

*English
Corner
2021*

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GYMNASIUM



**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*

*All photos taken by Nojus B. and Rūta K.

Ignorance

Space and ignorance. One's untouchable, the other's mundane. Yet, both are infinite. Think about it, or don't. We never know what we don't know. We never know what we don't know that we don't know. And it's either a monster or you make it your power. Fear the unknown or make it fear you. The universe better know I'm a thought away from reaching it, and I'm never going to stop. Albeit knowledge is power, acknowledging your ignorance and using it as your motivation to always reach more makes a man invincible. Ignorance. Makes the world the miracle we consider it. Gods and monsters. Space and ourselves. Ignorance makes them either real or impossible. An embryo's first heartbeat. Our origins. The universe. Are we living in a dream? Do dreams live in our reality? What hides beyond death? But in the end, what is ignorance and what do we know about it?

Penelope C., 3A





Desiderata

Love.

Love your rivals and love your friends. Gift them kindness and abhor revenge. Because an honest heart beats the same for everyone.

Love the truth. Love it enough to tell it. Be fair without exceptions and stand up for what is right. Even when it does not work in your favor.

Love living. Strive not only to exist but to truly live. Dream big and have passions. Colour the world so brightly that even death cannot erase the marks you have left behind.

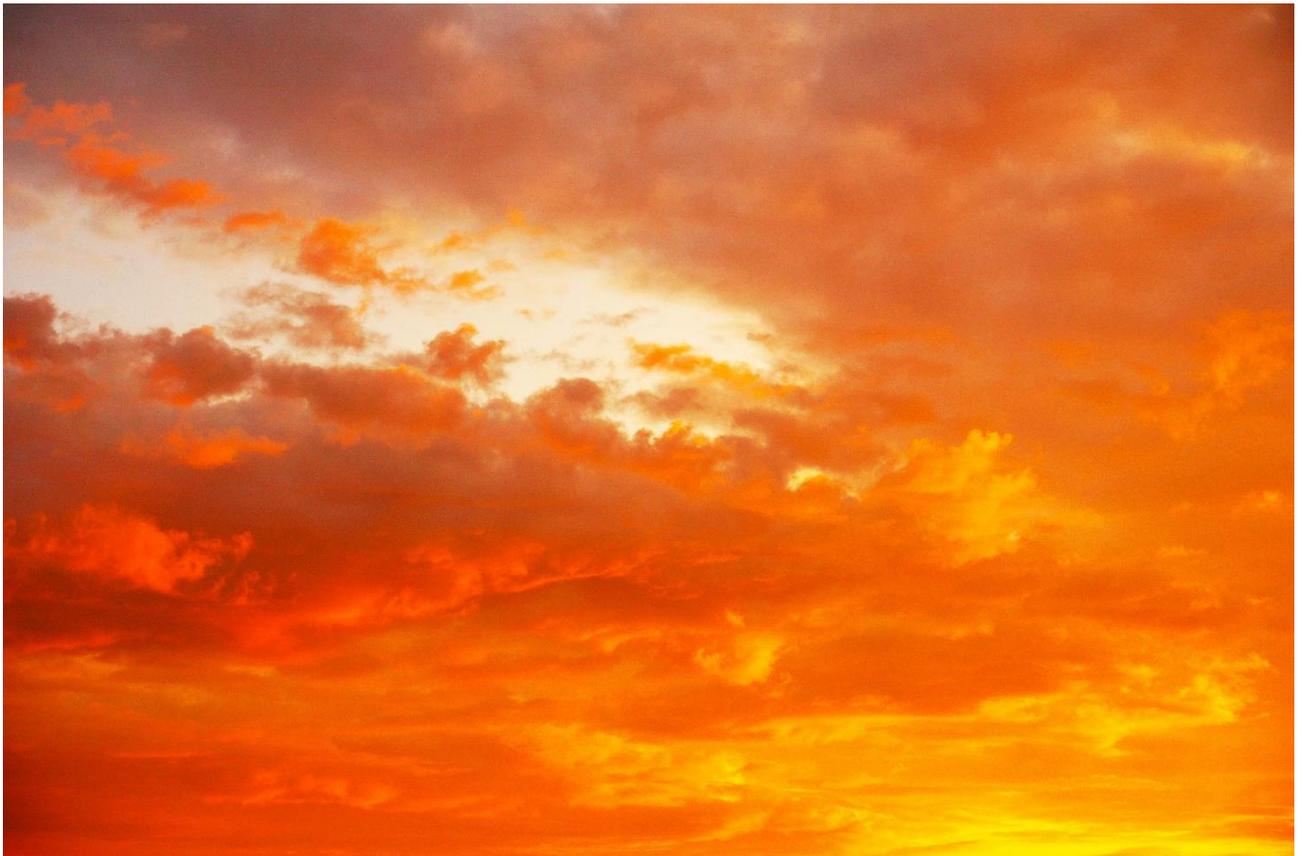
Love yourself. Love yourself enough not to succumb. Trust in your capability to overcome troubles because you are only given as many of them as you can withstand.

Love. Love in all the ways possible.

Warmest memories
Extend your hand to a friend
Colorful joy met

Dew on a boy's nose
Points in scores with rubber boots
Autumn has begun

Agneta B. 3c



You did not come back
Hot tea, a knitted sweater
Yet I still feel cold

Fresh summer, wind blows
The girls gets slight goosebumps
Taste of sweet fruit

The sky without clouds
Looks so close, but so far
So deep, so empty

A butterfly lands
Such mesmerising beauty
That he cannot see

The bell starts ringing
The teacher collects the papers
Tired hands stop writing

Running down a field
Not a single care in the world
Sweet smell of flowers

Such sticky fingers
Sweet taste of a watermelon
You spit out the seeds

Such a bitter taste
Yet so cold and refreshing
Icy cold lemonade

As the rain pours
And I turn the book 's pages
A lovely evening

As seagulls scream
Waves rise, crash without a stop
My shoes full of sand

A warm summer night
Not a thing you can compare
As the sun sets slow

A Mirror

- Who are you ?

She asked a mirror. He just stayed there and said :

- Well, humans call me an object which reflects a clear image. They notice me everywhere. But why ?

She stared at him. Then said :

- Maybe they notice not you, but themselves. So do I. At the moment I am staring not at you, but at myself. I am talking to you, thinking that you are listening, but I am talking to myself. It's all in my mind. I am asking you - what do I look like today ? What is my goal and mood for today ? You show me all the things that I care about.

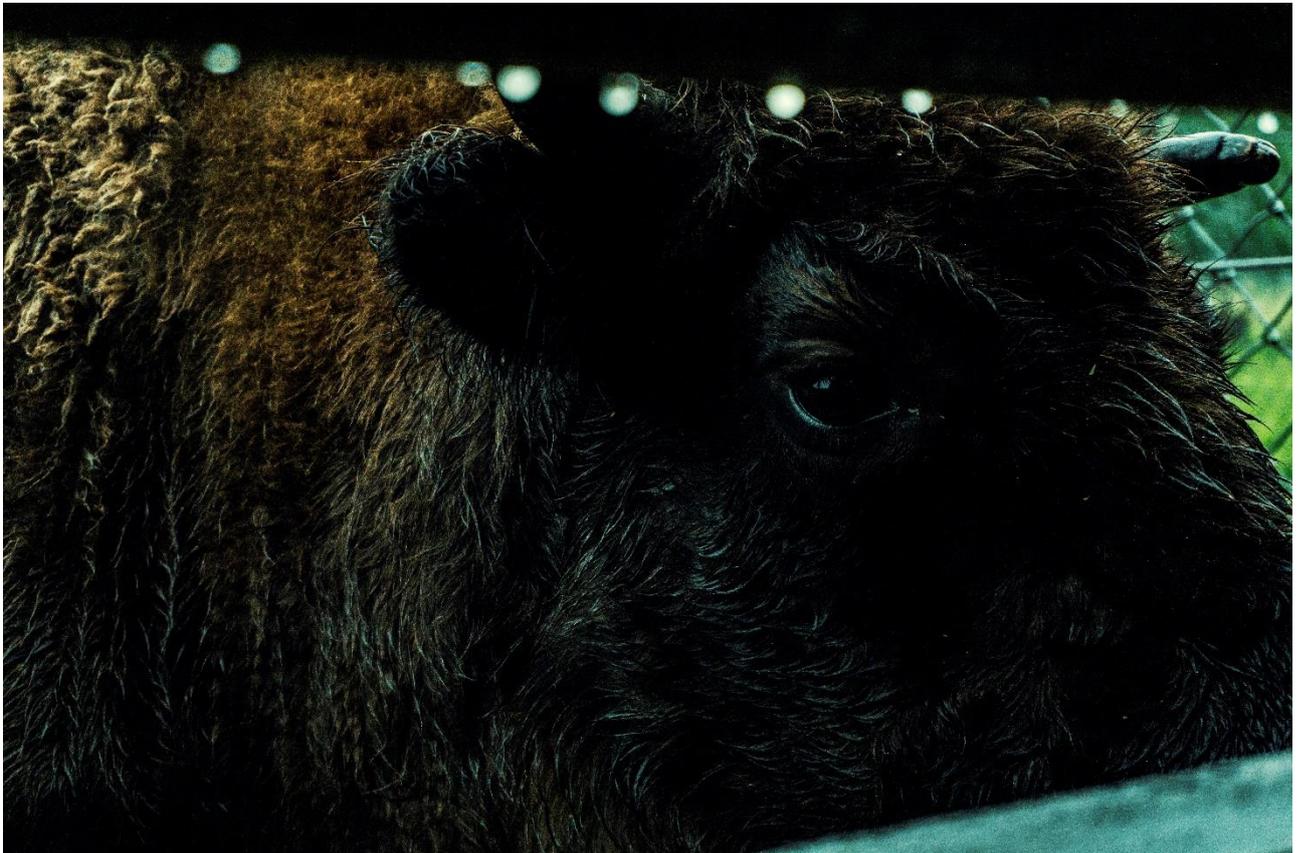
You can be mad, sad and not show me what I want to see. You show me your dishevelled hair, dirty clothing, under the eye bags. It's all a lie. You are not real. You are on my mind. I talk to myself.

I can control what I look like today and my mood for today. If I think I look good, you will show me that. If I am not feeling well and sad, you will show me that.

I stared at myself in your reflection and said -

- I want you to be happy every day and show me what I want to see. I want to see the better version of myself. I know that you are listening. I just have to think about it.

Austėja K. 3a



Fear

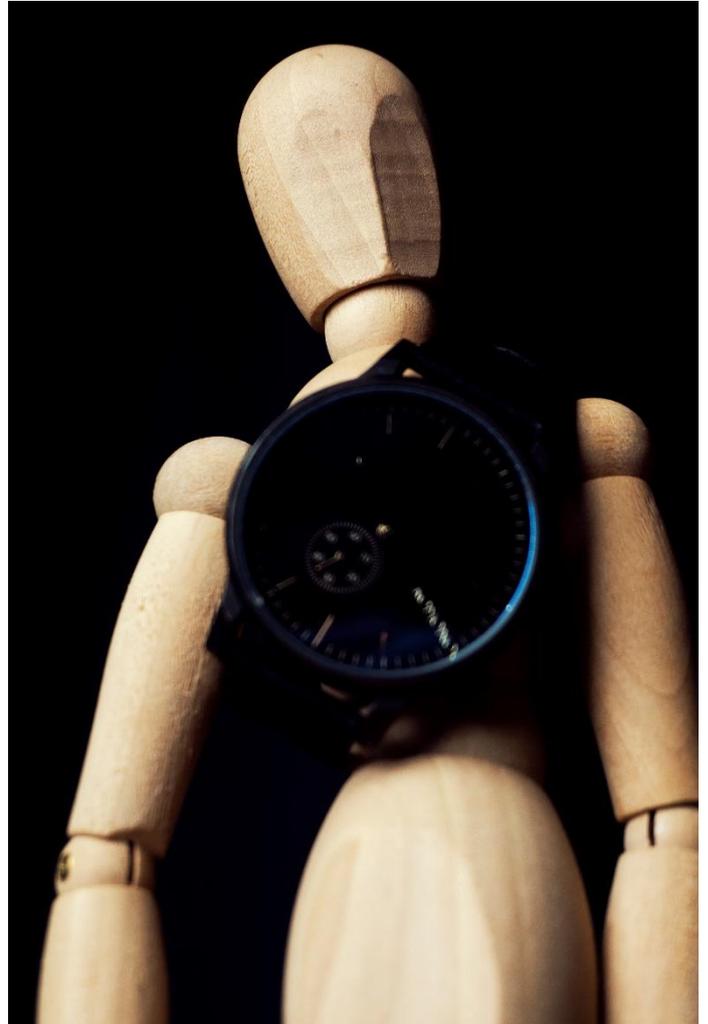
The ice is breaking
And the wind is rustling
Shivers all around me -
Red leaves which are falling

Grey tones are taking over
No colours in this world
An old lady with a pink scarf
Starts crying in the dark

Crystal, lucid water
So cold, that is burning
Tears are falling on me
I see the shadows only

Red roses on the ground
Fears everyone around
The pressure on my chest
The sculptures, which can't help

Patricija O. 3a

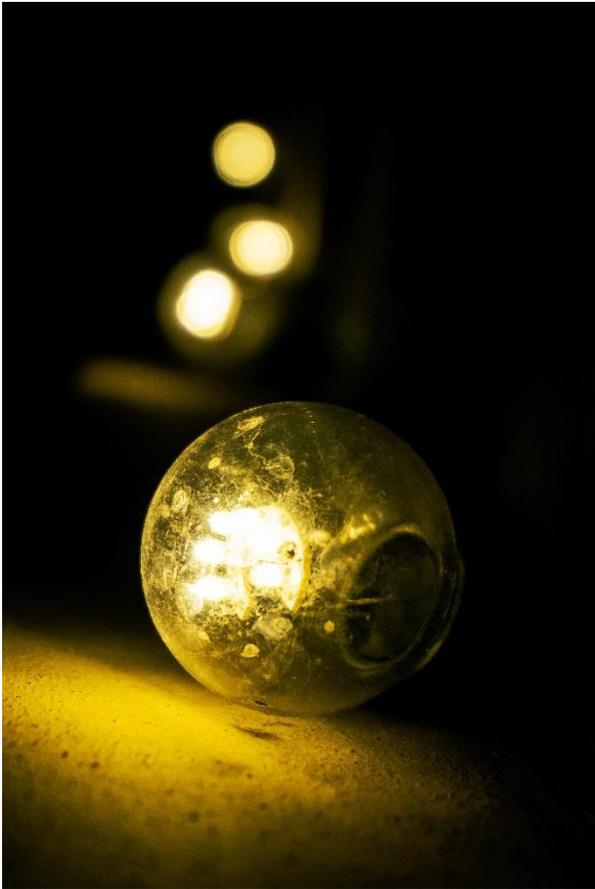


Desiderata

Prioritize your peace. Be in the right state of mind to make better choices. Move with love and kindness. Care more for others than for yourself. Sacrifice your life to God. Trust Him in every situation. Seek God first and everything else will be added to you. Surround yourself with the right people that build you up. Leave everything in God's hands and you will eventually see God's hands in everything. Once He sees you trying, He will handle the rest. Have faith in what you believe. And He will make your paths straight.



Ieva K. 3a



Serenity

You hear the cat's tongue
Going through lush fur purring
As peace absorbs both.

Fraud

Eyes turn to the gloom
Dark hands do the unknown slip
Take into possession.

Honesty

As eyes shine brightly
Lips mumble true brain vision
Words break the frail heart.

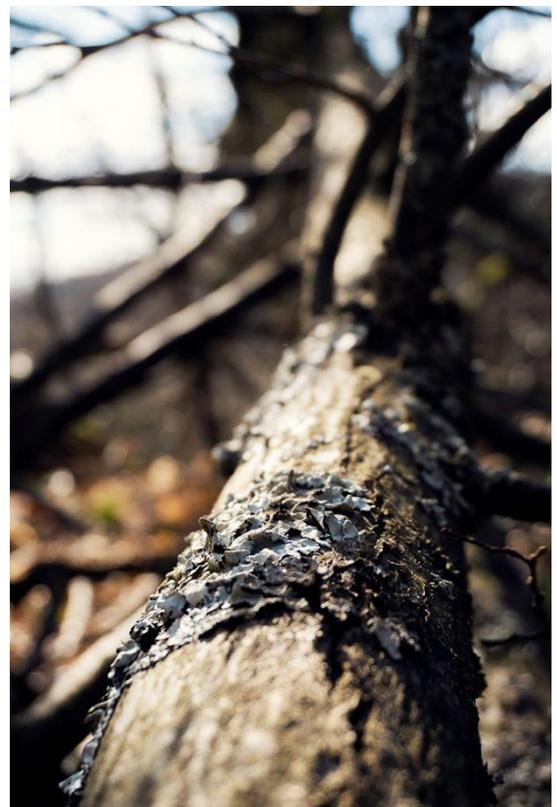
Austējos K. 3a

- ❖ The past can't be changed, but the future can. If you can think about the mistakes of the past without learning from them, you will not achieve more in the future than you have now.
- ❖ In your life you will always meet people who pretend you are important to them, will ask your help. But when you need their help or they see no benefit in you, you may be abandoned. You can't recognize them right away, but you need to understand that you don't have to help people who only ask for help but don't give anything in return.
- ❖ There may be many people who know you or who your false friends are but only a few people will really care about you. They will wish to see not only your bright side, but also the dark one – happiness and sadness.
- ❖ Don't be lazy to do something. Even if you really want to do it, but don't do it, it will never become a reality and your dreams will only grow. You will not achieve anything.
- ❖ We cry less as we grow. But no matter how strong a person you pretend to be,

remember that sometimes it is better to cry than to hide tears.

- ❖ We all have heard that we need to think a few times and only then say something. But are you able to do that? Not always. Maybe that's why there are quiet people in the world? But it is all right to be like that. Even if your words offend someone. The word "sorry" can come to help.

Deimantė R.



As long as you can feel the joy, vitality and warmth, live amply and with no regrets.

But never hurt another soul because that takes another's joy and brightness.

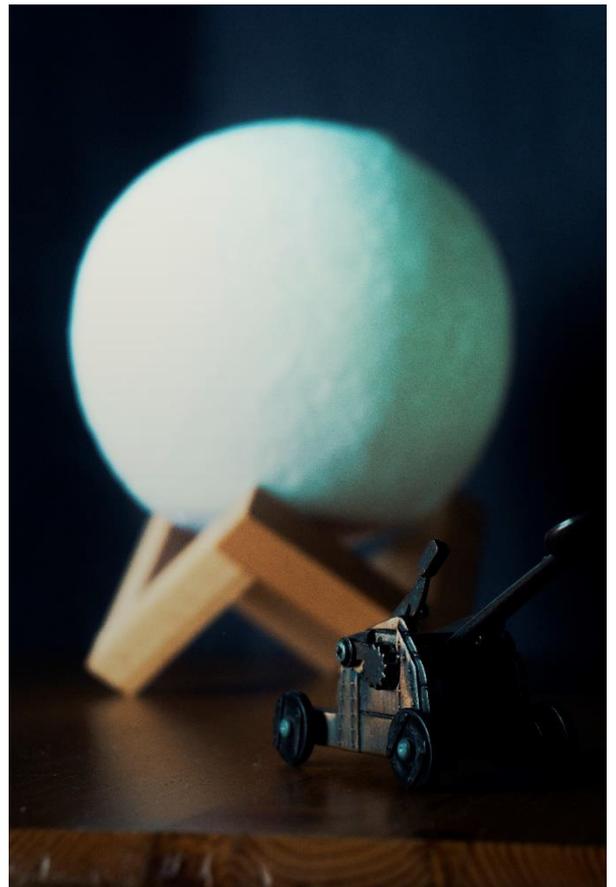
Feel love and gladness but don't you dare forget a little bit of sadness.

Because no sunshine can exist without a slight amount of darkness.

Be true and loyal to yourself and don't pretend

Because you are the only person that knows you actually well.

Patricija O. 3a



You have shown me

What Makes this life worth living

Sucked in the spell of love

Kotryna G. 3c



He has a wild spirit

but a soft heart,

and such a sweet soul.

Marta T. 3a

Soulmate

It feels like you've found your
bestfriend
And have known him for so long.
There's no empty feeling left,
that always been before.
So you're sitting in a room,
praying to the God.
And you are thankful,
that He gave you your other half.

Ieva K. 3c



Love, amour, liebe, amore, sa rang...The warmth of fondness we feel each day from someone exceptional. Thoughts of what is good and what is bad – we all choose unrelated. Surrender in the middle of this game is sort of disenchantment. Unfold for a certain one it is a real position. Every time arises a question – what is love? What is this?

Maybe butterflies in the belly, or maybe something more significant? We leave this query from century to century, but is it worth it?

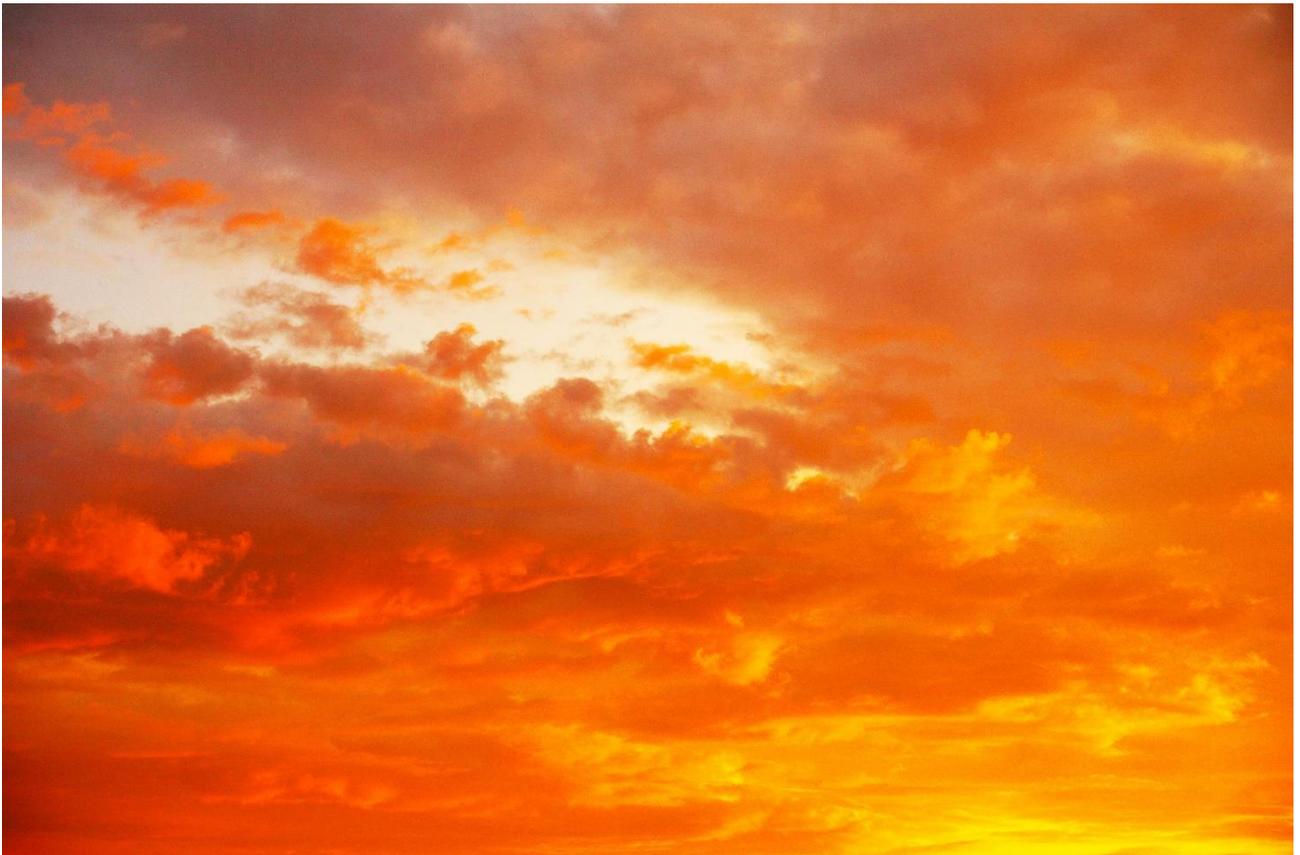
Agneta B. 3c



My toughest critic

I am standing in front of a girl. Her voice is so loud, it's making my ears ache. There is an enormous crowd somewhere behind me. They are all cheering, applauding, congratulating me for my success. But I can not really focus on what they are saying. The girl's voice echoes above them all. She is frustrated. Her face, full of disdain, gives out that I am a disappointment. Even if I make every possible effort, I will NEVER meet her expectations. As if the pressure was not enough, she silences the proud flock. And now her voice corrupts my mind, body and soul. The more I look, the more I realize. She sounds just like me. Her face is just like mine.

Austėja N. 3a



Autumn is like a new
beginning

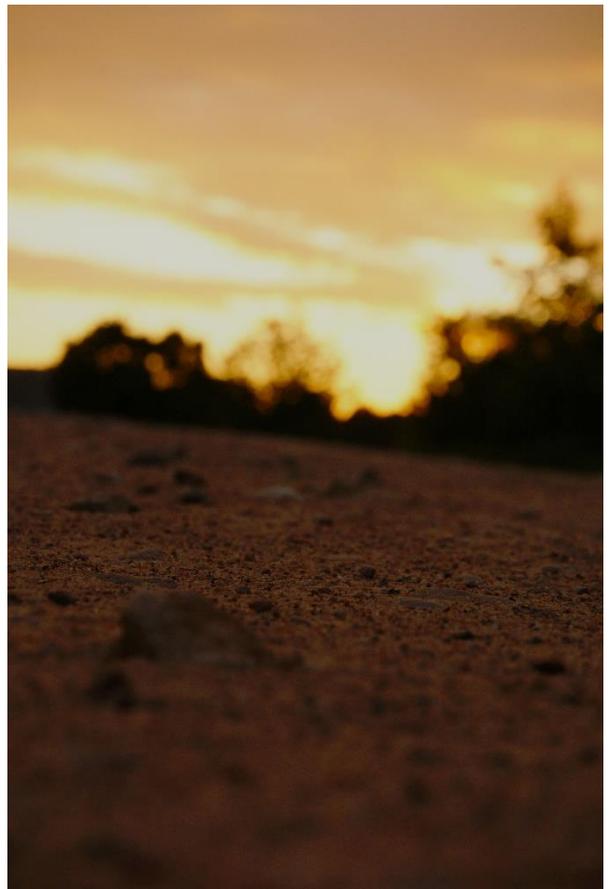
The time when the holidays
are killing.

But why do you feel so
mad?

Be happy, don't be sad!

You'll get lots of new news
And will see many many
new views.

Rokas B. 3c



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.

Gabriele B. 4c



A broken heart

It's a feeling when you're left alone

And nobody understands

Why you don't have any hope

You try to distract yourself

And move on

But it gets worse

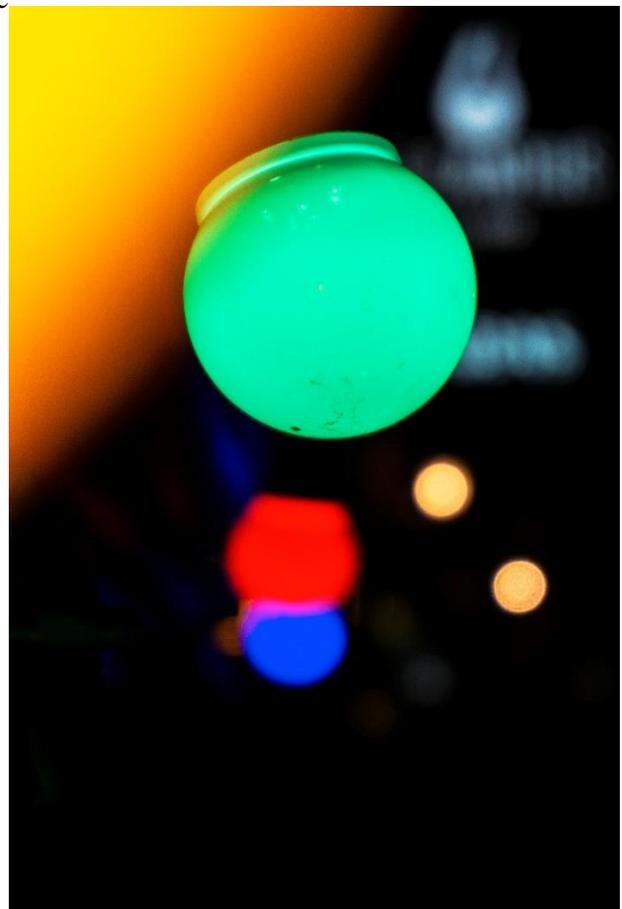
Cause that was love

You don't want anything to do

So you stay all day

in your room

Rokas B. 3c



Soul

Once upon a time

A little boy learnt to rhyme

He sang a song to a lonely tree

Anytime, every week.

People were afraid of him,

They looked at him

Like he was doing a sin.

But only a little man knew the story

About a fallen soul in glory.

A hundred years ago

There was a strong man

Who killed people with a bow,

But only did he know

That his soul was about to explode.

He didn't like emotions

So he killed them with his potions,

But one day he saw a girl

He thought she was a pearl.

A pearl that only he could hold,

But he knew he would never be loved.

So he came to the witch of the sea

And heard a song named weirdly "Tree",

He was desperate to heal

From pathetic love of dream.

And the witch said -

 tell me the only person that you
 need to be complete.

Only did he know what affection means,

What it did to him.

He became a tree,

A lonely tree of the sea.

He didn't have anybody

Only a little man

Who knew the glory.

So his soul just fell

To a lonely boy named Glory.

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 tariu tau, meile mano,
Sudie tariu trumpam.
Nes grįšiu aš, kad pamatyčiau veidą tavo.
Net jei ir amžinybę teks praleist kely ilgam.

*Translated by
Austėja N. 3a*

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 luve I am:
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;
And I will luve 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.

Visas gyvenimas – teatras

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

Pirmoj jis, ką tiktai 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,
Pasauly plačiam jis prasmenga.

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

*Translated by
Austėja N. 3a*

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 beley 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, sanst taste, sans
everythinng.

William Shakespeare

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!

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!

Translated by Greta

M. 4b

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 tamsuma - 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
išvagotas,
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 Elas A.

4B

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 N. 3a

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.

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heart is not here,

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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 Elżbieta M. 3c

Mano širdis kalnuos

Robert Burns

Mano širdis kalnuose, mano širdis jau ne su
manim

Mano širdis kalnuose, o audra vis artyn
Nuo audros skuodžia elniai, o vėliau seka
stirnos

Klumpa pradžioj viena, o vėliau klumpa
visos...

Sudie kalnams, sudie tariu šiaurei,

Kur gimė drąsa-sušalus, basa...

Kad ir kur benuklysiu, svetur pasiklysiu
Jokia kaina gimtųjų kalnų nepamiršiu

Sudie, kalnai ir snieguotos viršūnės,

Sudie, upių kloniai, eglės ir pušys,

Sudie šaltos srovės, ledinis lietau,

Sudie šalta žiema, o tavęs vis dar bijau

Translated by Patricija O. 3a

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The Sun Has Long Been Set

The sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky.
Who would "go parading"
In London, "and masquerading,"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is!

William Wordsworth

Saulė jau seniai nusileidus

Saulė seniai jau nusileidusi
Saulė seniai nusileidus,
O žvaigždės šviečia po dvi ir po tris,
Mažutėliai paukšteliai ima čiulbėti
Pasislėpę tarp krūmų ir medžių šakų,
Tenais gegutė ir vienas ar daugel strazdų,
Ir plūstančio vandens garsas,
Ir tolimo vėjo šnabždančios šnekos,
Gegutės kukavimas naktį –
Užlieja dangų, gilybes, žvaigždėtus skliautus,
Kas gi eitų į paradą
Ir Londone – į maskaradą?
Nuostabią birželio naktį,
Danguje mėnulį matant
Su visa tyra palaima?
Tokią naktį, lydint laimei!

Translated by Vincenta B. 3a

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 beečiau - širdis mano čia!

Takais į kalnus, takais ir šiaurėn , -
Vieta kur gimiau, vertybe laikiau.

Visad mėštau, 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.
Kad ir kur aš beečiau - širdis mano čia!

Kotryna G. 3b

My heart's in the Highlands

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.

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 mountains, high-cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

Robert Burns

