

# Rocky Mountain Classical Christian Schools

## Speech Meet Official Selections

### Seventh-Eighth Grade

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# Seventh-Eighth Grade: Poetry

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Beowulf, an excerpt

*Translation by Seamus Heaney*

In off the moors,  
down through the mist bands  
the God-cursed Grendel came greedily loping.  
The bane of the race of men roamed forth, hunting  
for a prey in the high hall.

Handsomely structured,  
a sturdy frame braced with the best  
of blacksmith's work inside and out.  
No shielding elder believed  
there was any power or person upon earth  
capable of wrecking their horn-rigged hall.

Under the cloud-murk Grendel moved  
towards it until it shone above him, a sheer keep  
of fortified gold.

Spurned and joyless, he journeyed on ahead  
and arrived at the bawn. The iron-braced door  
turned on its hinge when his hands touched it.  
Then his rage boiled over, he ripped open  
the mouth of the building, maddening for blood, pacing  
the length of the patterned floor  
with his loathsome tread, while a baleful light,  
flame more than light, flared  
from his eyes. He saw many men in the mansion, sleeping,  
a ranked company of kinsman and warriors  
quartered together. And his glee was demonic,  
picturing the mayhem:  
Before morning he would rip  
life from limb and devour them, feed on their flesh;  
but his fate that night was due to change,  
his days of ravening had come to an end.

For mighty and canny,  
Hygelac's kinsman was keenly watching  
for the first move the monster would make.  
Nor did the creature keep him waiting  
but struck suddenly and started in;  
he grabbed and mauled a man on his bench,  
bit into his bone-lappings, bolted down his blood  
and gorged on him in lumps, leaving the body  
utterly lifeless,  
eaten up  
hand and foot.  
Venturing closer, his talon was raised to attack Beowulf  
where he lay on the bed; he was bearing in  
with open claw when the alert hero's  
comeback and armlock forestalled him utterly.  
The captain of evil discovered himself  
in a handgrip harder than anything  
he had ever encountered in any man  
on the face of the earth. Every bone in his body  
quailed and recoiled, but he could not escape.  
He was desperate to flee to his den and hide  
with the devil's litter, for in all his days  
he had never been clamped or cornered like this.

Then Beowulf sprang to his feet  
and got a firm hold. Fingers were bursting,  
the monster back-tracking, the man overpowering.  
The dread of the land was desperate to escape,  
to take a roundabout road and flee  
to his lair in the fens. The latching power  
in his fingers weakened; it was the worst trip  
the terror-monger had taken to Heorot.  
And now the timbers trembled and sang,  
a hall-session that harrowed every Dane inside the stockade.

Then an extraordinary wail arose, and bewildering fear  
came over the Danes. Everyone felt it  
who heard that cry as it echoed off the wall,  
a God-cursed scream and strain of catastrophe.  
The howl of the loser, the lament of the hell-serf  
keening his wound.

Grendel:  
overwhelmed and manacled tight  
by Beowulf who of all men  
was foremost  
and strongest  
in the days of this life.

## Birches

*Robert Frost*

When I see birches bend to left and right  
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.  
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed  
So low for long, they never right themselves:  
You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground,  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,  
I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
As he went out and in to fetch the cows--  
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,  
Whose only play was what he found himself,  
Summer or winter, and could play alone.  
One by one he subdued his father's trees  
By riding them down over and over again  
Until he took the stiffness out of them,  
And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
To learn about not launching out too soon  
And so not carrying the tree away  
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise  
To the top branches, climbing carefully  
With the same pains you use to fill a cup

Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.  
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
And so I dream of going back to be.  
It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
And life is too much like a pathless wood  
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
From a twig's having lashed across it open.  
I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
And then come back to it and begin over.  
May no fate willfully misunderstand me  
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree  
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk  
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
But dipped its top and set me down again.  
That would be good both going and coming back.  
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

## The Chambered Nautilus

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled  
wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to  
dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt  
unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft steps its shining archway  
through,

Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew  
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a  
voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea!



## The Creation

*James Weldon Johnson*

And God stepped out on space,  
And He looked around and said,  
"I'm lonely --  
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see  
Darkness covered everything,  
Blacker than a hundred midnights  
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,  
And the light broke,  
And the darkness rolled up on one side,  
And the light stood shining on the other,  
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God reached out and took the light in  
His hands,  
And God rolled the light around in His hands  
Until He made the sun;  
And He set that sun a-blazing in the  
heavens.  
And the light that was left from making the  
sun  
God gathered it up in a shining ball  
And flung it against the darkness,  
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.  
Then down between  
The darkness and the light  
He hurled the world;  
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God himself stepped down --  
And the sun was on His right hand,  
And the moon was on His left;  
The stars were clustered about His head,  
And the earth was under His feet.

And God walked, and where He trod  
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out  
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw  
That the earth was hot and barren.  
So God stepped over to the edge of the  
world  
And He spat out the seven seas;  
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings  
flashed;  
He clapped His hands, and the thunders  
rolled;  
And the waters above the earth came down,  
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,  
And the little red flowers blossomed,  
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,  
And the oak spread out his arms,  
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of  
the ground,  
And the rivers ran down to the sea;  
And God smiled again,  
And the rainbow appeared,  
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His  
hand  
Over the sea and over the land,  
And He said, "Bring forth! Bring forth!"  
And quicker than God could drop His hand.  
Fishes and fowls  
And beasts and birds  
Swam the rivers and the seas,  
Roamed the forests and the woods,  
And split the air with their wings.

And God said, "That's good!"

Then God walked around,  
And God looked around  
On all that He had made.  
He looked at His sun,  
And He looked at His moon,  
And He looked at His little stars;  
He looked on His world  
With all its living things,  
And God said, "I'm lonely still."

Then God sat down  
On the side of a hill where He could think;  
By a deep, wide river He sat down;  
With His head in His hands,  
God thought and thought,  
Till He thought, "I'll make me a man!"

Up from the bed of the river  
God scooped the clay;  
And by the bank of the river  
He kneeled Him down;  
And there the great God Almighty  
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,  
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of  
the night,  
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His  
hand;  
This Great God,  
Like a mammy bending over her baby,  
Kneeled down in the dust  
Toiling over a lump of clay  
Till He shaped it in His own image;  
  
Then into it He blew the breath of life,  
And man became a living soul.  
Amen. Amen.

## The Cremation of Sam McGee

*Robert W. Service*

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.  
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.  
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;  
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.  
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.  
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;  
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,  
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,  
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;  
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:  
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.  
Yet 'tain't being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;  
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;  
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.  
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;  
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,  
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;  
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,

But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.  
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.  
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,  
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows— O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;  
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;  
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;  
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;  
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."  
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;  
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;  
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;  
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;  
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;  
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.  
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;  
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;  
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;  
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.  
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; ... then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;  
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.  
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm—  
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;*

*The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.*

## The Crucifixion

*James Weldon Johnson*

Jesus, my gentle Jesus,  
Walking in the dark of the Garden --  
The Garden of Gethsemane,  
Saying to the three disciples:  
Sorrow is in my soul --  
Even unto death;  
Tarry ye here a little while,  
And watch with me.  
Jesus, my burdened Jesus,  
Praying in the dark of the Garden --  
The Garden of Gethsemane.  
Saying: Father,  
Oh, Father,  
This bitter cup,  
This bitter cup,  
Let it pass from me.  
Jesus, my sorrowing Jesus,  
The sweat like drops of blood upon his brow,  
Talking with his Father,  
While the three disciples slept,  
Saying: Father,  
Oh, Father,  
Not as I will,  
Not as I will,  
But let thy will be done.  
Oh, look at black-hearted Judas --  
Sneaking through the dark of the Garden --  
Leading his crucifying mob.  
Oh, God!  
Strike him down!  
Why don't you strike him down,  
Before he plants his traitor's kiss  
Upon my Jesus' cheek?  
And they take my blameless Jesus,  
And they drag him to the Governor,  
To the mighty Roman Governor.  
Great Pilate seated in his hall,--

Great Pilate on his judgment seat,  
Said: In this man I find no fault.  
I find no fault in him.  
And Pilate washed his hands.

But they cried out, saying:  
Crucify him!--  
Crucify him!--  
Crucify him!--  
His blood be on our heads.  
And they beat my loving Jesus,

They spit on my precious Jesus;  
They dressed him up in a purple robe,  
They put a crown of thorns upon his head,  
And they pressed it down --  
Oh, they pressed it down --  
And they mocked my sweet King Jesus.  
Up Golgotha's rugged road  
I see my Jesus go.  
I see him sink beneath the load,  
I see my drooping Jesus sink.  
And then they laid hold on Simon,  
Black Simon, yes, black Simon;  
They put the cross on Simon,  
And Simon bore the cross.  
On Calvary, on Calvary,  
They crucified my Jesus.  
They nailed him to the cruel tree,  
And the hammer!  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.  
Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,  
Shivering as the nails go through his hands;  
Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,  
Shivering as the nails go through his feet.

Jesus, my darling Jesus,  
Groaning as the Roman spear plunged in his  
side;

Jesus, my darling Jesus,  
Groaning as the blood came spurting from his  
wound.

Oh, look how they done my Jesus.

Mary,  
Weeping Mary,  
Sees her poor little Jesus on the cross.

Mary,  
Weeping Mary,  
Sees her sweet, baby Jesus on the cruel cross,  
Hanging between two thieves.

And Jesus, my lonesome Jesus,  
Called out once more to his Father,  
Saying:

My God,  
My God,  
Why hast thou forsaken me?  
And he drooped his head and died.

And the veil of the temple was split in two,  
The midday sun refused to shine,  
The thunder rumbled and the lightning wrote  
An unknown language in the sky.  
What a day! Lord, what a day!  
When my blessed Jesus died.

Oh, I tremble, yes, I tremble,  
It causes me to tremble, tremble,  
When I think how Jesus died;  
Died on the steeps of Calvary,  
How Jesus died for sinners,  
Sinners like you and me.



The Highwayman (could divide into two parts)

*Alfred Noyes*

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,  
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.  
They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.  
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.  
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked  
Where Tim the ostler listened. His face was white and peaked.  
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,  
But he loved the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's red-lipped daughter.  
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,  
But she loosened her hair in the casement. His face burnt like a brand  
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,  
(O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

## PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon;  
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of the moon,  
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,  
A red-coat troop came marching—  
Marching—marching—  
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord. They drank his ale instead.  
But they gagged his daughter, and bound her, to the foot of her narrow bed.  
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!  
There was death at every window;  
And hell at one dark window;  
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest.  
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!  
“Now, keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard the doomed man say—  
Look for me by moonlight;  
Watch for me by moonlight;  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!  
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!  
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years  
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,  
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,  
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it. She strove no more for the rest.  
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast.  
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;  
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight;  
And the blood of her veins, in the moonlight, throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear;  
Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?  
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—  
The red coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!  
Nearer he came and nearer. Her face was like a light.  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,  
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,  
Her musket shattered the moonlight,  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned. He spurred to the west; he did not know who stood  
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own blood!  
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear  
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,  
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high.  
Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;  
When they shot him down on the highway,  
Down like a dog on the highway,  
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at his throat.

. . .

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
A highwayman comes riding—  
Riding—riding—*

*A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.  
Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard.  
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred.*

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

## The Destruction of Sennacherib

*George Gordon, Lord Byron*

The Assyrians came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
and the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee,  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!  
And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.  
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
And lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Do not go gentle into that good night

*Dylan Thomas*

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

## First Chorale Ode from Antigone

*Sophocles*

Creation is a marvel  
And man its masterpiece:  
He scuds before the southern wind  
Between the loud white-piling swell.  
He drives his thoroughbreds  
Through Earth (perpetual  
Great goddess inexhaustible)  
Exhausting her each year.

The light-balanced light-headed birds  
He snares; wild beasts according to their  
kind.  
In his nets the deep sea fish are caught—  
O master mind of Man!  
The free forest animal he herds,  
The roaming upland deer.  
The shaggy horse he breaks to yoke  
The mountain-powered bull.

He's trained his agile thoughts

(Volatile as air)  
To civilizing words.  
He's roofed against the sky  
The javelin crystal frosts  
The arrow-lancing rains.  
All fertile in resource  
He's provident for all  
(Not beaten by disease)  
All but death, and death—  
He never cures.

Beyond imagining he's wise  
Through labyrinthine ways both good and  
bad:  
He is law-abiding, pious;  
But displaced when he promotes  
Unsavory ambition.  
And then, I want no part with him,  
No parcel of his thoughts.

## Forgetfulness

*Billy Collins*

The name of the author is the first to go  
followed obediently by the title, the plot,  
the heartbreaking conclusion, the entire novel  
which suddenly becomes one you have never read,  
never even heard of,  
as if, one by one, the memories you used to harbor  
decided to retire to the southern hemisphere of the brain,  
to a little fishing village where there are no phones.  
Long ago you kissed the names of the nine Muses goodbye  
and watched the quadratic equation pack its bag,  
and even now as you memorize the order of the planets,  
something else is slipping away, a state flower perhaps,  
the address of an uncle, the capital of Paraguay.  
Whatever it is you are struggling to remember,  
it is not poised on the tip of your tongue,  
not even lurking in some obscure corner of your spleen.  
It has floated away down a dark mythological river  
whose name begins with an L as far as you can recall,  
well on your own way to oblivion where you will join those  
who have even forgotten how to swim and how to ride a bicycle.  
No wonder you rise in the middle of the night  
to look up the date of a famous battle in a book on war.  
No wonder the moon in the window seems to have drifted  
out of a love poem that you used to know by heart.



# Kubla Khan

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Emfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*From Julius Caesar (Act III, ii, 76-109)*

*William Shakespeare*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men--  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*From Hamlet (Act I, iii, 55-81)*

*William Shakespeare*

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

*From Henry V (Act IV, i, 230-84)*

*William Shakespeare*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children and our sins lay on the king!  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath  
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease  
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestic,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*From Henry V (Act IV, iii, 17-67)*

*William Shakespeare*

WESTMORELAND

O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

KING HENRY V

What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.  
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'  
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names.  
Familiar in his mouth as household words  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remember'd;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.



From Macbeth (Act V, v, 19-27)

*William Shakespeare*

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

From *The Merchant of Venice* (Act IV, i, 183-204)

*William Shakespeare*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

From The Merchant of Venice (Act V, i, 54-88)

*William Shakespeare*

LORENZO

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*(Enter Musicians)*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.

## The Lady of Shalott (could divide into two parts)

*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

### Part I

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many-tower'd Camelot;  
The yellow-leaved waterlily  
The green-sheathed daffodilly  
Tremble in the water chilly  
    Round about Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens shiver.  
The sunbeam showers break and quiver  
In the stream that runneth ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Underneath the bearded barley,  
The reaper, reaping late and early,  
Hears her ever chanting cheerly,  
Like an angel, singing clearly,  
    O'er the stream of Camelot.  
Piling the sheaves in furrows airy,  
Beneath the moon, the reaper weary  
Listening whispers, ' 'Tis the fairy,  
    Lady of Shalott.'

The little isle is all inrail'd  
With a rose-fence, and overtrail'd  
With roses: by the marge unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken sail'd,  
    Skimming down to Camelot.  
A pearl garland winds her head:

She leaneth on a velvet bed,  
Full royally appavelled,  
The Lady of Shalott.

## Part II

No time hath she to sport and play:  
A charmed web she weaves away.  
A curse is on her, if she stay  
Her weaving, either night or day,  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be;  
Therefore she weaveth steadily,  
Therefore no other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

She lives with little joy or fear.  
Over the water, running near,  
The sheepbell tinkles in her ear.  
Before her hangs a mirror clear,  
Reflecting tower'd Camelot.  
And as the mazy web she whirls,  
She sees the surly village churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
And music, came from Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead

Came two young lovers lately wed;  
'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
The Lady of Shalott.

### Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flam'd upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down from Camelot:  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down from Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over green Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down from Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river

He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra, tirra lirra:'  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom  
She made three paces thro' the room  
She saw the water-flower bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
'The curse is come upon me,' cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

#### Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;  
Outside the isle a shallow boat  
Beneath a willow lay afloat,  
Below the carven stern she wrote,  
The Lady of Shalott.

A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight,  
All raimented in snowy white  
That loosely flew (her zone in sight  
Clasp'd with one blinding diamond bright)  
Her wide eyes fix'd on Camelot,  
Though the squally east-wind keenly  
Blew, with folded arms serenely  
By the water stood the queenly  
Lady of Shalott.

With a steady stony glance—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Beholding all his own mischance,  
Mute, with a glassy countenance—  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
It was the closing of the day:



She loos'd the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

As when to sailors while they roam,  
By creeks and outfalls far from home,  
Rising and dropping with the foam,  
From dying swans wild warblings come,  
Blown shoreward; so to Camelot  
Still as the boathead wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her chanting her deathsong,  
The Lady of Shalott.

A longdrawn carol, mournful, holy,  
She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
And her smooth face sharpen'd slowly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot:  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden wall and gallery,  
A pale, pale corpse she floated by,  
Deadcold, between the houses high,  
Dead into tower'd Camelot.  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
To the planked wharfage came:  
Below the stern they read her name,  
The Lady of Shalott.

They cross'd themselves, their stars they blest,  
Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire, and guest.  
There lay a parchment on her breast,  
That puzzled more than all the rest,  
The wellfed wits at Camelot.  
'The web was woven curiously,  
The charm is broken utterly,

Draw near and fear not,—this is I,  
The Lady of Shalott.'

## Mending Wall

*Robert Frost*

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbour know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:  
There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbours."  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
"Why do they make good neighbours? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.  
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offence.  
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down."  
I could say "Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbours."

## No Coward Soul Is Mine

*Emily Bronte*

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.  
O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life, that in me has rest,  
As I, undying Life, have power in Thee!  
Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,  
To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thy infinity,  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of Immortality.  
With wide-embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.  
Though earth and moon were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou wert left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.  
There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou -Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

## Ode to the West Wind I-IV

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

#### IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

## One Art

*Elizabeth Bishop*

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.  
Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.  
Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.  
I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.  
I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.  
—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.



## Paradise Lost, an excerpt

*John Milton*

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that, on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
That, to the height of this great argument,  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Puck's Song (from *Puck of Pook's Hill*)

*Rudyard Kipling*

See you the ferny ride that steals  
Into the oak-woods far?  
O that was whence they hewed the keels  
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings  
To Bayham's mouldering walls?  
O there we cast the stout railings  
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet!

Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,  
Men sent in ancient years  
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,  
The arrows at Poitiers.

See you our little mill that clacks,  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke,  
On the day that Harold died!

See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled,  
When Alfred's ships came by!

See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?

O there was a City thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house!

And see you, after rain, the trace  
Of mound and ditch and wall?  
O that was a Legion's camping-place,  
When Caesar sailed from Gaul!

And see you marks that show and fade,  
Like shadows on the Downs?  
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,  
To guard their wondrous towns!

Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt Marsh where now is corn;  
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,  
Water or Wood or Air,  
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,  
Where you and I will fare.

## Salvator Mundi: Via Crucis

*Denise Levertov*

Maybe He looked indeed  
much as Rembrandt envisioned Him  
in those small heads that seem in fact  
portraits of more than a model.  
A dark, still young, very intelligent face,  
A soul-mirror gaze of deep understanding, unjudging,  
That face in extremis, would have clenched its teeth  
in a grimace not shown in even the great crucifixions.  
The burden of humanness (I begin to see) exacted from Him  
that He taste also the humiliation of dread,  
cold sweat of wanting to let the whole thing go,  
like any mortal hero out of his depth,  
like anyone who has taken a step too far  
and wants himself back.  
The painters, even the greatest, don't show how,  
in the midnight Garden,  
or staggering uphill under the weight of the Cross,  
He went through with even the human longing  
to simply cease, to not be.  
Not torture of body,  
not the hideous betrayals humans commit  
not the faithless weakness of friends, and surely  
not the anticipation of death (not then, in agony's grip)  
Was Incarnation's heaviest weight,  
but this sickened desire to renege,  
to step back from what He, Who was God,  
had promised Himself, and had entered  
time and flesh to enact.  
Sublime acceptance, to be absolute, had to have welled  
up from those depths where purpose drifted  
for mortal moments.

## Sonnet XVIII

*William Shakespeare*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

## Sonnet XIX

*William Shakespeare*

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## Sonnet XXX

*William Shakespeare*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

## Sonnet XXXVI

*William Shakespeare*

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one:  
So shall those blots that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.



## Sonnet CXVI

*William Shakespeare*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## Sonnet CXXXVIII

*William Shakespeare*

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

*From The Tempest (Act V, i, 34-58)*

*William Shakespeare*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

## To a Waterfowl

*William Cullen Bryant*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps  
of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,--  
The desert and illimitable air,--  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd

At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere:  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and  
rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reed shall  
bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my  
heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast  
given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy  
certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

## Ulysses

*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when  
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades  
For ever and forever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

        This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

## When the Frost Is on the Punkin

*James Whitcomb Riley*

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;  
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,  
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere  
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetisin'; and the landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;  
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;  
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover over-head!—  
O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps  
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yeller heaps;  
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through  
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr sauce and sausage, too! ...  
I don't know how to tell it—but if such a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

## The Tyger

*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 watered 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?



# Seventh-Eighth Grade: Bible Memory

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Please memorize from one of the following versions:

- King James Version (KJV)
- New American Bible (NAB)
- New American Standard Bible (NASB)
- New King James Version (NKJV)
- New International Version (NIV)
- English Standard Version (ESV)

Scripture passages presented here are from the New King James Version (NKJV) or English Standard Version (ESV).

## Isaiah 53

Who has believed our report?  
And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?  
For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant,  
And as a root out of dry ground.  
He has no form or comeliness;  
And when we see Him,  
There is no beauty that we should desire Him.  
He is despised and rejected by men,  
A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.  
And we hid, as it were, our faces from Him;  
He was despised, and we did not esteem Him.  
Surely He has borne our griefs  
And carried our sorrows;  
Yet we esteemed Him stricken,  
Smitten by God, and afflicted.  
But He was wounded for our transgressions,  
He was bruised for our iniquities;  
The chastisement for our peace was upon Him,  
And by His stripes we are healed.  
All we like sheep have gone astray;  
We have turned, every one, to his own way;  
And the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all.  
He was oppressed and He was afflicted,  
Yet He opened not His mouth;  
He was led as a lamb to the slaughter,  
And as a sheep before its shearers is silent,  
So He opened not His mouth.  
He was taken from prison and from judgment,  
And who will declare His generation?  
For He was cut off from the land of the living;  
For the transgressions of My people He was stricken.  
And they made His grave with the wicked—  
But with the rich at His death,  
Because He had done no violence,  
Nor was any deceit in His mouth.  
Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise Him;  
He has put Him to grief.  
When You make His soul an offering for sin,

He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days,  
And the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in His hand.  
He shall see the labor of His soul, and be satisfied.  
By His knowledge My righteous Servant shall justify many,  
For He shall bear their iniquities.  
Therefore I will divide Him a portion with the great,  
And He shall divide the spoil with the strong,  
Because He poured out His soul unto death,  
And He was numbered with the transgressors,  
And He bore the sin of many,  
And made intercession for the transgressors.

## Psalm 96

Oh, sing to the LORD a new song!  
Sing to the LORD, all the earth.  
Sing to the LORD, bless His name;  
Proclaim the good news of His salvation from day to day.  
Declare His glory among the nations,  
His wonders among all peoples.

For the LORD is great and greatly to be praised;  
He is to be feared above all gods.  
For all the gods of the peoples are idols,  
But the LORD made the heavens.  
Honor and majesty are before Him;  
Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

Give to the LORD, O families of the peoples,  
Give to the LORD glory and strength.  
Give to the LORD the glory due His name;  
Bring an offering, and come into His courts.  
Oh, worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness!  
Tremble before Him, all the earth.

Say among the nations, "The LORD reigns;  
The world also is firmly established,  
It shall not be moved;  
He shall judge the peoples righteously."  
Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;  
Let the sea roar, and all its fullness;

Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it.  
Then all the trees of the woods will rejoice before the LORD.  
For He is coming, for He is coming to judge the earth.  
He shall judge the world with righteousness,  
And the peoples with His truth.

## Psalm 139:1-14

O LORD, You have searched me and known me.  
You know my sitting down and my rising up;  
    You understand my thought afar off.  
You comprehend my path and my lying down,  
    And are acquainted with all my ways.  
For there is not a word on my tongue,  
    But behold, O LORD, You know it altogether.  
You have hedged me behind and before,  
    And laid Your hand upon me.  
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;  
    It is high, I cannot attain it.

Where can I go from Your Spirit?  
    Or where can I flee from Your presence?  
If I ascend into heaven, You are there;  
    If I make my bed in hell, behold, You are there.  
If I take the wings of the morning,  
    And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there Your hand shall lead me,  
    And Your right hand shall hold me.  
If I say, "Surely the darkness shall fall on me,"  
    Even the night shall be light about me;  
Indeed, the darkness shall not hide from You,  
    But the night shines as the day;  
    The darkness and the light are both alike to You.

For You formed my inward parts;  
    You covered me in my mother's womb.  
I will praise You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made;  
    Marvelous are Your works,  
    And that my soul knows very well.

## Proverbs 4:13-27

Take firm hold of instruction, do not let go;  
Keep her, for she is your life.  
Do not enter the path of the wicked,  
And do not walk in the way of evil.  
Avoid it, do not travel on it;  
Turn away from it and pass on.  
For they do not sleep unless they have done evil;  
And their sleep is taken away unless they make someone fall.  
For they eat the bread of wickedness,  
And drink the wine of violence.  
But the path of the just is like the shining sun,  
That shines ever brighter unto the perfect day.  
The way of the wicked is like darkness;  
They do not know what makes them stumble.  
My son, give attention to my words;  
Incline your ear to my sayings.  
Do not let them depart from your eyes;  
Keep them in the midst of your heart;  
For they are life to those who find them,  
And health to all their flesh.  
Keep your heart with all diligence,  
For out of it spring the issues of life.  
Put away from you a deceitful mouth,  
And put perverse lips far from you.  
Let your eyes look straight ahead,  
And your eyelids look right before you.  
Ponder the path of your feet,  
And let all your ways be established.  
Do not turn to the right or the left;  
Remove your foot from evil.

## 2 Timothy 2:14-26

Remind them of these things, charging them before the Lord not to strive about words to no profit, to the ruin of the hearers. Be diligent to present yourself approved to God, a worker who does not need to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. But shun profane and idle babblings, for they will increase to more ungodliness. And their message will spread like cancer. Hymenaeus and Philetus are of this sort, who have strayed concerning the truth, saying that the resurrection is already past; and they overthrow the faith of some.

Nevertheless the solid foundation of God stands, having this seal: "The Lord knows those who are His," and, "Let everyone who names the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and clay, some for honor and some for dishonor. Therefore if anyone cleanses himself from the latter, he will be a vessel for honor, sanctified and useful for the Master, prepared for every good work. Flee also youthful lusts; but pursue righteousness, faith, love, peace with those who call on the Lord out of a pure heart. But avoid foolish and ignorant disputes, knowing that they generate strife. And a servant of the Lord must not quarrel but be gentle to all, able to teach, patient, in humility correcting those who are in opposition, if God perhaps will grant them repentance, so that they may know the truth, and that they may come to their senses and escape the snare of the devil, having been taken captive by him to do his will.

## Colossians 1:1-14

Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and Timothy our brother,

To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ who are in Colosse:

Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

We give thanks to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you, since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus and of your love for all the saints; because of the hope which is laid up for you in heaven, of which you heard before in the word of the truth of the gospel, which has come to you, as it has also in all the world, and is bringing forth fruit, as it is also among you since the day you heard and knew the grace of God in truth; as you also learned from Epaphras, our dear fellow servant, who is a faithful minister of Christ on your behalf, who also declared to us your love in the Spirit.

For this reason we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to ask that you may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that you may walk worthy of the Lord, fully pleasing Him, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, for all patience and longsuffering with joy; giving thanks to the Father who has qualified us to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in the light. He has delivered us from the power of darkness and conveyed us into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in whom we have redemption through His blood the forgiveness of sins.



## 1 Corinthians 12:12-31

For as the body is one and has many members, but all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit we were all baptized into one body—whether Jews or Greeks, whether slaves or free—and have all been made to drink into one Spirit. For in fact the body is not one member but many.

If the foot should say, “Because I am not a hand, I am not of the body,” is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear should say, “Because I am not an eye, I am not of the body,” is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where would be the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where would be the smelling? But now God has set the members, each one of them, in the body just as He pleased. And if they were all one member, where would the body be?

But now indeed there are many members, yet one body. And the eye cannot say to the hand, “I have no need of you”; nor again the head to the feet, “I have no need of you.” No, much rather, those members of the body which seem to be weaker are necessary. And those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, on these we bestow greater honor; and our unpresentable parts have greater modesty, but our presentable parts have no need. But God composed the body, having given greater honor to that part which lacks it, that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care for one another. And if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; or if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it.

Now you are the body of Christ, and members individually. And God has appointed these in the church: first apostles, second prophets, third teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, administrations, varieties of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Do all have gifts of healings? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But earnestly desire the best gifts. And yet I show you a more excellent way.

## Hebrews 11:1-10

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good testimony.

By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen were not made of things which are visible.

By faith Abel offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, through which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and through it he being dead still speaks.

By faith Enoch was taken away so that he did not see death, "and was not found, because God had taken him"; for before he was taken he had this testimony, that he pleased God. 6 But without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he who comes to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him.

By faith Noah, being divinely warned of things not yet seen, moved with godly fear, prepared an ark for the saving of his household, by which he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness which is according to faith.

By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out to the place which he would receive as an inheritance. And he went out, not knowing where he was going. By faith he dwelt in the land of promise as in a foreign country, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he waited for the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

## Isaiah 42:1-8

“Behold! My Servant whom I uphold,  
My Elect One in whom My soul delights!  
I have put My Spirit upon Him;  
He will bring forth justice to the Gentiles.  
He will not cry out, nor raise His voice,  
Nor cause His voice to be heard in the street.  
A bruised reed He will not break,  
And smoking flax He will not quench;  
He will bring forth justice for truth.  
He will not fail nor be discouraged,  
Till He has established justice in the earth;  
And the coastlands shall wait for His law.”  
Thus says God the LORD,  
Who created the heavens and stretched them out,  
Who spread forth the earth and that which comes from it,  
Who gives breath to the people on it,  
And spirit to those who walk on it:  
“I, the LORD, have called You in righteousness,  
And will hold Your hand;  
I will keep You and give You as a covenant to the people,  
As a light to the Gentiles,  
To open blind eyes,  
To bring out prisoners from the prison,  
Those who sit in darkness from the prison house.  
I am the LORD, that is My name;  
And My glory I will not give to another,  
Nor My praise to carved images.

## James 3:1-12

My brethren, let not many of you become teachers, knowing that we shall receive a stricter judgment. For we all stumble in many things. If anyone does not stumble in word, he is a perfect man, able also to bridle the whole body. Indeed, we put bits in horses' mouths that they may obey us, and we turn their whole body. Look also at ships: although they are so large and are driven by fierce winds, they are turned by a very small rudder wherever the pilot desires. Even so the tongue is a little member and boasts great things.

See how great a forest a little fire kindles! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. The tongue is so set among our members that it defiles the whole body, and sets on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire by hell. For every kind of beast and bird, of reptile and creature of the sea, is tamed and has been tamed by mankind. But no man can tame the tongue. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. With it we bless our God and Father, and with it we curse men, who have been made in the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceed blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be so. Does a spring send forth fresh water and bitter from the same opening? Can a fig tree, my brethren, bear olives, or a grapevine bear figs? Thus no spring yields both salt water and fresh.

Who is wise and understanding among you? Let him show by good conduct that his works are done in the meekness of wisdom. But if you have bitter envy and [h]self-seeking in your hearts, do not boast and lie against the truth. This wisdom does not descend from above, but is earthly, sensual, demonic. For where envy and self-seeking exist, confusion and every evil thing are there. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, willing to yield, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Now the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace by those who make peace.

## Luke 8:5-15

“A sower went out to sow his seed. And as he sowed, some fell by the wayside; and it was trampled down, and the birds of the air devoured it. Some fell on rock; and as soon as it sprang up, it withered away because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it. But others fell on good ground, sprang up, and yielded a crop a hundredfold.” When He had said these things He cried, “He who has ears to hear, let him hear!”

Then His disciples asked Him, saying, “What does this parable mean?”

And He said, “To you it has been given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to the rest it is given in parables, that  
Seeing they may not see,  
And hearing they may not understand.’

“Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. Those by the wayside are the ones who hear; then the devil comes and takes away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. But the ones on the rock are those who, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, who believe for a while and in time of temptation fall away. Now the ones that fell among thorns are those who, when they have heard, go out and are choked with cares, riches, and pleasures of life, and bring no fruit to maturity. But the ones that fell on the good ground are those who, having heard the word with a noble and good heart, keep it and bear fruit with patience.

## Matthew 14:22-33

Immediately Jesus made His disciples get into the boat and go before Him to the other side, while He sent the multitudes away. And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up on the mountain by Himself to pray. Now when evening came, He was alone there. But the boat was now in the middle of the sea, tossed by the waves, for the wind was contrary. Now in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went to them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out for fear.

But immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying, "Be of good cheer! It is I; do not be afraid." And Peter answered Him and said, "Lord, if it is You, command me to come to You on the water."

So He said, "Come." And when Peter had come down out of the boat, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw that the wind was boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink he cried out, saying, "Lord, save me!"

And immediately Jesus stretched out His hand and caught him, and said to him, "O you of little faith, why did you doubt?" And when they got into the boat, the wind ceased. Then those who were in the boat came and worshiped Him, saying, "Truly You are the Son of God."

## 1 Peter 1:10-25

Of this salvation the prophets have inquired and searched carefully, who prophesied of the grace that would come to you, searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ who was in them was indicating when He testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glories that would follow. To them it was revealed that, not to themselves, but to us they were ministering the things which now have been reported to you through those who have preached the gospel to you by the Holy Spirit sent from heaven—things which angels desire to look into.

Therefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and rest your hope fully upon the grace that is to be brought to you at the revelation of Jesus Christ; as obedient children, not conforming yourselves to the former lusts, as in your ignorance; but as He who called you is holy, you also be holy in all your conduct, because it is written, “Be holy, for I am holy.” And if you call on the Father, who without partiality judges according to each one’s work, conduct yourselves throughout the time of your stay here in fear; knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things, like silver or gold, from your aimless conduct received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. He indeed was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you who through Him believe in God, who raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory, so that your faith and hope are in God.

Since you have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit in sincere love of the brethren, love one another fervently with a pure heart, having been born again, not of corruptible seed but incorruptible, through the word of God which lives and abides forever, because

“All flesh is as grass,  
And all the glory of man as the flower of the grass.  
The grass withers,  
And its flower falls away,  
But the word of the LORD endures forever.”  
Now this is the word which by the gospel was preached to you.

## Psalm 19:1-11

The heavens declare the glory of God;  
And the firmament shows His handiwork.  
Day unto day utters speech,  
And night unto night reveals knowledge.  
There is no speech nor language  
Where their voice is not heard.  
Their line has gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world.  
In them He has set a tabernacle for the sun,  
Which is like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,  
And rejoices like a strong man to run its race.  
Its rising is from one end of heaven,  
And its circuit to the other end;  
And there is nothing hidden from its heat.  
The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul;  
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple;  
The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart;  
The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes;  
The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring forever;  
The judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.  
More to be desired are they than gold,  
Yea, than much fine gold;  
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.  
Moreover by them Your servant is warned,  
And in keeping them there is great reward.



## Psalm 34:1-15

I will bless the LORD at all times;  
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.  
My soul shall make its boast in the LORD;  
The humble shall hear of it and be glad.  
Oh, magnify the LORD with me,  
And let us exalt His name together.

I sought the LORD, and He heard me,  
And delivered me from all my fears.  
They looked to Him and were radiant,  
And their faces were not ashamed.  
This poor man cried out, and the LORD heard him,  
And saved him out of all his troubles.  
The angel of the LORD encamps all around those who fear Him,  
And delivers them.

Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good;  
Blessed is the man who trusts in Him!  
Oh, fear the LORD, you His saints!  
There is no want to those who fear Him.  
The young lions lack and suffer hunger;  
But those who seek the LORD shall not lack any good thing.

Come, you children, listen to me;  
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.  
Who is the man who desires life,  
And loves many days, that he may see good?  
Keep your tongue from evil,  
And your lips from speaking deceit.  
Depart from evil and do good;  
Seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are on the righteous,  
And His ears are open to their cry.

## Psalm 119:1-12

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,  
Who walk in the law of the LORD!  
Blessed are those who keep His testimonies,  
Who seek Him with the whole heart!  
They also do no iniquity;  
They walk in His ways.  
You have commanded us  
To keep Your precepts diligently.  
Oh, that my ways were directed  
To keep Your statutes!  
Then I would not be ashamed,  
When I look into all Your commandments.  
I will praise You with uprightness of heart,  
When I learn Your righteous judgments.  
I will keep Your statutes;  
Oh, do not forsake me utterly!

How can a young man cleanse his way?  
By taking heed according to Your word.  
With my whole heart I have sought You;  
Oh, let me not wander from Your commandments!  
Your word I have hidden in my heart,  
That I might not sin against You.  
Blessed are You, O LORD!  
Teach me Your statutes.

## Proverbs 3:13-26

Happy is the man who finds wisdom,  
And the man who gains understanding;  
For her proceeds are better than the profits of silver,  
And her gain than fine gold.  
She is more precious than rubies,  
And all the things you may desire cannot compare with her.  
Length of days is in her right hand,  
In her left hand riches and honor.  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.  
She is a tree of life to those who take hold of her,  
And happy are all who retain her.  
The LORD by wisdom founded the earth;  
By understanding He established the heavens;  
By His knowledge the depths were broken up,  
And clouds drop down the dew.  
My son, let them not depart from your eyes—  
Keep sound wisdom and discretion;  
So they will be life to your soul  
And grace to your neck.  
Then you will walk safely in your way,  
And your foot will not stumble.  
When you lie down, you will not be afraid;  
Yes, you will lie down and your sleep will be sweet.  
Do not be afraid of sudden terror,  
Nor of trouble from the wicked when it comes;  
For the LORD will be your confidence,  
And will keep your foot from being caught.

## Romans 8:28-39

And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose. For whom He foreknew, He also predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom He predestined, these He also called; whom He called, these He also justified; and whom He justified, these He also glorified.

What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Who shall bring a charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is he who condemns? It is Christ who died, and furthermore is also risen, who is even at the right hand of God, who also makes intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written:

“For Your sake we are killed all day long;  
We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.”

Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.