

Дніпропетровська обласна бібліотека для молоді ім. М.Светлова



Summer in verses

Тематична збірка віршів англійською мовою



Дніпропетровськ
2015

Summer in verses

Тематична збірка віршів англійською мовою

Дніпропетровськ
2015

Summer in verses: Тематична збірка віршів англійською мовою/ КЗ
«Дніпропетровська обласна бібліотека для молоді ім. М.Светлова»; укладач
І. Файберг; ред.: Т. Сафронова. – Дніпропетровськ, 2015. – 16с.

Тематична збірка віршів англійською мовою «Summer in verses» занурить читачів у літо та у вир яскравих емоцій, які дарує ця прекрасна пора року. Вірші будуть корисними як для дітей, так і для дорослих, що вивчають англійську. Сподіваємось, що вивчати мову на матеріалі віршів за такою життєрадісною темою буде приємно й корисно.

Збірку можна рекомендувати вчителям англійської мови початкової і середньої школи, фахівцям, які працюють з дітьми, батькам.

Укладач: Файберг І.І.

Редактор: Сафронова Т.М.

Відповідальна за випуск: Матюхіна О.Л.

Welcome, Summer

Ring-a-ding! Ring-a-ding!
Ding! Ding! Ding!
It comes Summer,
Out goes Spring.
Ring-a-ding! Ring-a-ding!
Ding! Ding! Ding!
Welcome, Summer,
Good-bye, Spring.

Summer

Summer's here!
Days are long,
And the sun
Is high and strong.

Summertime

See the shining sun.
See us play and run.
Summertime, oh, summertime,
We are having fun.
Watch us as we play.
We play and run all day.
Summertime, oh, summertime,
Please don't run away.

In the summer

In the summer when the days are hot,
I like to find a shady spot,
And hardly move a single bit
And sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.



Summer

Summer time is
A time for play;
We are happy
All the day.

The sun is shining
All day long.
The trees are full
Of birds and song.

Long Live, Summer!

Long live, summer!
Golden-bright,
Full of warmth
And sweet delight!

Summer

I love summer! Summer is hot.
It's sun and shade.
It's water to wade.
It's frogs and bugs.
It's grass for rugs.
It's eating outside.
It's a tree-swing ride.
It's tomatoes and corn.
It's dew in the morn.
It's dogs and boys
And lots of noise.
It's a hot sunny sky.
It's summer. That's why.....
I love summer.



Summer

When it's hot
I take my shoes off
I take my shirt off
I take my pants off
I take my underwear off
I take my whole body off
and throw it in the river.

Frank Asch

Rainbow song

Rainbow purple
Rainbow blue
Rainbow green
And yellow too
Rainbow orange
Rainbow red
Rainbow shining over head.

Come and count
The colors with me
How many colors
Can you see?
1-2-3 on down to green
4-5-6 colors can be seen

Sun in the sky

The summer sun in the sky,
Shining, shining up so high
Makes it warm for outside fun.
To play at the park and run,
To swim and hike and fish,
And to go on a picnic if you wish.



Summer brings us nice warm sun
For swimming, fishing, and lots of fun;
For finding seashells in the sand;
For sunbathing to get a tan;
To do all these things and more
At the beach and seashore.

A Year Later

Last summer I couldn't swim at all
I couldn't even float
I had to use a rubber tube
Or hang on to a boat;
I had to sit on shore
When everybody swam;
But now it's This summer
And I can!

Mary Ann Hoberman

Vacation

In my head I hear a humming:
Summer, summer summer's coming.
Soon we're going on vacation
But there is a complication:
Day by day the problem's growing-
We don't know yet where we're going!
Mother likes the country best;
That's so she can read and rest.
Dad thinks resting is a bore;
He's for fishing at the shore.
Sailing is my brother's pick;
Sailing makes my sister sick;
She says swimming's much more cool,
Swimming in a swimming pool.



As for me, why, I don't care,
I'd be happy anywhere!
In my head I hear a humming:
Summer, summer, summer's coming.
Soon we're going on vacation
But we have a complication:
Day by day the problem's growing-
Where oh where will we be going?

Mary Ann Hoberman

Summertime

See the shining sun.
See us play and run.
Summertime, oh, summertime,
We are having fun.
Watch us as we play.
We play and run all day.
Summertime, oh, summertime,
Please don't run away.

A summer day

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright today;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and flowers see;
Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing!
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.



The Summer Sun Shone Round Me

The summer sun shone round me,
The folded valley lay
In a stream of sun and odour,
That sultry summer day.

The tall trees stood in the sunlight
As still as still could be,
But the deep grass sighed and rustled
And bowed and beckoned me.

The deep grass moved and whispered
And bowed and brushed my face.
It whispered in the sunshine:
"The winter comes apace."

Robert Louis Stevenson

Our lovely garden

We have a lovely garden.
And every summer day
We dig it well, and clean it well,
And pull the weeds away.
We have a lovely garden,
And every summer night
We water all the pretty flowers,
And watch them with delight.



Summer flowers

Among the meadow grasses,
Bluebells and daisies gleam,
And forget-me-nots often hide
Beside the silver stream.
Bright tulips and sweet roses
Make many gardens gay –
Oh, who could count the flowers
Upon a summer day?

Freedom

In the summer I am free
To read a book, or climb a tree.
I can sit around for hours
And quietly just smell the flowers.
I can sleep late, till noon if I like,
Do tricks on my skateboard, or ride on my bike.
I can lie on my back and look at the sky,
And watch puffy clouds go floating by.
No one tells me what clothes I must wear.
I don't have to hurry to be anywhere.
I don't have to practice my multiplication.
I'm free at last 'cause it's summer vacation.

The rose bush

Shaded and cool is the flowering garden;
Dusty and hot is the neighbouring street,
And over the wall climb the rambling roses,
Giving the passers a fragrant sweet.

Pleasant the paths of the green shaded garden,
Birds there are singing at morning and noon.
But over the wall climb the rambling roses,
Bringing the passers a breath of June.



August comes

August is my nature,
August is my name,
I am a jolly farmer,
And reap the golden grain;
The apples in the orchard
I ripen large and small,
And you may shake the branches,
And catch them as they fall.
The boys in their caps,
The girls in their laps,
May catch them if they fall.

The month of August

The month of August
is the month of fruit;
But remember, children,
My fruit is not so good.
Please, remember,
To wait for September.

By Alice Very

Fly away

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun loving swallow, for summer is done,
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bring back the summer and bring back the sun.



Використані джерела



1. Перші кроки в англійській: уроки, тести, вірші, ігри: 2-4 кл. / упоряд. Р. Поліщук. – К.: Вид. дім « Шкіл. Світ»: Вид. Л. Галіцина, 2005. – С. 81
2. Англійські вірші для школярів: Навч. посіб. / Укл. С.В. Гапонова. – К.: Т-во «Знання», КОО, 2000. – С. 83
3. Celebrations all the year round: початкова школа / упоряд. Т. Михайленко. – К.: Шк. світ, 2010. – С. 55
4. Стивенсон, Р. Л. A Child's Garden of Verses = Детский сад стихов / Р.Л. Стивенсон. – К.: Знання, 2009. – 101 с. – (Бібліотечка для изучающих английский язык).
5. English Learner's Digest .– 2011. – №17. – P.8-9.
6. <http://www.poemhunter.com/poems/summer/page-/15269/>

Науково-виробниче видання

Ура! Літо! Англійська в квітах

Тематична збірка віршів англійською мовою

Укладач: Файберг І.І.

Відповідальна за випуск: Матюхіна О.Л.

Технічний редактор: Файберг І.І.

Н/К. Здано до набору 5.05.2014. Підписано до друку 20.05.2015.

Формат 60х84/8

Тираж 50 прим.

49070, м. Дніпропетровськ, вул. Комсомольська, 60

