



ENGLISH CORNER

2020
SPRING



Be not afraid of greatness,
Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness
thrust upon them.
-W. Shakespeare

Not long ago I came across these words in my former student's letter devoted to her teacher and classmates when finishing school, just before the Last Bell.

In spring , which is always permeated with romantic feelings inspired by awakening nature, very often we are overwhelmed by a desire to write, to paint, to create, etc. – not just to be great, for greatness might be a relative concept, but to express ourselves. And yet – the great playwright and poet W. Shakespeare was great in his explanation what greatness is.

So – let's open the gates of our souls to let our , though, small, yet, greatness , in – to inhabit them and kindle the hearth of our creativity.

*Yours,
Jolanta*

Raudona rožė

O mano meilė rožės raudonumo,

Naujai pražydusi birželį.

Ir jos melodija gražumo

Tokio, kad net kurčio ausį kerį.

Ir tavo grožis neapsakomas,

Didumo sulig meile mano.

Tas jausmas, pažadu, bus artimas,

Kol tik tai sielą aš atminsiu tavo.

Kol jūroj nebeliks vandens, mieloji,

O akmenys ištirps nuo Saulės spindulių.

Ir mylėsiu vis dar, nė neabejoki,

Širdis kol plaka ir kvėpuoti dar galiu.

Sudie tariau tau, meile mano,

Sudie tariau trumpam.

Nes grįšiu aš, kad pamatyčiau veidą tavo.

Net jei ir amžinybę teks praleist kely ilgam.

Translated by

Austėja Narkevičiūtė 1a

Robert Burns

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve is like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June:

O my Luve is like the melodie

That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

So deep in luvè I am:

And I will luvè 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;

And I will luvè thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!

And fare the weel a while!

And I will come again, my Luve,

Tho' it were ten thousand mile



Photos by Elžbieta Maslauskaitė 2a

Visas gyvenimas – teatras

Pasaulinė teatro scena
Aktorių gausybės sulaukia.
Kiekvienam rolė paskirta ne viena,
Septynias jas pats sau ir traukia.

Pirmoj jis, ką tik tai gimęs,
Seilėjas ir zirzia rankoj seselės.
Antroj jis verksnys užsispyręs,
Mokyklos keliu susiraukęs tipena.

Vėliau jis pamilsta,
Merginoms baladėmis dūsauja.
Visgi ir vyru jis tampa,
Drąsa ir galybė – jam būtina.

Patirties įgavęs jis gęsta,
Barzdon kultūringon išmintis visa telpa.
Susenus vien pypkė jį gelbsti,
Pasaulį plačiam jis prasmenga.

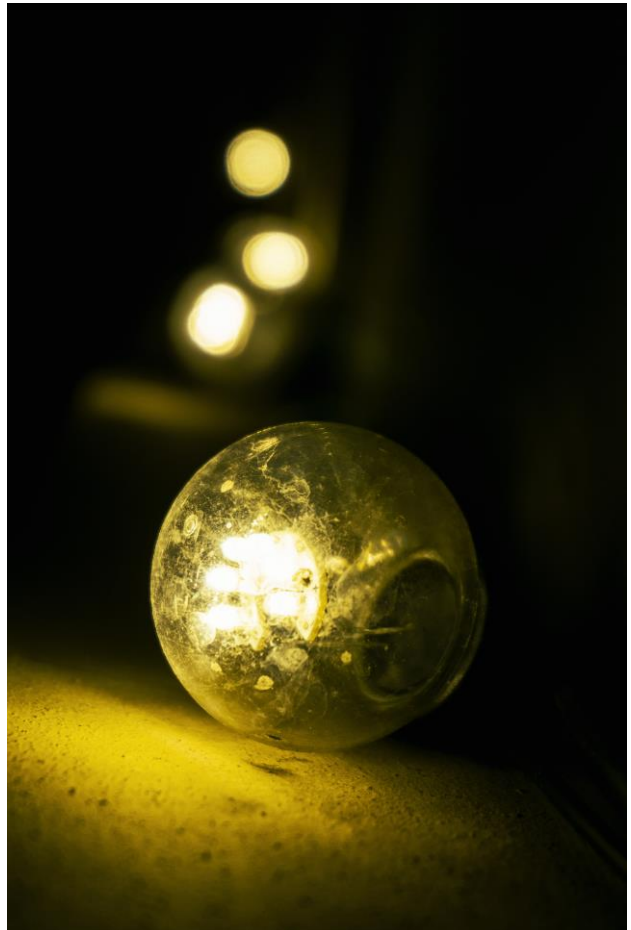
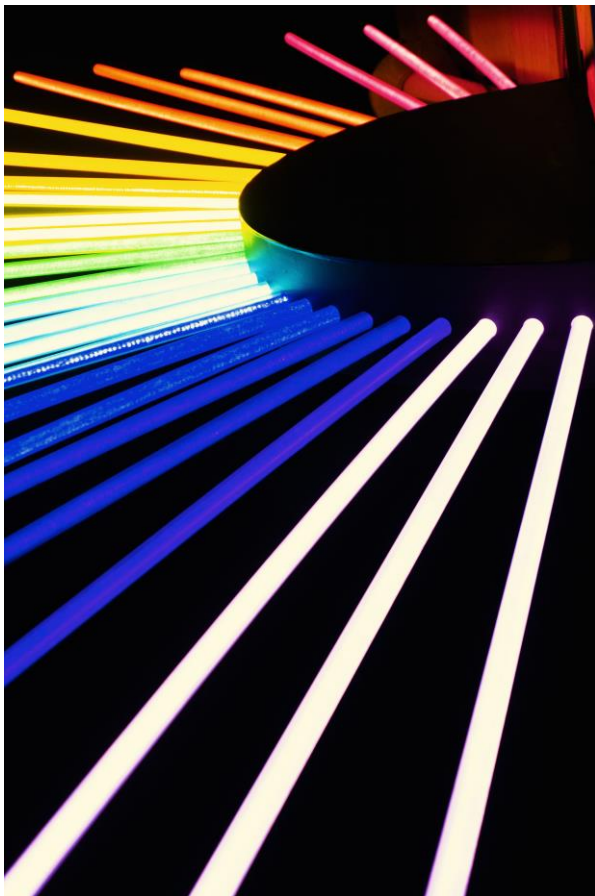
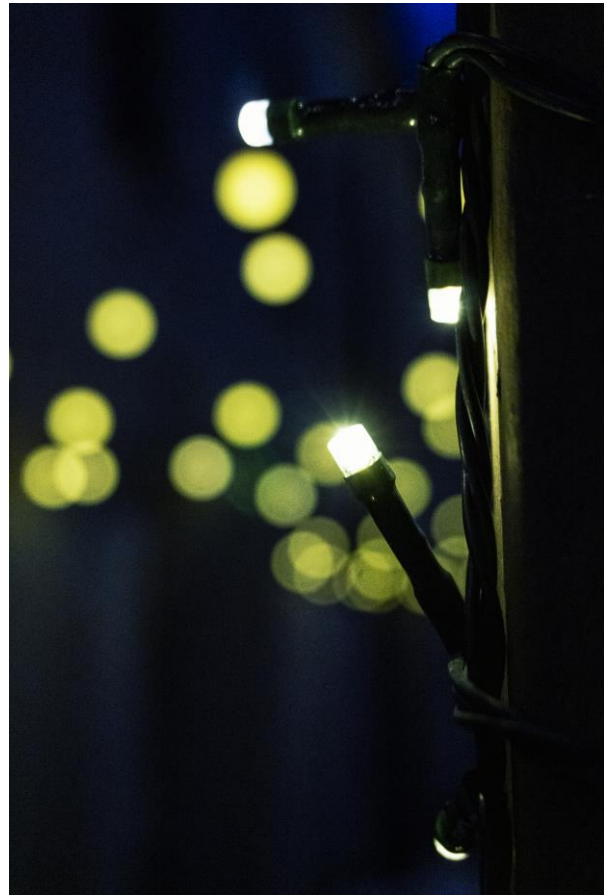
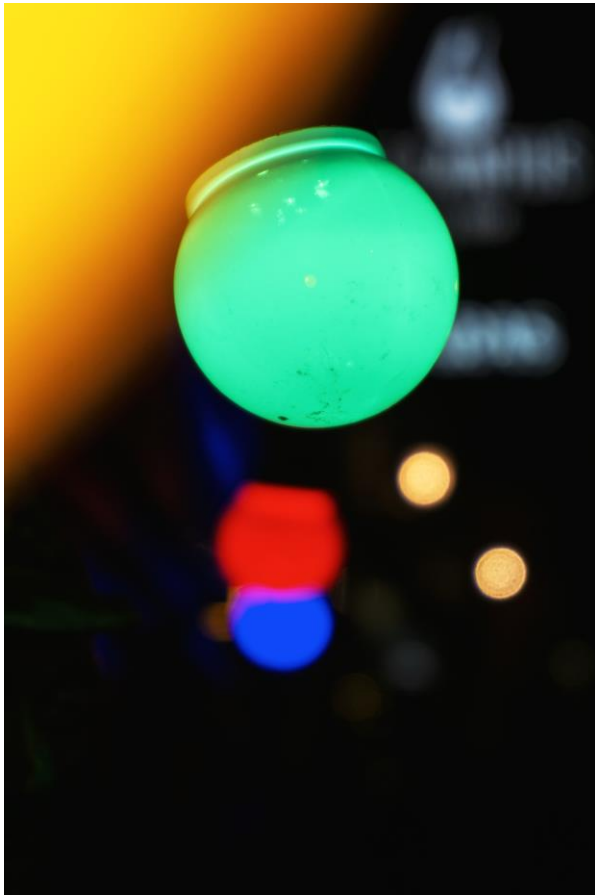
Paskutinė scena tame teatre
Užbaigia žmogaus didžią istoriją.
Lengva užmarštis, ji jau čia.
Ir pasauly nelieta skonio, kvapo, melodijos.

*Translated by
Austėja Narkevičiūtė 1a*

All the world's a stage

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and woman merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shrank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends his strange eventful history
In second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything.

William Shakespeare



Photos by Nojus Buivydas 2a

Ben Jonson

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

Translated by

Greta Martinaityte 2^a

Gerkite už mane savo akimis,
O aš pasižadėsiu savomis;
Palikite bučinį taurės krašte, o aš neieškosiu
vyno joje.
Troškulys, kuris iš sielos kyla
Tik prašo dieviškojo gėrimo;
Bet aš dėl šio nektaro gurkšnio,
neiškeisiu niekad aš tavęs.
Vėlumoje atsiunčiau tau rožinį vainiką,
Ne tik dėl jojo pagerbimo
Bet dėl mano vilties,
Kad tai niekados nenuvys.
Jūs po to tiktai kvėpavote,
Ir viskas sklido man atgal;
Nes nuo tada,
kada tai žydi,
ir skleidžia savo aromata,
aš prisiekiu,
Ne dėl savęs, bet tik tavęs!



Photos by Elżbieta Maslauskaitė 2a

My soul is dark

(from Hebrew Melodies)

My soul is dark – Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.
But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 't is doomed to know the worst,
And break at once – or yield to song

George Gordon Byron

Sielos liūdesys

(Iš hebrajų melodijų)

Siela apgaubta tamsa - tegu,
Man mielas arfos garsas,
Lyg šiltas jausmas mylimos, menu,
Greičiau lai tamsą šią atgraso.

Jei mano širdyje išliks tyra viltis,
Garsų gama privers ją plakti vėlei,
Ir nusivylę mano akys, nerami širdis,
Galbūt atras ramybę tyliai.

Gilių raukšlių, taipogi ir senų manasis veidas
išvogtas,
Neleidžia nuoskaudoms skaudžioms dar
pasimiršt,
O akys nuolat ašarotos -
Jos stengias sielą liūdinčią ramint.

Didžiulio skausmo perverta,
Deja, nežino ji blogiausio,
Vienintelė manoji arfa mylima,
Dar laiko gyvastį širdim išaustą.

Vertė Elsas Aidukas 4B





Photos by Elžbieta Maslauskatė 2a

Kalnuos širdis mano

Kalnuos širdis mano, ji jau nebe čia.
Kalnuos širdis mano, vejas elnią bėgte.
Vejas ji žvėris, gaudo upes,
Kalnuos širdis mano, ten laimė tyra.

Tariu sudie kalnams, tariu sudie šiaurei,
Drąsos gimtinei, vertės mano šaliai.
Kad ir kur klajonių būčiau nešta,
Širdy kalneliams skirta dar vieta.

Sudie kalnams su snieguotom kepurėm,
Sudie upių kloniams ir slėniams
žaliems.
Sudie miškų gūdumai, grožiui
laukiniam,
Sudie ežerėliams ir kriokliukams
mažiems.

Kalnuos širdis mano, ji jau nebe čia.
Kalnuos širdis mano, vejas elnią bėgte,
Vejas ji žvėris, gaudo upes,
Kalnuos širdis mano, ten laimė tyra.
Translated by Austėja Narkevičiūtė 1a

My heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

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

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birth place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd 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;
Chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

Wandlungsfähigkeit

Geschrieben von Percy Bysshe Shelley

Wir sind wie Wolken, die den
Mitternachtsmond verschleiern.
Wie unruhig sie rasen und glänzen und
zittern,
Die Dunkelheit strahlen lassen! Doch bald
Die Nacht geht zu, und sie sind für
immer verloren.

Oder wie vergessene Lyren, deren
dissonante Saiten
Geben Sie verschiedene Antworten auf
jede unterschiedliche Explosion,
Zu dessen gebrechlichem Bild bringt
keine zweite Bewegung
Eine Stimmung oder Modulation wie die
letzte.

Wir ruhen. Ein Traum hat die Kraft, den
Schlaf zu vergiften.
Wir erheben uns. Ein wandernder
Gedanke beschmutzt den Tag;
Wir fühlen, begreifen oder vernünftig,
lachen oder weinen;
Umarme liebes Leid oder wirf unsere
Sorgen weg:

Es ist das Gleiche! Denn sei es Freude
oder Trauer,
Der Weg seiner Abreise ist noch frei:
Das Gestern des Menschen mag niemals
so sein wie sein Morgen.
Nichts kann ertragen, aber
Veränderbarkeit.

Mutability

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! – yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever.

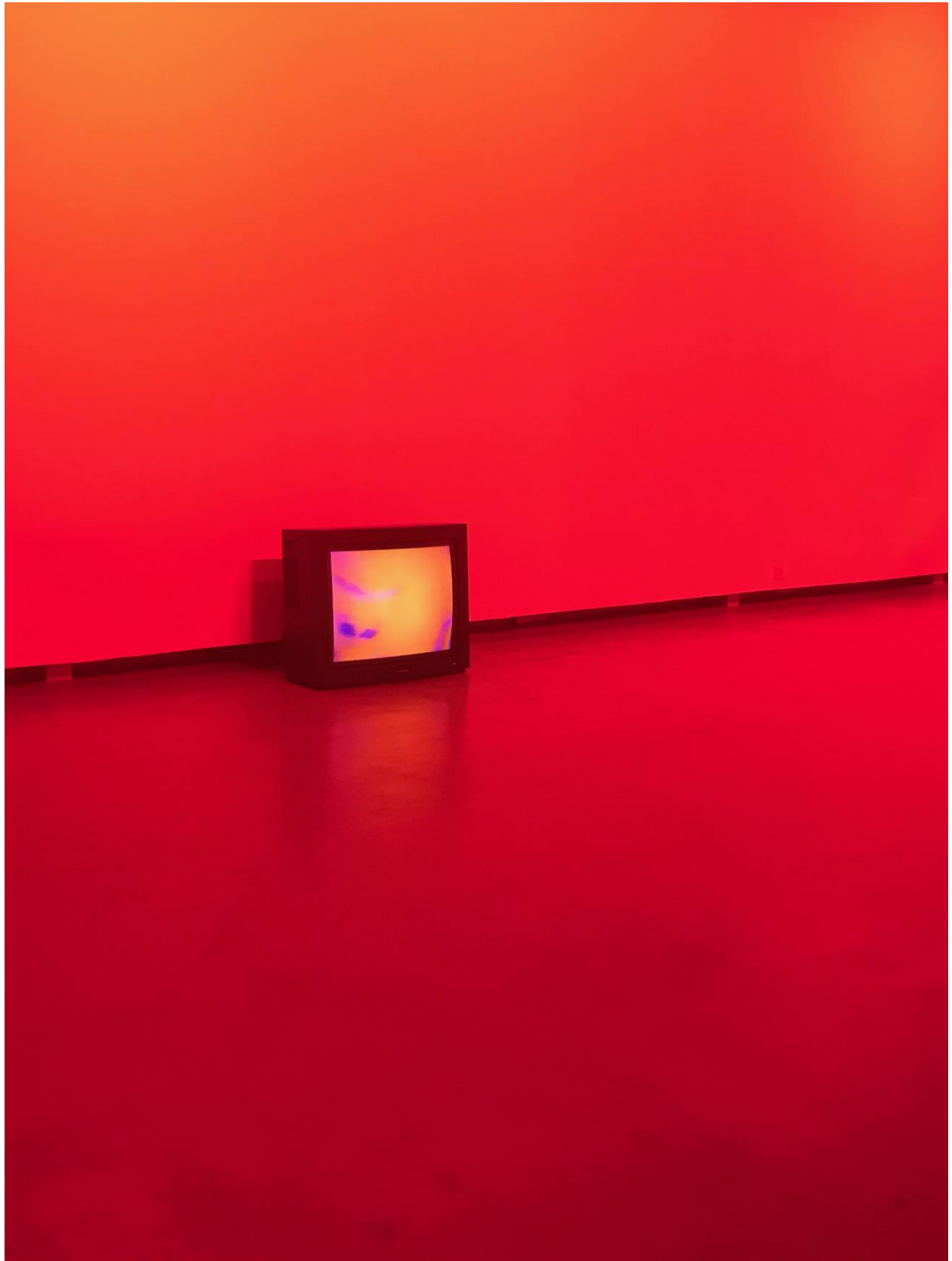
Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame so second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest. – A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise. – One wandering thought pollutes the
day;

We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same! – For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

**Translated by
Elžbieta Maslauskaitė 2A kl.**



Photos by Elžbieta Maslauskaitė 2a

The sun is rising

Do you feel happy yet?

What more do you need?

How sad can you get?

The sun is rising

And yet you don't smile

Can you feel love again?

Is it numbness that you hide?

Cover your ears and open your heart

Don't listen to those voices

That are telling you to shoot the sun

Are you breathing, my dear?

Is your hell over?

Can I bring you the sun?

Let's end this bummer.

Can you lift your hands?

Can you touch my cheek?

The more you know

The more, I get weak

Pray to the one who left you here

Thank everyone and don't think about
me

Get yourself together and figure out
your bones

Try to remember that you are a human
almost

Don't show your face to the devil
just turn around and smile

Don't think about killing

Not him

Not me – Yourself.

By Gabriele Baubaite, 2a



Photos by Gabrielè Baubaitè 2a

Mano širdis kalneliuos

Mano širdis kalneliuos, svetur jos nėra.
Mano širdis kalneliuos, vėjelis štai čia.
Gaudo elnią laukinį, vejas stirną greta.
Kad ir kur aš beeičiau - širdis mano čia!

Takais į kalnus, takais ir šiaurėn , -
Vieta kur gimiau, vertybe laikiau.
Visad mąstau, giliai ir žinau,
Amžiną meilę kasdieną matau.

Skaroti kalnai ne tik žiemą, -
Žvelgia į upę ramiai ir mėsliai.
O, kaip gera ir būti ir jaustis, -
Ir būtent tik čia...

Mano širdis kalneliuos, svetur jos nėra.
Mano širdis kalneliuos, vėjelis štai čia.
Gaudo elnią laukinį, vejas stirną greta.
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Kotryna Griciūtė 1a

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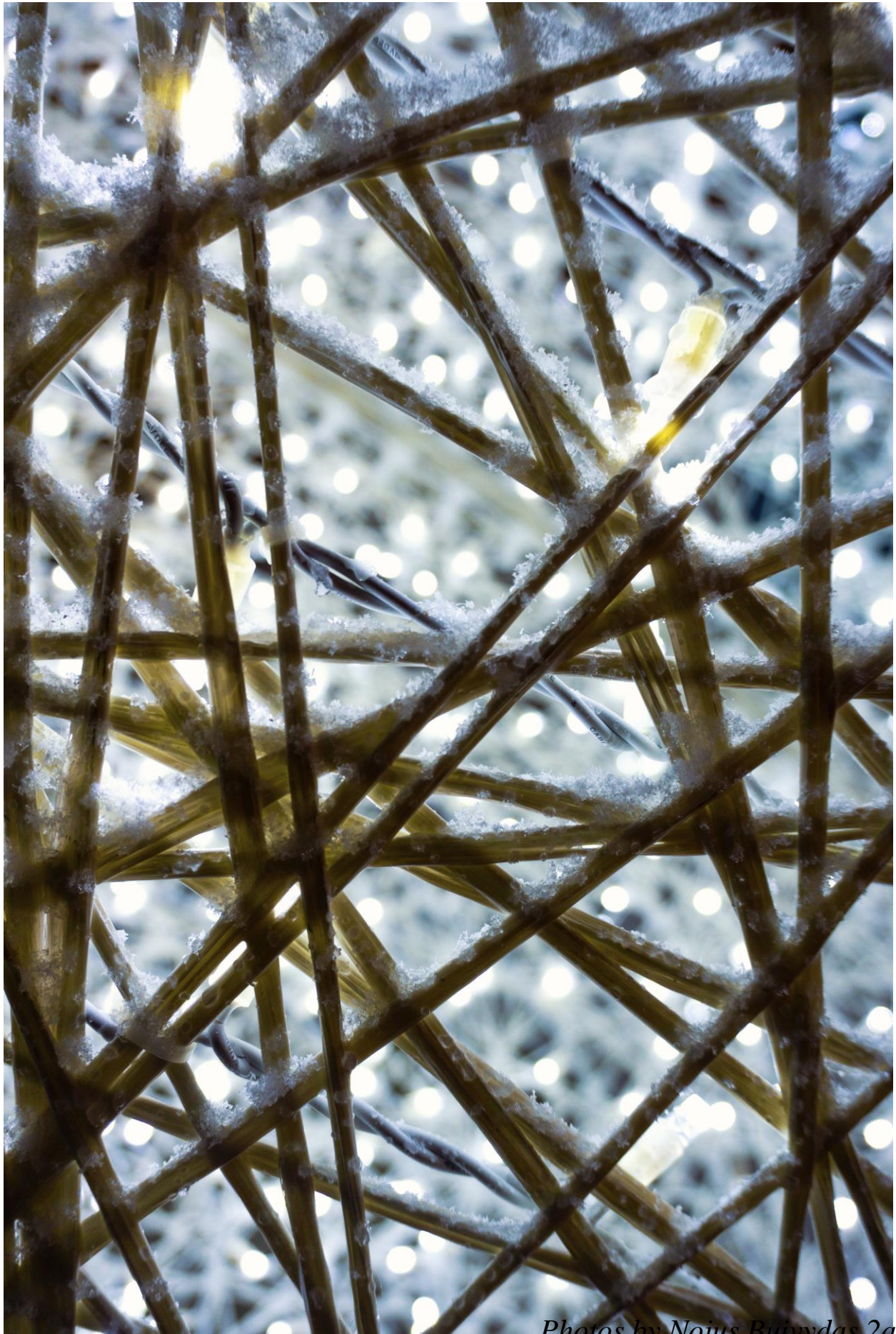
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Photos by Nojus Butvydas 2a



Photos by Nojus Buivydas za