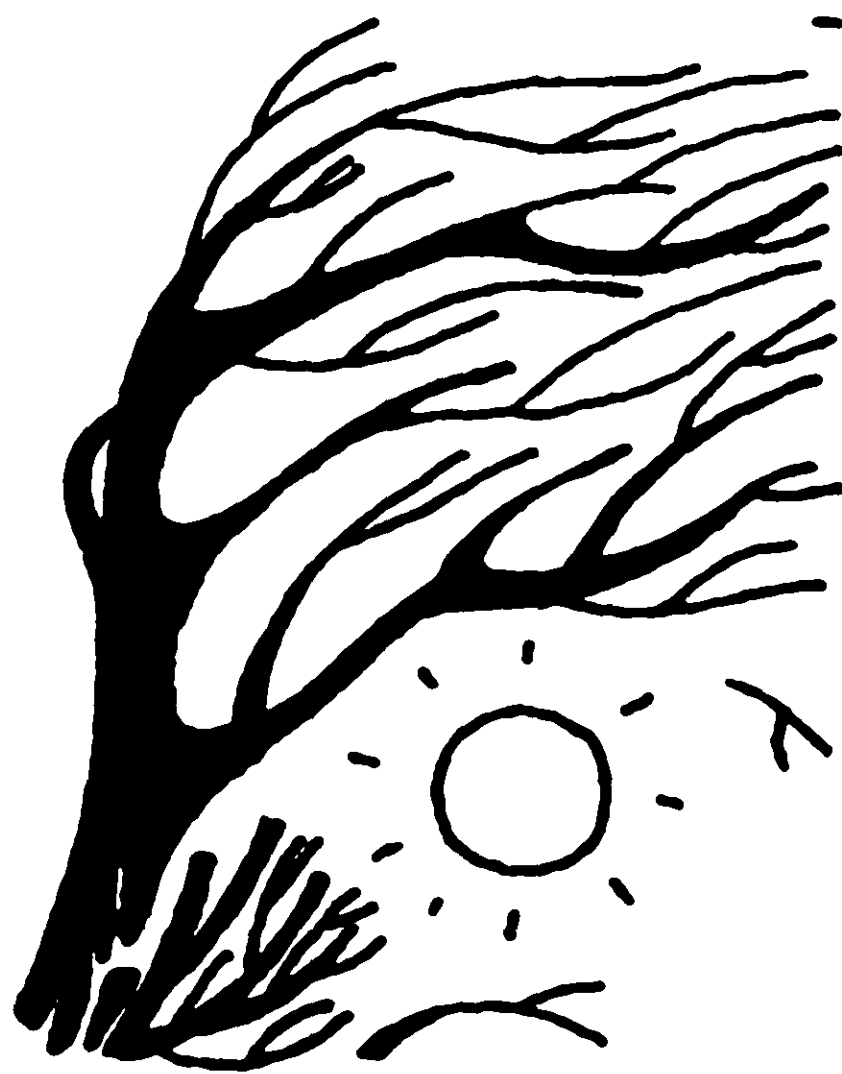
All in a straight line —
so we wondered if this happens
every night or once a century,
we wondered while
the sea swayed, the sky shifted
the moon turned, the star slipped.

And there was no time
for a photograph —
no time, so we watched,
sleepless through the night
unable to lie still
unable to stop talking...



And in the farmhouse now our yawning cat,
After a busy day begins to tire,
And lies there warm and sleek and fat,
Stretched out beside the blazing kitchen fire;
Dreaming and purring she is well away,
It is the ending of a chill March day.

So wild and tame have skies above their heads
Where all the stars of early springtime shine.
They go contented to their peaceful beds,
And I am full of sleep and go to mine.



Rain

By Shel Silverstein

I opened my eyes
And looked up at the rain,
And it dripped in my head
And flowed into my brain.

“So pardon this wild crazy thing”,
I just said “I’m just not the same
since there’s rain
in my head.”



I step very softly,
I walk very slow,
I can't do a hand-stand
Or I might overflow.

And all I can hear
As I lie in my bed
Is the slishity-slosh
Of the rain in my head.



I Love to See the Fire

By G. F. Horne

I love to see the fire so red,
It turns to toast my slice of bread.
I love to go to bed at night
And sleep until the morning light.

I love the moon, it shines on me,
And stars are twinkle merrily.
I love the winter frost and snow,
I'm dressed in wool from tip to toe.

Don't You Love to Lie and Listen

"Don't you love to lie and listen
Listen to the rain
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter, clatter

And its silvery spatter, spatter
On the roof and on the pane?"
"Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain."

Six Serving Men

track 10

By Rudyard Kipling

I keep six honest serving men —
They taught me all I knew.
Their names are **what** and **why** and **when**
And **how** and **where** and **who**. *

I send them over land and sea,
I send them East and West;
But after they have worked for me,
I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,
For I am busy then,
As well as breakfast, lunch and tea,
For they are hungry men.

But different folk have different views;
I know a person small
She keeps ten million serving men,
Who get no rest at all!

She sends them on her own affairs,
From the second she opens her eyes —
One million **how**, tin million **wheres**,
And seven million **whys**!

* Дочитайте самостоятельно.

If Your Lips

If your lips
Would keep from slips,
Of these five things

Beware:

Of whom you speak,
To **whom** you speak,
And **how** and **when**
And **where**?

A Joke

The more we study,
The more we know.
 The more we know,
 The more we forget.
The more we forget,
The less we know.
 The less we know,
 The less we forget.
The less we forget,
The more we know.
 So, why study?

Some Like to Drink

track 13

By R. L. Stevenson

Some like to drink
In a pint pot,
Some like to think,
Some not.

Strong Dutch cheese
Old Kentucky rye,
Some like these
not I.

Some like Poe,
And others
like Scott. *

Some like Mrs. Stowe
some not.

Some like to laugh,
Come like to cry,
Some like to chaff
not I.



* Дочитайте самостоятельно.

The Pets

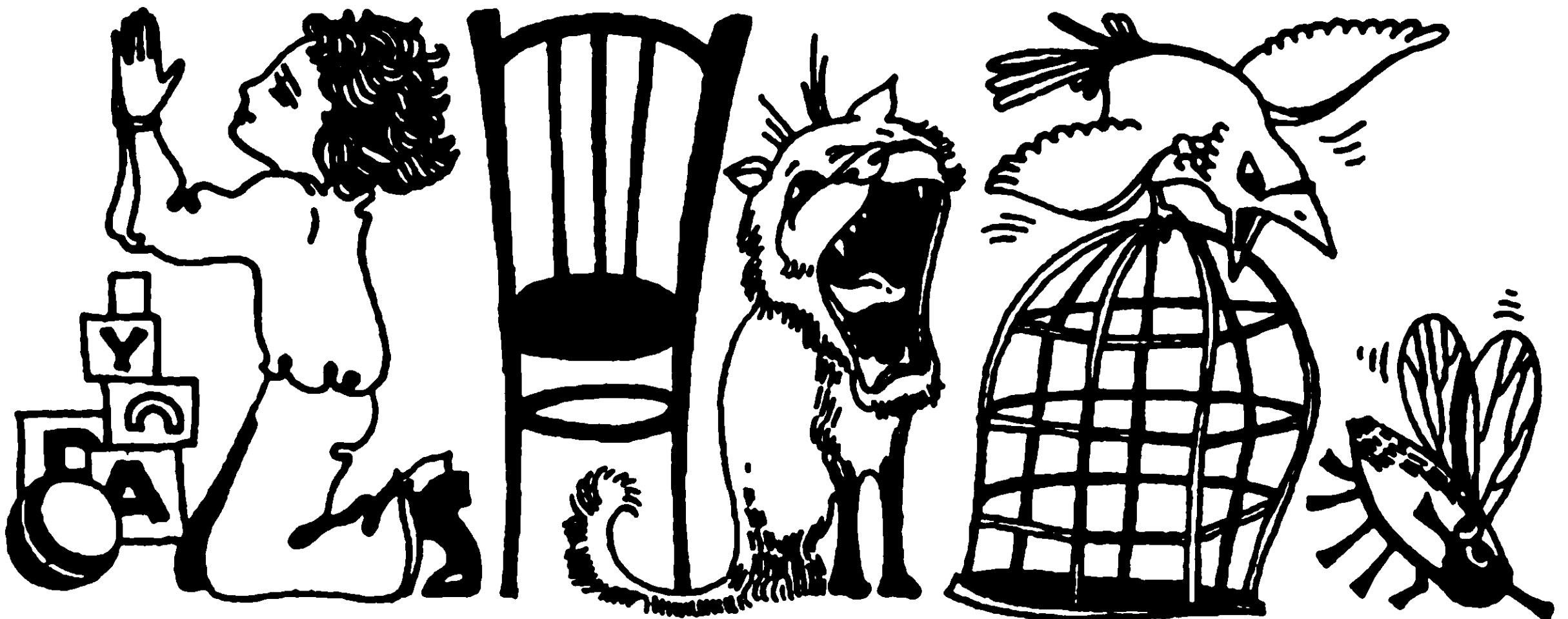
By Robert Farren

Colm had a cat,
and a wren,
and a fly.

The cat was a pet,
and the wren,
and the fly.

And it happened that the wren
ate the fly;
and it happened that the cat
ate the wren.

Then the cat died.
So Saint Colm lacked a cat,
and a wren,
and a fly.

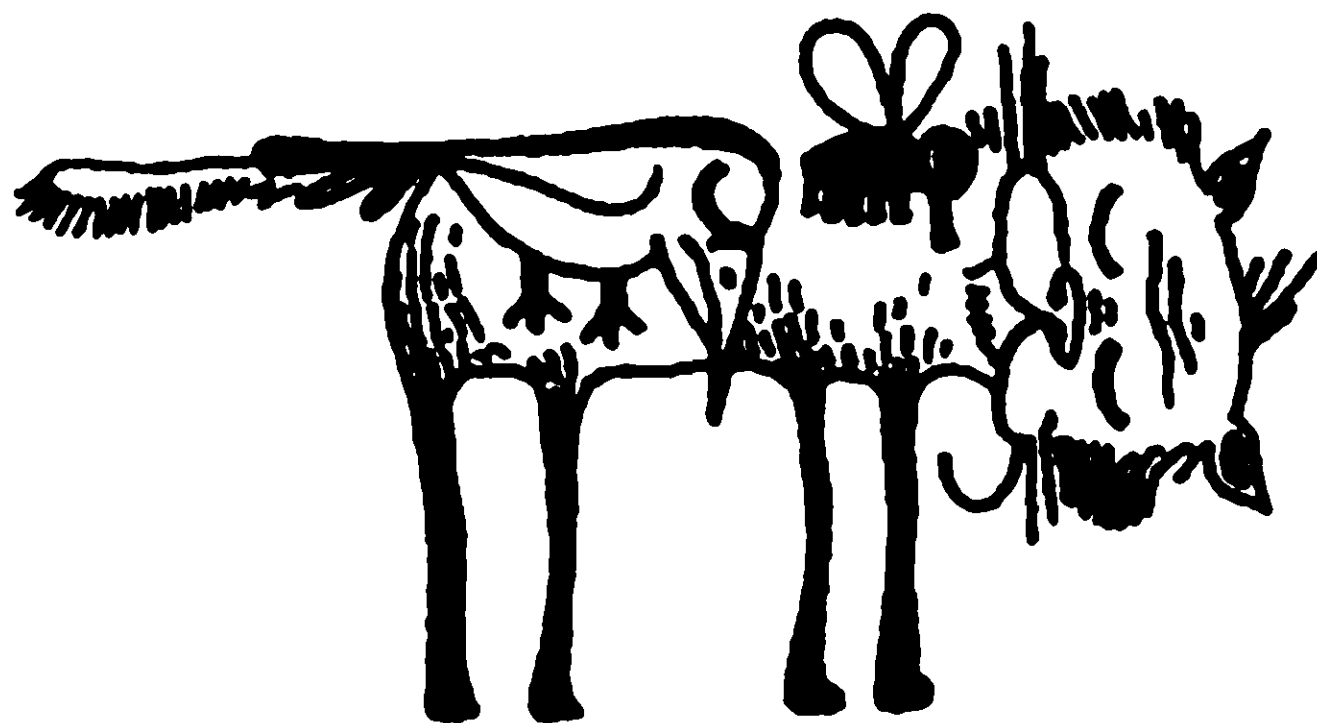


But Saint Colm loved the cat,
and the wren,
and the fly.

So he prayed to get them back,
cat and wren;
and he prayed to get them back,
wren and fly.

And the cat became alive
and delivered up the wren;
and the wren became alive
and delivered up the fly;
and they all lived with Colm
till the day came to die.

First the cat died.
Then the wren died
Then the fly.



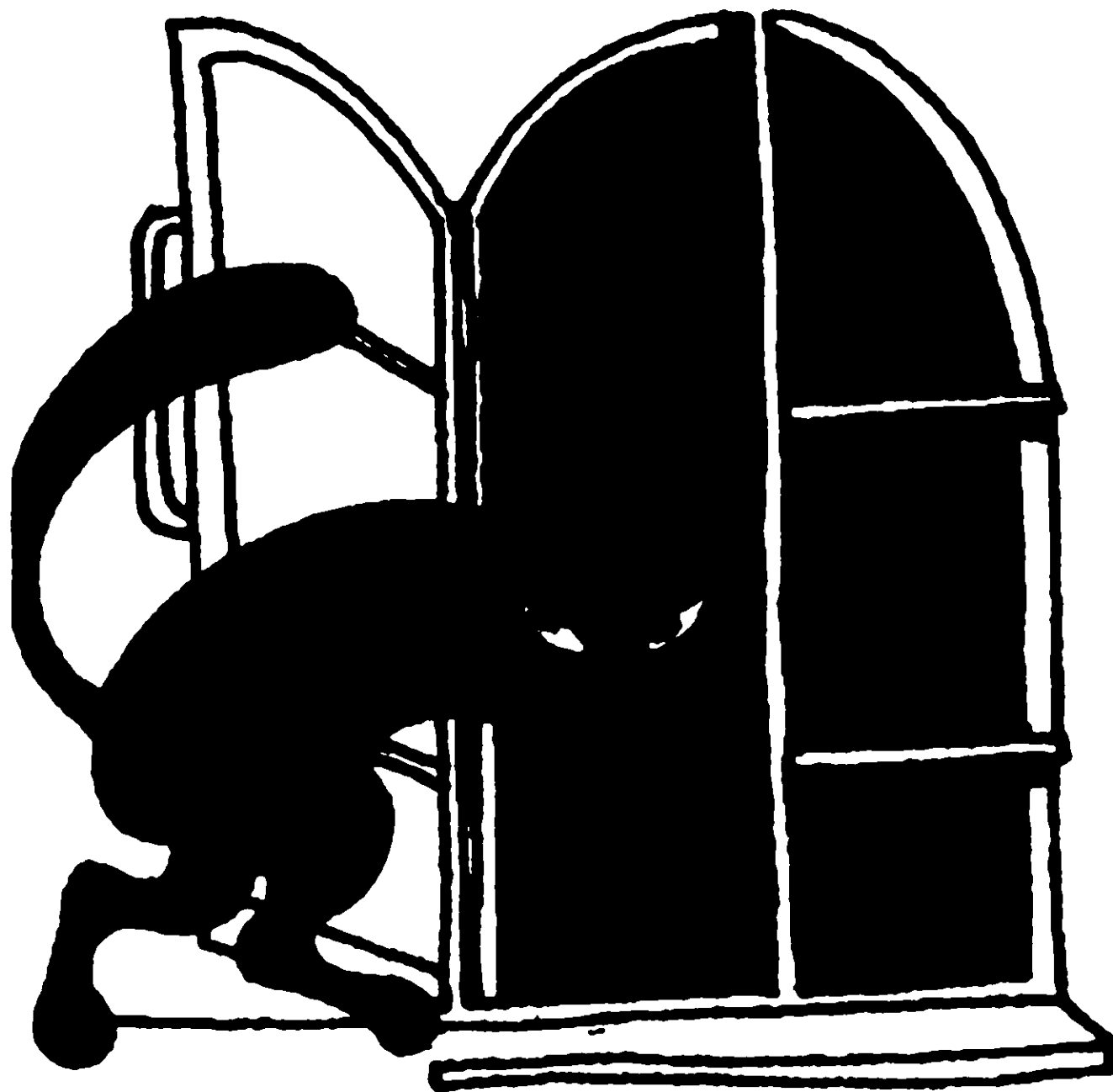
The Cat

By Miroslav Holub

Translated by George Theiner

Outside it was night
like a book without letters.
And the eternal dark
dripped to the stars through
the sieve of the city.

I said to her
“Do not go.
You’ll only be trapped
and bewitched
and will suffer in vain.”

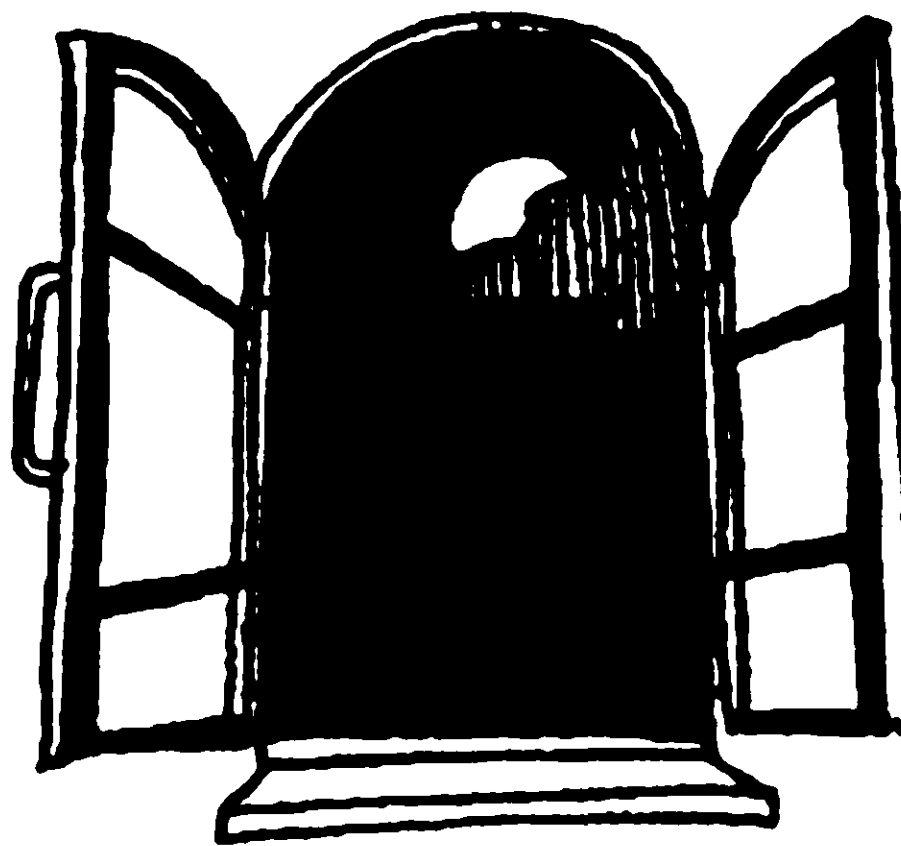


I said to her:
“Do not go.
Why want nothing?”

But a window was opened,
and she went,
a black cat into the black night,
she dissolved,

a black cat in the black night
she just dissolved,
and no one ever saw her again.
Not even she herself.

But you can hear her
sometimes,
when it's quiet
and there's a northerly wind
and you listen intently
to your own self.



Three Little Mice

Three little mice walked into town,
Their coats were grey, and their eyes were brown,
Three little mice went down the street
With woolly slippers upon their feet.

Three little mice sat down to dine
On bread and butter and milk and wine.
Three little mice ate on and on,
Till every bit of bread was gone.

Three little mice, when the feast was done,
Went home quickly one by one.
Three little mice went straight to bed
And dreamt of milk and butter and bread.



The Fly

By Walter De La Mare

track 17

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear! —
A rosebud like a featherbed,
Its prickle like a spear;

A dew-drop like a looking glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.



Seeking

By Eleanor Farjeon

When little Jane lifts up her head,
Uncovering her eyes,
Every other child has fled
Into the mysteries.
The playmates that she knew are gone,
And Jane is left alone.

Oh, Alice with the starry looks,
Oh, Ann with gleaming curls
What dusky corners, what dim nooks
Have hid you little girls?
The house is vast and Jane is small,
And are you here at all?



Oh, Richard with the flashing smile,
Oh, Rob with freckled brow,
Where are you hiding all this while,
You who were here but now?
The house lies in a sleep as deep
As Sleeping Beauty's sleep.

Through all the rooms grown deaf and blind
Jane seeks with throbbing heart
The hidden playmates, whom to find,
Will make small tremors start —
For when she finds them in the game,
They may not be the same.



The Tiger

By William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?



**What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?**

**When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he, who made the Lamb, make thee?**

**Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?**



I've Never Seen the Milkman

By Charles Causley

I've never seen the milkman,
His shiny cap or coat.
I've never seen him driving
His all-electric float.

When he comes by the morning's
As black as printers' ink.
I've never heard his footstep
Nor a single bottle clink.



No matter if it's foggy
Or snow is on the ground,
Or hail or rain or half a gale
He always does his round.

I wonder if he's thin or fat
Or fair or dark or bald,
Or short or tall, and most of all
I wonder what he's called.

He goes to bed so early
That not an owl has stirred,
And rises up again before
The earliest early bird.

God bless the faithful milkman,
My hero — and that's flat!
Or perhaps he's a milk lady?
(I never thought of that).



The Queen of Hearts

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;

The Knave of Hearts
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.



The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;

The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.



My Dog

By Norman Silver

My dog's colour is more than chocolate,
her tail busier than a windmill,
her tongue sloppier and lickier
each time she comes to greet me.

My dog first thing in the morning
is a volcano of yelping joy;
when I come too slowly downstairs
I hear her impatient love for me.

My dog takes me willingly for a walk,
she pulls me on my leash
to her favourite of all places:
the field of a thousand smells.





My dog is jumpier than a pogo-stick,
her leaps vertical in long grass,
her eyes smiling as she pops up
to see the world on the other side.

My dog's heart is ocean-wide,
she forgives me for my tempers
and herself is never downcast,
each day being a brand new day.

My dog's sleeping is dreamy,
her eyelids twitch as she roams
through her twilight dogland
chasing uncatchable butterflies.

My dog knows when she's misbehaved:
she slinks tail-between-legs
away from the guilty puddle
and cries dry tears in the corner.

My dog is a crazy mixed-up dog,
more mongrel than a zeedonk,
but bristling with beauty:
her personality is her pedigree.



Taffy Was a Welshman...

track 23

Taffy was a Welshman. Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole
a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't in,
I jumped upon his Sunday hat
and poked it with a pin.



Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a sham,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of lamb;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was away,
I stuffed his socks with sawdust
and filled his shoes with clay.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a cheat,
Taffy came to my house and stole
a piece of meat;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not there,
I hung his coat and trousers to roast
before a fire.



There Was an Old Woman

track 24

There was an old woman,
And nothing she had,
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad.

She'd nothing to eat,
She'd nothing to wear,
She'd nothing to lose,
She'd nothing to fear,

She'd nothing to ask
And nothing to give,
And when she did die
She'd nothing to leave.

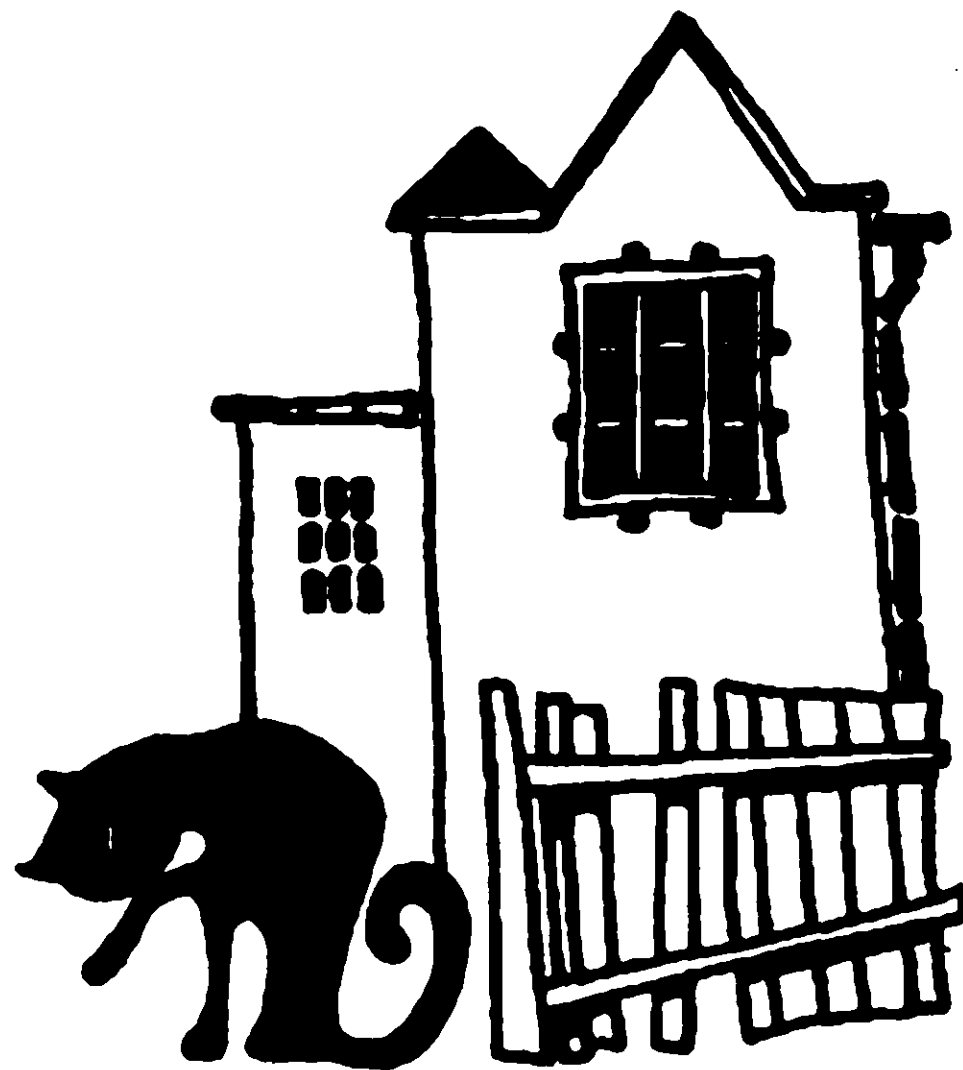


“I’m afraid,” said the Judge, **“I must make it
quite clear,
You can’t get away with that sort of thing here.”**

“I can and I will,” the old woman she said,
“And I don’t give a fig for your water and bread.

**I don’t give a hoot for your cold prison cell,
And your bolts and your bars and your
handcuffs as well.**

**I’ve never been one to do just as I’m bid.
You can put me in jail for a year!”**
So they did.



I Saw Charlie Chaplin

By Charles Causley

I saw Charlie Chaplin
In 1924,
Playing golf with a walking-cane
Outside our front door.

His bowler was a size too early,
His trousers were a size too late,
His little moustache said one o'clock,
His boots said twenty-past eight.

He whacked at a potato.
It broke in the bouncing air.
"Never mind, Charlie," I said to him.
"We've got some to spare."

I fetched him out a potato.
He leaned on his S-shaped cane.
"Thanks, kid." He bowed. He shrugged.
I never saw him again.

My father said Charlie Chaplin
Wasn't Charlie at all.
He said, it was someone in our town
Going to a Fancy Ball.



He said, it couldn't be Charlie.
That it was Carnival Day.
That Charlie never came to our town,
And he lived in the USA.

Not Charlie Chaplin?
You can tell that tale to the cat.
I don't care what my father said.
I know better than that:

For I saw Charlie Chaplin
Outside our front door,
Playing golf with a walking-cane.
It was in 1924.



The Reverie of Poor Susan

track 27

By William Wordsworth

At the corner of Wood Street,
when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud,
it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot,
and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her?
She sees a mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.



**Green pastures she views in the
midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped
with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.**

**She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away
from her eyes!**



Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

track 28

By J. Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are:
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

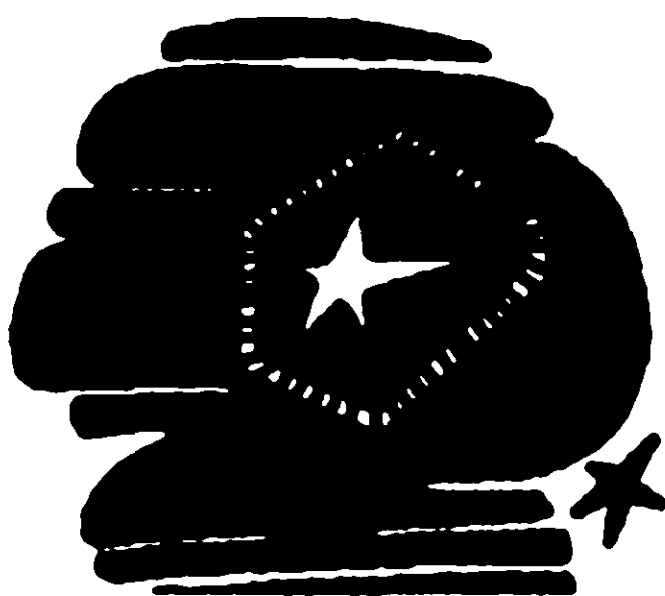
When the blazing sun is gone,
When it nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.



Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark.
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtain peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



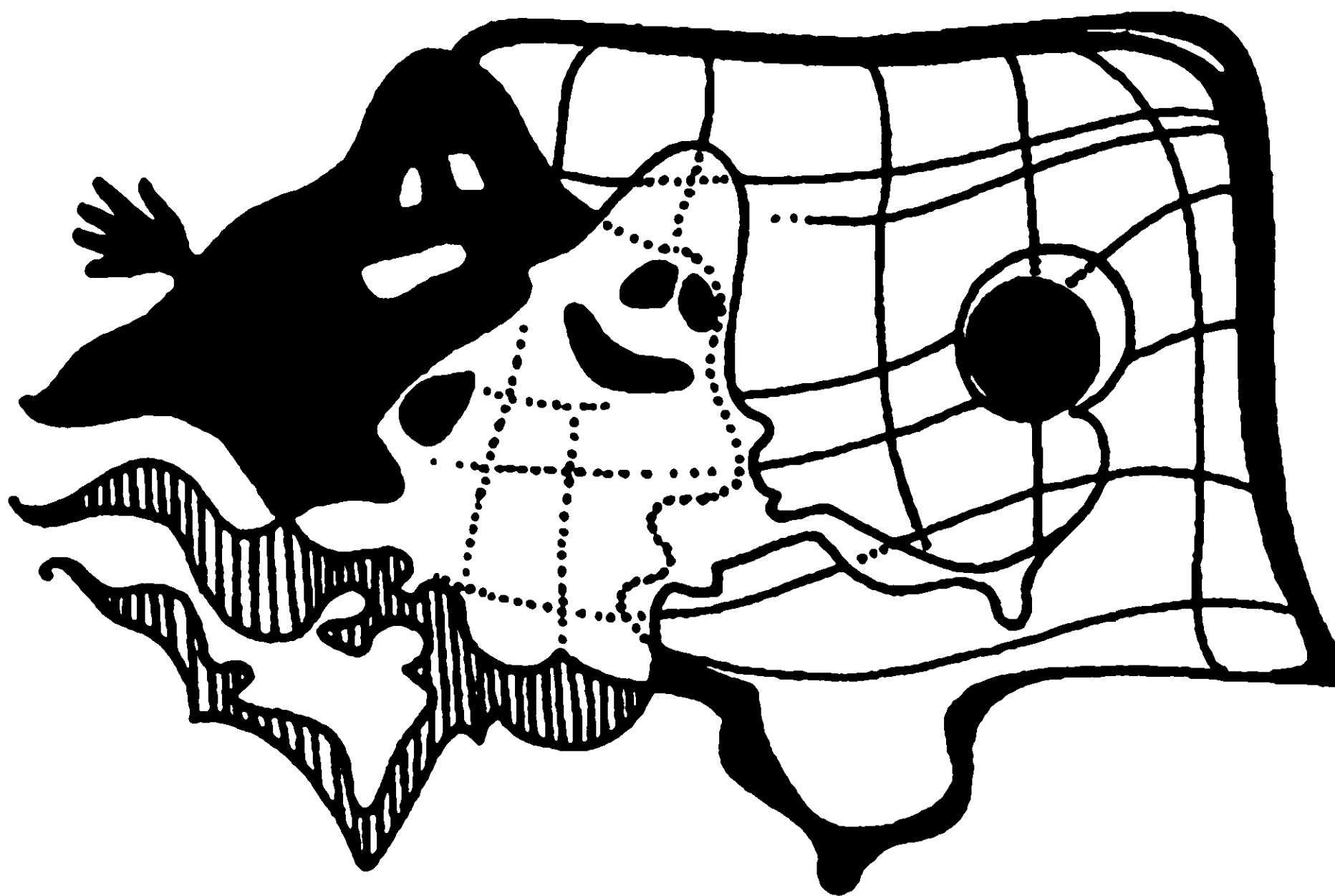
The Football Ghosts

track 29

By Gerard Benson

At night, when the stadium is empty,
When the grass in the moonlight is silver-grey,
When the goals look like hungry fishing nets,
It is then the old ghosts play.

When all the crisp packets and fag-ends
And all the drink cans have been swept up,
And the crowd has left, and the gates are locked,
They play for the Phantom Cup.



**Thin clouds drift across the face of the moon,
The grass stirs, a preeping whistle sounds,
And silent invisible spectators
Throng the deserted stands.**

**And twenty-two ghosts in long-legged shorts
Dance the ball across the silvered grass,
A ball you can almost see, the old game —
Run, dribble and pass.**

**Pale shades and shadows, heroes of bygone days,
Under the gaze of the moon, sidestep and swerve,
And crowds silently cheer as the ball floats
Goalwards in an unseen curve.**



If I Had a Hundred Hats

track 30

By Amir Gilboa

Translated by Shirley Kaufman

**If I had a hundred hats on my head
a hundred hats, a hundred hats,
a hundred hats, a hundred colours,
a hundred colours and shades of colours,
a rain of colours.**

**If I had a hundred hats on my head,
I'd go into the market place
clear me a way to the market place
and toss them in happiness.**



**If I had a hundred hats on my head,
I'd go into the market place,
and everybody would clear me a way
and wait for my waving the hats.**

**If I had a hundred hats on my head
a hundred hats, a hundred colours
and shades of colours
if I had a hundred hats and a high sun going
straight to my head, straight to my colours.**

**Oh, the crowd ready to shout its cry of praise
its great heart thumping in the square
heart of the crowd waiting
for the waving of a hundred hats,
a hundred colours and shades.**



Wash on Monday

track 31

Wash on Monday,
Iron on Tuesday,
Bake on Wednesday,
Brew on Thursday,
Churn on Friday
Mend on Saturday,
Go to meeting on Sunday.

Monday Alone

track 32

Monday alone,
Tuesday together,
Wednesday we walk,
When it's fair weather.
Thursday we kiss,
Friday we cry,

Saturday's hours,
Seem almost to fly,
But of all days in the week,
We will call
Sunday, the rest day,
The best day of all.

I Met a Little Girl

By Edith Segal

I met a little girl
Who came from another land.
I couldn't speak her language,
But I took her by the hand.
We danced together and had such fun.
Dancing is a language,
You can speak with anyone.

Stars

The moon shines bright.
The stars give a light,
And you may kiss a pretty girl
At ten o'clock at night.

Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight.
I wish, I may; I wish, I might.
Have the wish, I wish tonight.

Tom, Tom

track 35

Tom, Tom of Islington
Married a wife on Sunday,
Brought her home on Monday,
Bought a stick on Tuesday,
Beat her well on Wednesday,
Sick she was on Thursday,
Dead she was on Friday,
Glad was Tom on Saturday night,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

On Saturday Night

track 36

On Saturday night
Shall be my care
 To powder my lock
 And curl my hair.
On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
Then he will merry me
 With a gold ring.

Why

By Charles Causley

Why do you turn your head, Susanna,
And why do you swim your eye?
It's only the children on Bellman Street
Calling, "A penny for the guy!"

Why do you look away, Susanna,
As the children wheel him by?
It's only a dummy in an old top-hat
And a fancy jacket and tie.



Why do you take my hand, Susanna,
As the pointing flames jump high?
It's only a bundle of sacking and straw.
Nobody's going to die.

Why is your cheek so pale, Susanna,
As the whizzbangs flash and fly?
It's nothing but a rummage of paper and rag
Strapped to a stick you spy.

Why do you say, you hear, Susanna,
The sound of a last, long sigh?
And why do you say, it won't leave you ahead
No matter how hard you try?

Best let me take you home, Susanna.
Best on your bed to lie.
It's only a dummy in an old top-hat.
Nobody's going to die.



The Milkmaid

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?”
“Yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.



“What is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father is a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid.”

“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.

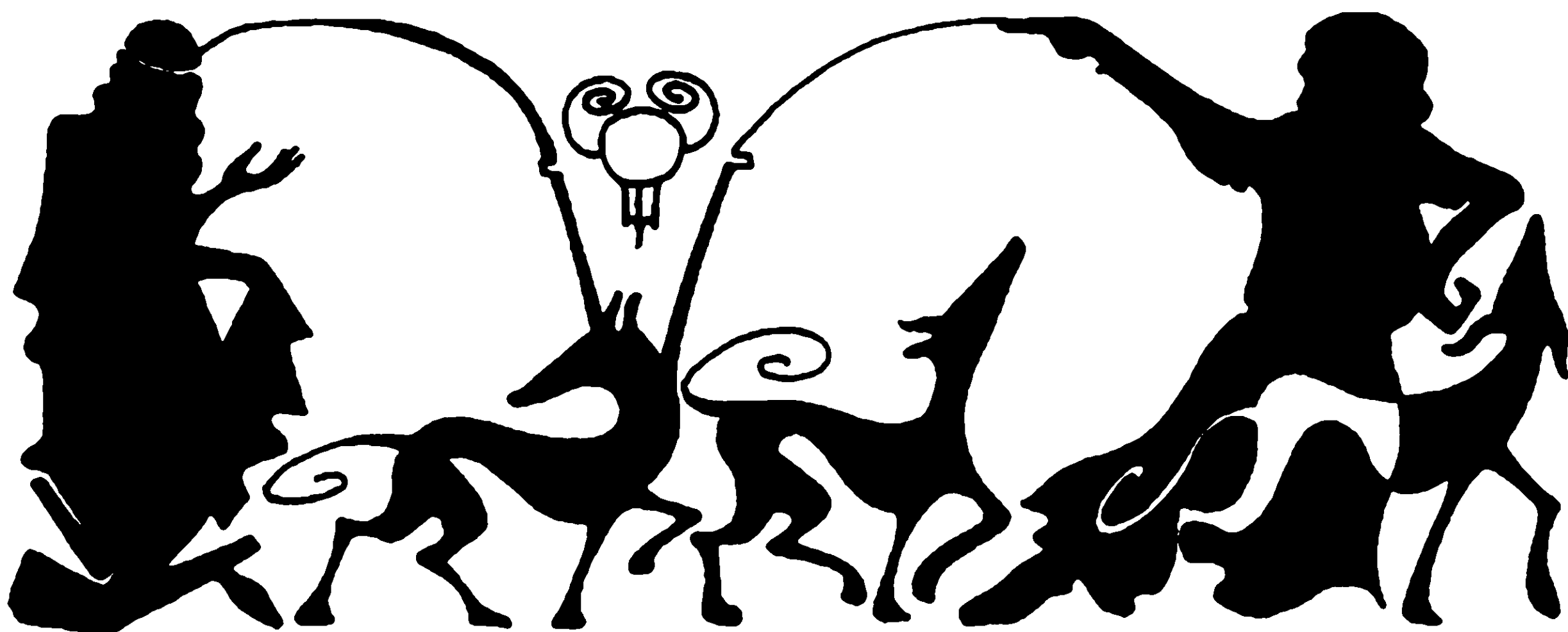


Godiva

By Alfred Nord Tennyson

*I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —*

**Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax**





Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, "If we pay we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he
strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, hall-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?" — "But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O aye, aye, aye, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it," and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As minds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace
the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window
barr'd.



Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode;
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;

And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred
towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.



Showing

By Carole Satyamurti

We brought our mothers' photos in
and had a show. We propped them
in a row along a shelf
scrutinized their conformation:

Christine's, who went out to work
and voted Labour,
a straight-backed Scottish terrier,
tough and guarded.

Mrs Ascoli's borzoi profile
— taut nerves and tragedy;
exquisite in pearls and flowered straw,
head angled in the subtlest condescension.



Mary's, old and sad
— a bloodhound, hair in loops.
Jane's stocky, cheerful pug-dog of a mother
four-square with a golf-club.

Only mine was human
— a musical-box dancer
radiant in a thousand sequins.
They all agreed she was the prettiest.

Then I was ashamed I'd brought that one
— she and my father at the Ladies' Night,
eyes shining at each other;
the one that looked like history.



From Two Gentlemen of Verona

By William Shakespeare

Act 1, scene 2

JULIA: (talking to her maid)
Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Will ye be gone ? (Lucetta goes.)
And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.



What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here:
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is, to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!



Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

“What news? What news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?” Said she,
“There’s three squires in Nottingham town
To-day is condemned to die.”

“O, have they parishes burnt?” he said,
“Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or with other men’s wives have lain?”

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men’s wives have lain.”

“O, what have they done?” said bold Robin Hood,
“I pray thee tell to me:”

“It’s for slaying of the king’s fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.”

“**D**ost thou not mind, old woman,” he said,
Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body,” quoth bold Robin Hood,
“You could not tell it in better time.”

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And he met a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

“**W**hat news? what news, thou silly old man?
What news, I do thee pray?”
Said he, “Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day.”

“**C**ome change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

“**O**, thine apparel is good,” he said,
“And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne’er an old man to scorn.”

“**C**ome change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I came at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blew, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from ballup to side.
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist.
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff.
Was walking along the town.

"**O** save, O save, O sheriff," he said;
"O save, and you may see!"



And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone.
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made."

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn."



I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

O, who are yon," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"Th're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.



Celebration Song

By James Berry

*(Mary speaking to her son Jesus,
on his 1st Birthday)*

Your born-day is a happening day.
And, one year old today,
All day I feel a celebration.
Everywhere is alive in jubilation.

All, O, all say, welcome!
You tried to open my eyes
Yesterday when I dozed,
Not liking them closed.

Busy little hands troublesome
They try to grasp my mouth,
My nose, my eyes:
I mock shout!

Out of bed with me today —
Happiness! All day
Music is in all of sky in my head.
Animals, people, trees, all say: first child
We want you for God's own child.



In the sea the fishes all dance —
Big fish, small fish, striped fish, plain fish —
In a leaping out-and-in dance
In a leaping out-and-in dance
In one all-day together wish.

All birds fill the sky
Singing, flying in display
Criss-crossed, this way
and that way.

Your born-day is a happening day:
A caller with good news,
A day of celebration,
A day of jubilation.

Your born-day makes bells ring,
Makes children and choirs sing,
Brings strangers from near and far,
Makes me feel afraid
Yet feel a joy without dread.



When you grow up, and a man,
What will happen, happen then?
What will happen, Jesus?
What will happen to you, me, us?

Yet, also, I ask this:
When your childhood has gone —
My mothering long done —
Will your day still be one
Long, long celebration day?



My Heart's in the Highlands

By Robert Burns

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.*

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove;
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

* Дочитайте самостоятельно.

In London Town

track 45

By Mary Coleridge

It was a bird of Paradise,
Over the roofs he flew.
All the children, in a trice,
Clapped their hands and cried, "How nice!
Look — his wings are blue!"

His body was of ruby red,
His eyes were burning gold.
All the grown-up people said,
"What a pity the creature is not dead,
For then it could be sold!"

One was braver than the rest.
He took a loaded gun;
Aiming at the emerald crest,
He shot the creature through the breast.
Down it fell in the sun.



It was not heavy, it was not fat,
And folk began to stare.
“We cannot eat it, that is flat!
And such outlandish feathers as that
Why, who could ever wear?”

They flung it into the river brown.
“A pity the creature died!”
With a smile and with a frown,
Thus they did in London town;
But all the children cried.



To a Mouse

By Robert Burns

track 46

On turning her up in her nest with the plough,

November 1785

This poem is in Asia dialect

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!



I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live.
A daimenicker in a thrave 'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou are no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!



From Saint Francis

By Brian Wildsmith

I was born, thank you, God, over eight hundred
years ago.

And I still live in people's hearts.

I loved my name — Francis. I loved my city — Assisi.
And I loved my life.

My delight was to sing and play the lute,
to wear fine clothes, to joke with my friends,
and to dance with them all through the countryside.

One day the bells of Assisi pealed out in anger:
“The city of Perugia is about to attack.
Take up arms and fight.”

I longed for fame and glory.

I put on my shining armour and rode into battle.

We were defeated, and I was captured.

Laden down with chains, I was dragged to Perugia.





The prison was cold and damp. My fellow prisoners
were sad.

They never laughed, they never sang.
And so I sang to them. I joked with them and made
them laugh.

But I became ill, and I, too became sad.
My father paid a ransom for me, and I went home
to Assisi.

My mother nursed me back to health, but I was
still sad.

Spring arrived and I went out walking.
The sun shone, but I did not see it.
The birds sang, but I did not hear.

Flowers filled the air with scent, but I was
unaware.

I came to the ruined church of San Damiano and
knelt to pray.

I heard a voice: "Francis, my church is falling
into ruin.

Go and repair it for me."

I saw the sun, I heard the birds, I smelt the flowers,
I danced.

God had spoken to me.



O, My Luve is Like a Red, Red Rose

track 48

By Robert Burns

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
My luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune,

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
I will luv thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luv!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv.
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!



She Walks in Beauty

track 49

By George Gordon Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.



And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!



From Henry V

By William Shakespeare

track 50

The Prologue

The CHORUS:

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O! the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?



O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th'receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th'accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

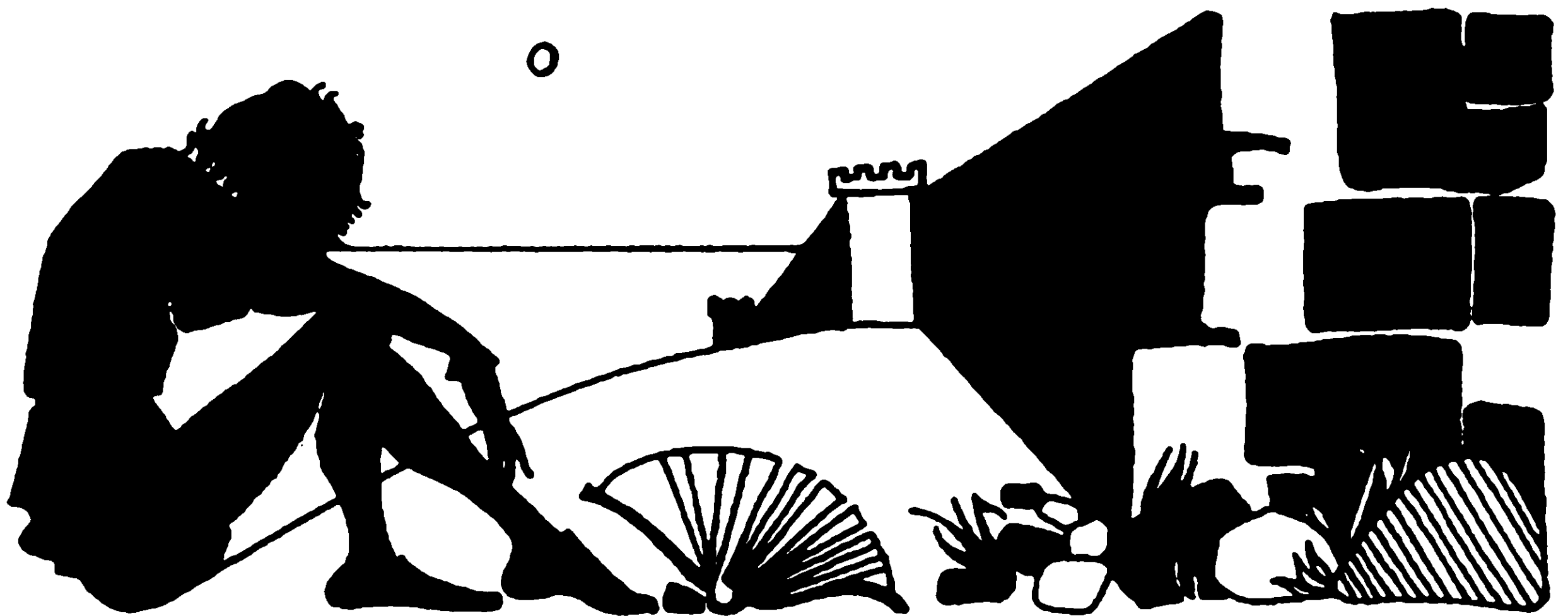


From Hamlet

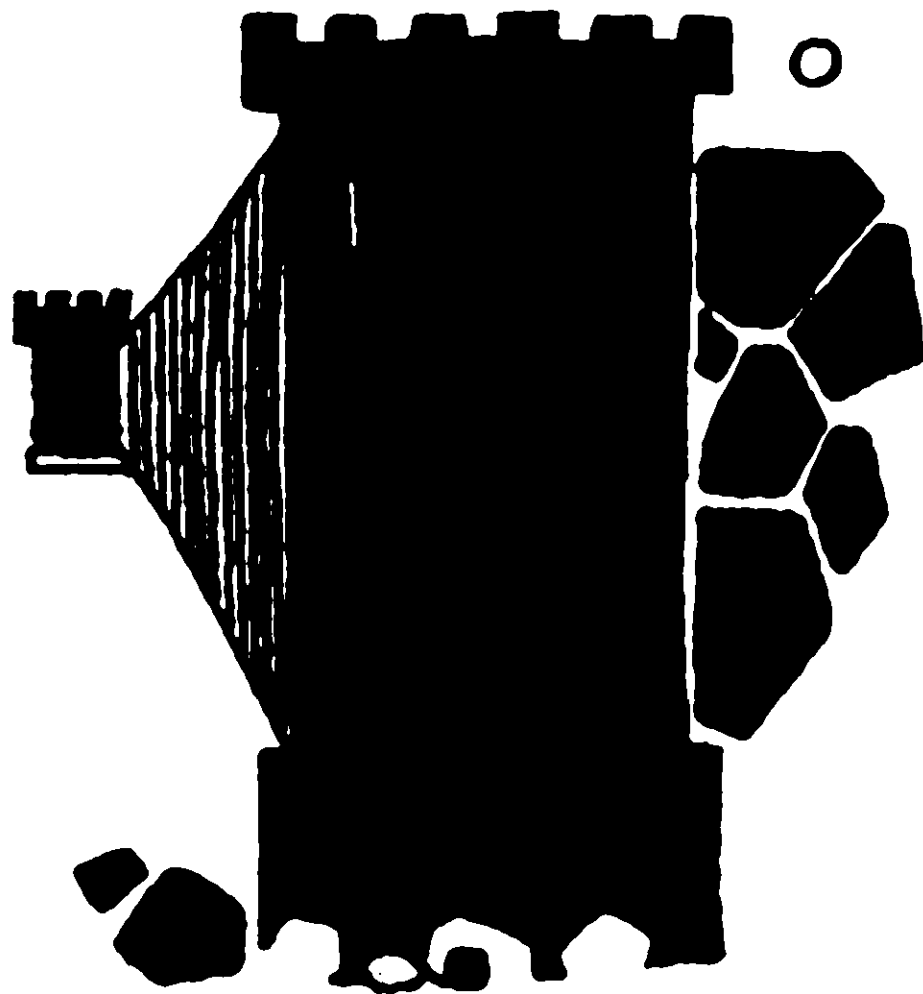
By William Shakespeare

track 51

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,



The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would this fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.



Sonnet 66

By William Shakespeare

track 52

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity?
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.



From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

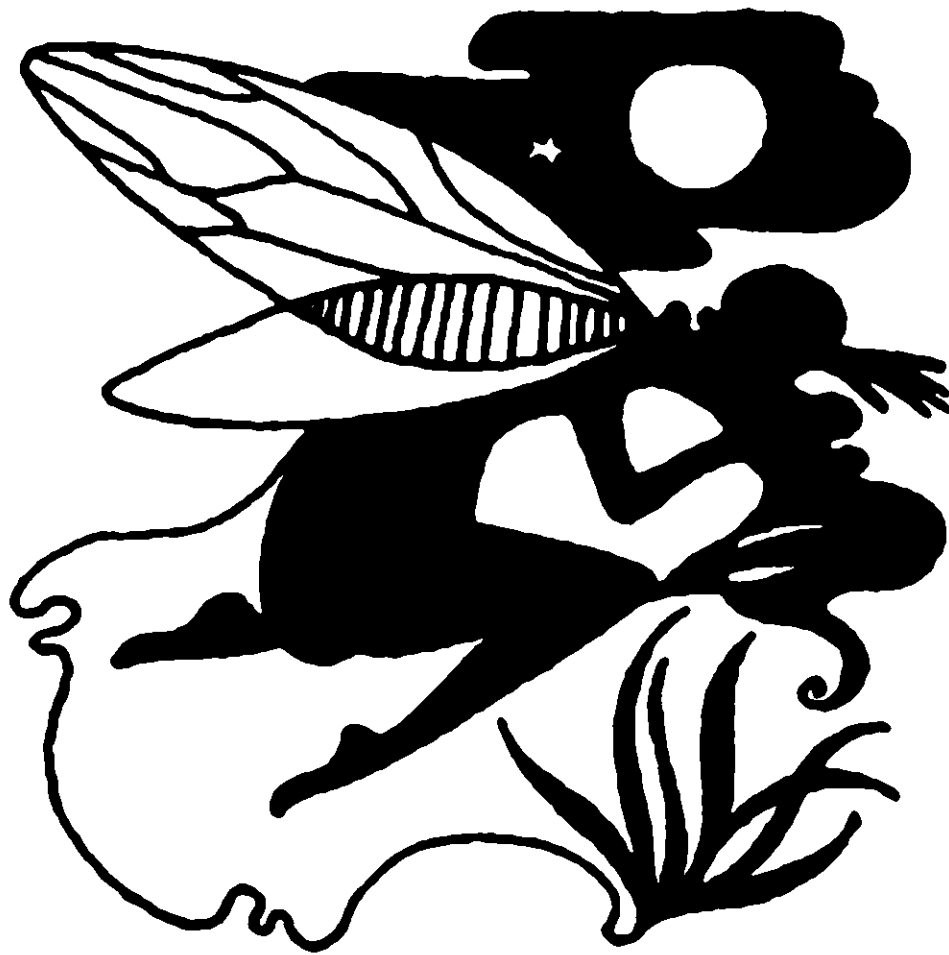
By William Shakespeare

Act 2, scene 1

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
And dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;



Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.



Museums

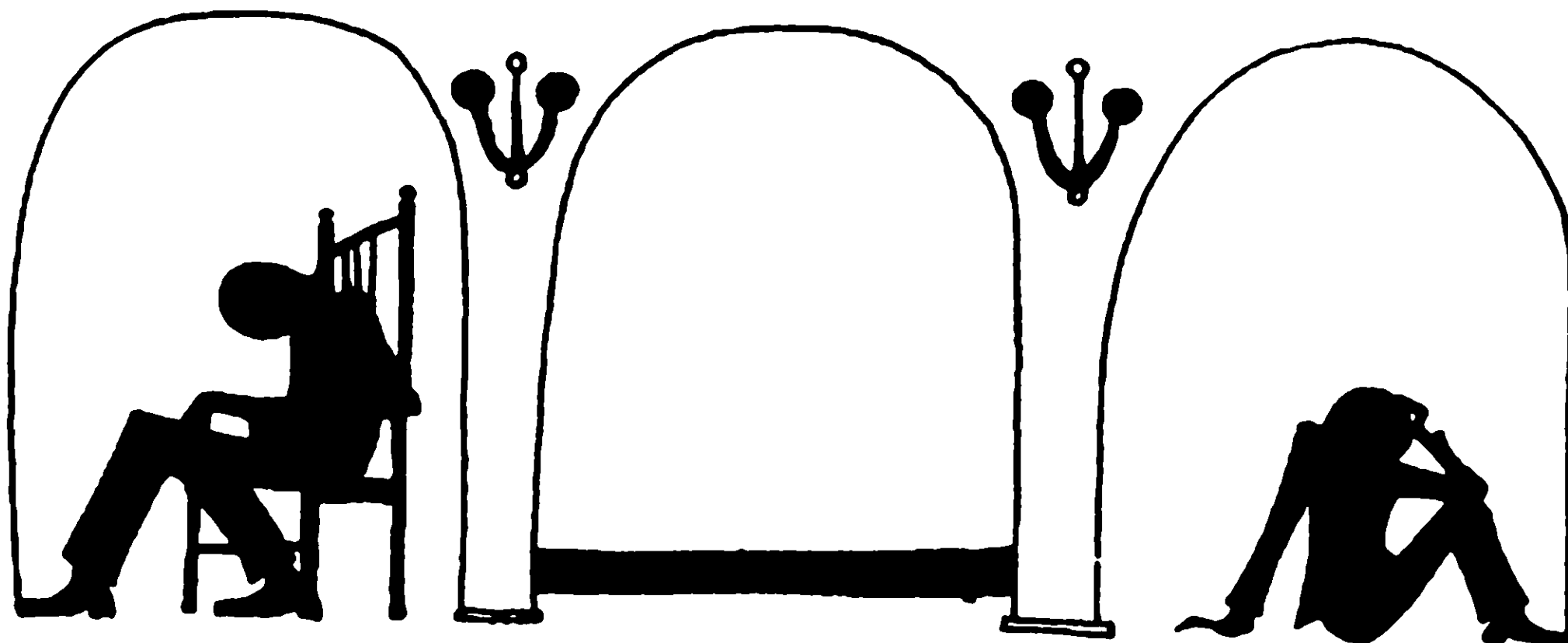
By Barrie Wade

I've watched my father set like ancient stone.
Since the time his factory closed two years ago
His eyes have fixed behind their bone
Like marble carved by Michelangelo.

Writing off for jobs he'll spend an age
Staring ahead. He tenses as he writes,
Displays against the neat, half-written page
Those redundant fingers stiff as ammonites.

It's then our house goes quiet as the places
Where he used to take me on wet Saturdays
And we sit separate as showcases
Kept locked in high and endless galleries.

I remember how blind statues stand
Like hope run cold against a dark tomorrow.
It's then I long to hold him by the hand
As he held mine what seems an age ago.



Auld Lang Syne

By Robert Burns

track 55

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days auld lang syne?

CHORUS*:

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.





We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.



* В этой старинной шотландской песне припев повторяется хором после каждого куплета. Прочтите его самостоятельно.

Tea Party

By Russell Hoban

The teapot's full, the cups are clean,
the cloth is white, the grass is green,
the jam is sweet, the cakes are good,
the sunlight smiles as sunlight should;
but only crickets sing with me,
and only shadows drink my tea.



I know a word that no one knows;
I know a place where no one goes.
If sometime, in the smiling sun
(when all the cricket songs are done,
and shadows all have drunk their tea)
a friend should come to visit me,
I'll show the place where darkness bites,
and speak the word the silence writes.



The Smile

By John Mole

It began with a whisper
But grew and grew
Until I felt certain
The source must be you.

Why did you smile
While I listened and then
Turn away as their faces
Fell silent again?

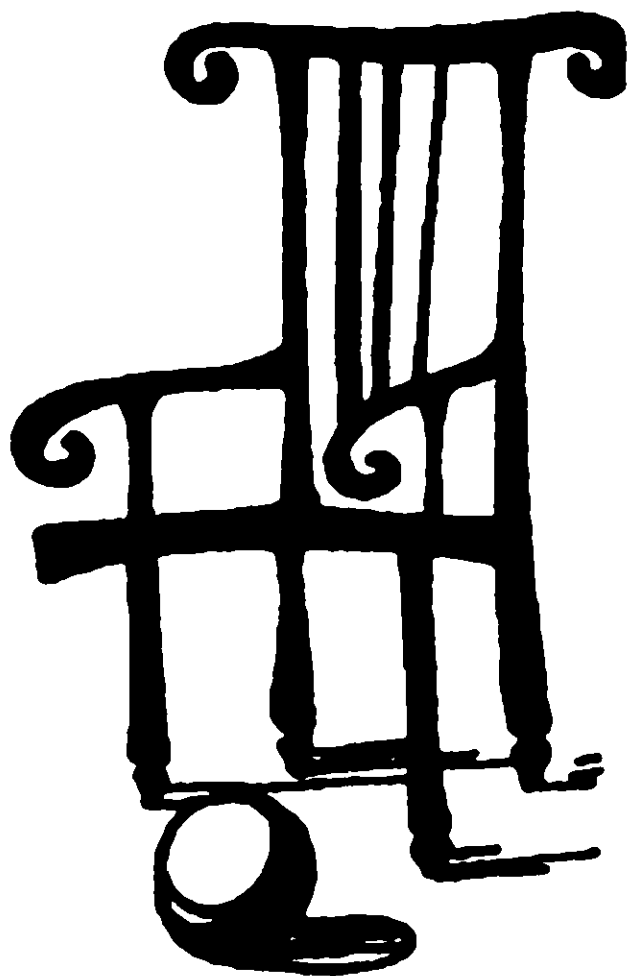


What had you told them
That slammed shut their looks
Like the end of a lesson
With unpopular books?

What was the writing
Which I couldn't see
As it hid behind covers
And pointed at me?

Nothing much could have happened
For by the next day
We were laughing, talking,
And managed to stay

(Well, after a fashion)
Good friends for a while
But with always between us
The ghost of that smile.



Happiness

Happiness lies in ourselves,
After all they say —
“And be sure,
The happy heart
Makes the happy day.”

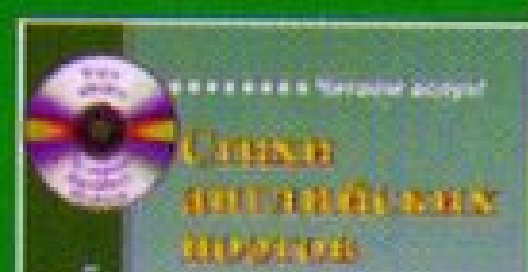
Содержание книги и диска

Words Aloud (track 1).....	1
Catch a Snowflake if You Can (track 2)	6
The Spare Room (track 3)	8
Grasshopper Green (track 4)	10
The Sea at Night (track 5)	12
In March (track 6)	14
Rain (track 7)	16
I Love to See the Fire (track 8)	18
Don't You Love to Lie and Listen (track 9).....	18
Six Serving Men (track 10)	19
If Your Lips (track 11)	20
A Joke (track 12)	20
Some Like to Drink (track 13).....	21
The Pets (track 14)	22
The Cat (track 15).....	24
Three Little Mice (track 16)	26
The Fly (track 17)	27
Seeking (track 18)	28
The Tiger (track 19)	30
I've Never Seen the Milkman (track 20)	32
The Queen of Hearts (track 21)	34
My Dog (track 22)	36
Taffy Was a Welshman (track 23)... ..	39
There Was an Old Woman (track 24)	41
There Was an Old Woman (track 25)	42
I Saw Charlie Chaplin (track 26)	44
The Reverie of Poor Susan (track 27)	47
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star (track 28)	49
The Football Ghosts (track 29)	51
If I Had a Hundred Hats (track 30)	53
Wash on Monday (track 31)	55
Monday Alone (track 32)	55
I Met a Little Girl (track 33)	56

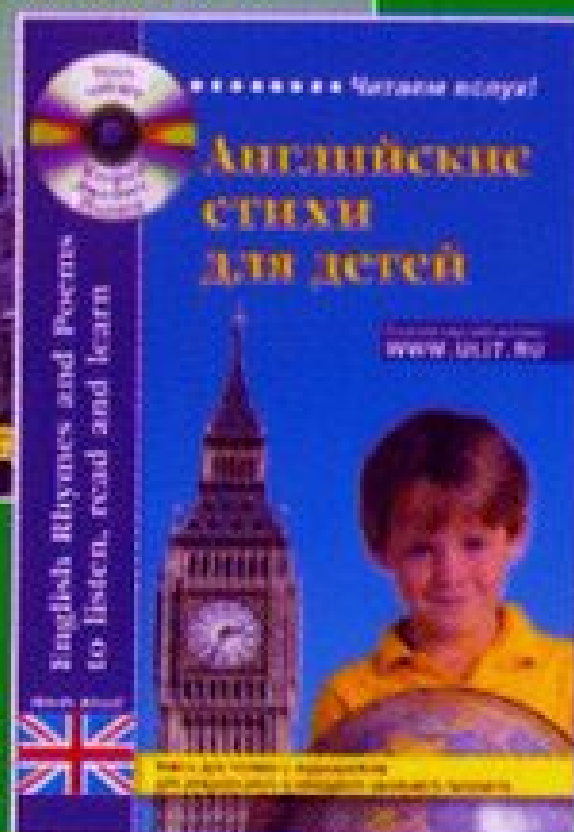
Stars (track 34)	56
Tom, Tom (track 35)	57
On Saturday Night (track 36)	57
Why (track 37)	58
The Milkmaid (track 38)	60
Godiva (track 39)	62
Showing (track 40)	68
From Two Gentlemen of Verona (track 41)	70
Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires (track 42)	72
Celebration Song (track 43)	78
My Heart's in the Highlands (track 44)	82
In London Town (track 45)	83
To a Mouse (track 46)	85
From Saint Francis (track 47)	88
O, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose (track 48)	91
She Walks in Beauty (track 49)	93
From Henry V (track 50)	95
From Hamlet (track 51)	97
Sonnet 66 (track 52)	99
From A Midsummer Night's Dream (track 53)	100
Museums (track 54)	102
Auld Lang Syne (track 55)	103
Tea Party (track 56)	106
The Smile (track 57)	108
Happiness (track 58)	110



Книги для чтения на английском языке с аудиодисками



Английские стихи для детей для дошкольного и младшего школьного возраста



Стихи английских поэтов для учащихся средних и старших классов

Книги включают в себя около 200 стихотворений, каждое из которых начитано на компакт диск носителем языка. Оригинальная подборка стихов, многие из которых входят в состав школьной программы, позволяет использовать эти пособия в учебном процессе.

Безукоризненная дикция и истинно английская речь в сочетании с выразительным чтением делают стихи яркими и запоминающимися.

Книги предназначены для совершенствования навыков чтения и правильной интонации английской речи.

Надеемся, что вы получите удовольствие при работе с книгами. Желаем успехов!

РУБ 160.00

www.sprav.ru
spmarka@rosbi.ru

СПРАВОЧНИК ДЛЯ АБИТУРИЕНТОВ

образование

СЕГОДНЯ

САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГ

ВСЕ УЧЕБНЫЕ
ЗАВЕДЕНИЯ
ГОРОДА



ПОИСКОВЫЕ СИСТЕМЫ

КЕМ СТАТЬ
ГДЕ УЧИТЬСЯ?

КАКОЙ ЯЗЫК
ГДЕ ИЗУЧАТЬ?

ТЕПЕРЬ И В ИНТЕРНЕТЕ
WWW.OBRAZOVAN.RU
ПОДКЛЮЧАЙТЕСЬ
В ЯНВАРЕ!

ИЗДАТЕЛЬСКИЙ ДОМ ©
СПРАВОЧНИКИ
ПЕТЕРБУРГА

191167, Санкт-Петербург, ул. Ал. Невского, 9
тел./факс: 327-2262, 327-2263

Книги издательства оптом и в розницу

Internet: WWW.CROWN.SPB.RU

Web-магазин: WWW.ULIT.RU

Магазин: «Компьютерная книга»

Москва, Ленинский пр., 38, тел. (495) 585-64-73

E-mail: book@crowн.spb.ru

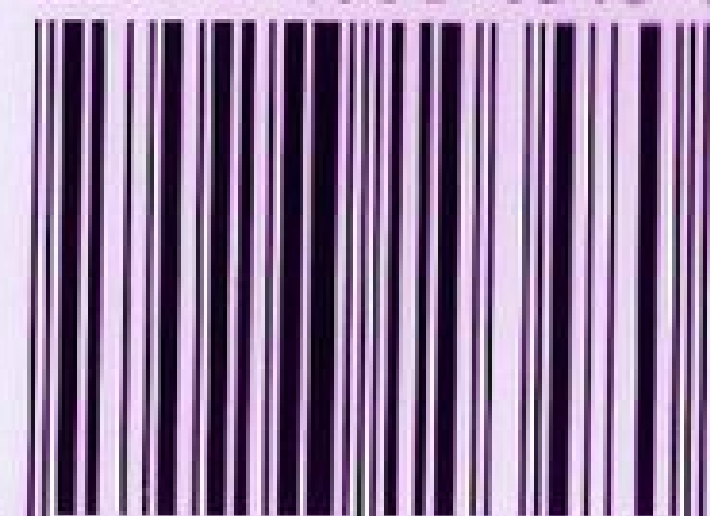
Оптовая торговля: (812) 251-33-94,

(812) 575-38-17, (812) 575-36-10, (095) 148-35-12

Книга-почтой: 190005, Санкт-Петербург

Измайловский пр., 29 "КОРОНА-Век"

ISBN 5-7931-0348-1



9 785793 103480