***“St. Valentine`s Day”***

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***“Love is life. And if you miss love, you miss life.”***

***(Leo Buscaglia)***

***“Where there is love, there is life.”***

***(Mahatma Gandhi)***

***“It is never too late to fall in love.”***

***(Sandy Wilson)***

***“If music be the food of love, play on.”***

***(Shakespeare)***

***“Life without love is like a tree without blossom and fruit.”***

***(Khalil Gibran)***

***Teacher: One of the most popular festivals in Great Britain and all over the world is St. Valentine`s Day. St. Valentine is the patron saint of lovers and on the 14th of February young men and women declare their feelings to each other. Today we are celebrating this holiday. It is interesting to know how this holiday came into being.***

***St. Valentine`s Day has roots in several legends.***

***Let`s listen to one of them.***

***The story is that Valentine was a Christian who lived in the third century. The Roman Emperor at that time Claudius the second decided that soldiers must no marry, because married soldiers do not make good soldiers, Valentine worked for the Church, and one day he helped a soldier to get married. The Emperor said that Valentine had to die because he did wrong. In prison Valentine started to love the daughter of a man who worked a prison. The day he died, he sent a note, he wrote “Your Valentine”.***

***In the early nineteenth century people started to send Valentine`s cards to the person they loved on February 14. The cards had pictures of flowers and birds on, and words inside like:***

***Roses are red***

***Violets are blue***

***Sugar is sweet, my love,***

***But not as sweet as you.***

***People still send each other Valentine`s cards, but often they do not write their names inside. They just write “Be my Valentine”, or “from your Valentine”. It is a kind of game.***

***A lot of people go out to restaurants for the evening and have dinner for two with candles and soft music.***

***There is beautiful custom in England. On February, 14th, every St. Valentine`s Day thousands of people travel to a small village on Scotland`s border with England to married. The village is called Gretna Green. Its romantic reputation began in 1754. In that time in England marriage for people under the age of 21 without parents permission was banned. However in Scotland, this permission was not required. Gretna Green was the first stop across the border. Many young couples came to Gretna Green to get married there.***

***Nowadays in this place, at least one couple gets married every day of the year. Weddings for St. Valentine`s Day have to be booked for 3 months in advance. On this day sweethearts exchange greetings of affection of love.***

***Reciting love poems***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Roses are red***

***Violets are blue***

***Sugar is sweet, my love,***

***But not as sweet as you.***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***I`m a little Valentine,***

***Red and white,***

***With ribbons and lace,***

***I am a beautiful sight.***

***I can say “I love you!”***

***On Valentine`s Day.***

***Just put me in your envelope***

***And give me away!***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***February the fourteenth day***

* ***Its Valentine, they say.***

***I chose you from among the rest,***

***The reason is I love you best!***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***I have a little Valentine***

***That someone sent to me***

***It`s pink and white,***

***And red, and blue,***

***and pretty as can be!***

***And on it`s written***

***All in gold: “TO YOU***

***WITH LOVE FROM ME!”***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***I`ll be your sweetheart,***

***If you will be mine.***

***All of my life***

***I`ll be your Valentine!***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***I`m making a pretty card***

***To give it to my love.***

***I`ll neatly write, “I love you!”***

***Or “Won`t you be mine?”***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Alexander Pushkin***

***I loved you so, and, maybe, my affection***

***Has not yet faded, living as afore,***

***But now you`re free from worry and vexation,***

***I do not want to grieve you any more.***

***I loved you hopelessly, in silence, really,***

***Now torn with jealously, now shy as kid.***

***I loved you so sincerely, so dearly, -***

***God grant that someone loves you like I did.***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Mikhail Lermontov***

***The one I am in love with isn`t really you,***

***Your charm is not for me, as it appears,***

***I love in you the bygone pain and tears***

***And the departed youth that I went through.***

***And when, my friend, at times, I look at you,***

***When deep into your eyes I do intently stare***

***I hold a magic conversation, I declare!***

***But you are not the one that I`m talking to.***

***I talk with an engaging girl – friend of my youth,***

***And in your face I look for other features,***

***The living lips are silent now and speechless,***

***And in the eyes the fire has died down, in truth.***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Marina Tsvetaeva***

***Poems to Blok***

***Your name is a bird on my palm.***

***Your name is ice on my tongue.***

***Your name is a stone in a swamp.***

***It is a bullet, and a cramp.***

***Your name is an invisible moment of my lips,***

***A kiss in the eyes,***

***My breath in your hold.***

***Sometimes – a reasonable advise.***

***Sometimes – snow, and a scold.***

***A horse on a cloud,***

***A ball which I try to catch,***

***A candle which is blown out,***

***A painful skin scratch…***

***It is a light from darkness,***

***A nap which is deep and clean.***

***Your name is a holy sparkle,***

***A game which I need to win.***

***\*\*\*\*\****

***Scenes from “Evenings in the village near Dikanka” by N. Gogol***

***At Oksana`s place. She is in front of the mirror. Vakula is watching her.***

***Oksana. What put it into folks` heads to spread it abroad that I am pretty? They lie. I`m not pretty at all! Well… Can my black eyebrows and my eyes be so beautiful that there`re none like them in the world? What is there pretty in that… …in that turned – up nose, and in the lips… …and in the cheeks… No… No… I see now that I am not pretty at all! Oh, yes, I am pretty. Ah, how pretty! Yes, lads, am I match for you? Look at me! See how gracefully I step.***

***Vakula. Strange girl! She`s been standing before the mirror for an hour and never has it enough. And praising herself aloud, too!***

***Oksana. My blouse is embroidered with red silk. And the ribbons on my head! You will never see richer braid. My father bought me all this for the finest young man in the world to marry me.***

***Vakula is coughing…***

***Oksana. Why have you come? Do you want me to shove you out of the door with a spade? You are all very clever at calling on us… You sniff out in a minute when there are no fathers in.***

***Vakula. You don`t love me.***

***Oksana. Oh, come on! Well, is my chest ready?***

***Vakula. It will be ready, my little heart, after Christmas. And how it will be painted! You wouldn`t find one like it if you wandered over the whole neighbourhood. So don`t be angry with me. Allow me at least to speak to you, to look at you!***

***Oksana. Nobody`s stopping you. You may speak. And look.***

***Vakula. Allow me to sit beside…***

***Oksana. What? What?***

***Vakula. Allow me to stand beside you.***

***Oksana. You may stand. But the girls are not here. We ought to have started singing carols long ago. I am getting tired of waiting.***

***Vakula. Let them stay away, my beauty!***

***Oksana. Oh, no! I expect the lads will come with them. I can fancy what stories they will tell!***

***Vakula. So you`ll be merry with them?***

***Y a lady wears.***

***Odarka. Oksana! Oksana! Look how much stuff we got for our carols!***

***They start dancing.***

***Oksana. Oh, Odarka, you have new slippers! Ah, how pretty!... And with gold on them!...***

***Vakula. Don`t grieve, my precious Oksana. I will get you slippers such as not many a lady wears.***

***Oksana. You? I should like to know where you`ll get hold of slippers such as I could put on my feet. Perhaps you will bring me the very ones the Tsaritsa wears?***

***Odarka. See the sort she wants!***

***Oksana. All of you be my witnesses: if blacksmith Vakula brings me the very slippers the Tsaritsa wears, here`s my word on it, I`ll marry him that very day!***

***They are leaving the house laughing at Vakula. Oksana is coming back…***

***Oksana. Get me the Tsaritsa`s slippers, and I will marry you.***

***Teacher: Happy Valentine`s Day! Thank you.***