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Third Grade: Poetry

Adventures of Isabel

Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her
hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.
Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.
Isabel met a hideous giant,

Isabel continued self-reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed
off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head
off.
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked
her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

Abraham Lincoln

Mildred Meigs

Remember he was poor and country-bred;
His face was lined; he walked with awkward gait.
Smart people laughed at him sometimes and said,
“How can so very plain a man be great?”

Remember he was humble, used to toil.
Strong arms he had to build a shack, a fence,
Long legs to tramp the woods, to plow the soil,
A head chuck full of backwoods common sense.

Remember all he ever had he earned,
He walked in time through stately White House doors;
But all he knew of men and life he learned
In little backwoods cabins, country stores.

Remember that his eyes could light with fun;
That wisdom, courage, set his name apart;
But when the rest is duly said and done,
Remember that men loved him for his heart.

Afternoon with Grandmother

Barbara A. Huff

I always shout when Grandma comes,
But Mother says, "Now please be still
And good and do what Grandma wants."
And I say, "Yes, I will."
So off we go in Grandma's car.
"There's a brand new movie quite near by,"
She says, "that I'd rather like to see."
And I say, "So would I."
The show has horses and chases and battles;
We gasp and hold hands the whole way through.
She smiles and says, "I liked that lots."
And I say, "I did, too."
"It's made me hungry, though," she says,
I'd like a malt and tarts with jam.
By any chance are you hungry, too?"
And I say, "Yes, I am."
Later at home my Mother says,
"I hope you were careful to do as bid.
Did you and Grandma have a good time?"
And I say, "YES, WE DID!!!"

America Was Schoolmasters

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

America was forests,
America was grain,
Wheat from dawn to sunset,
And rainbows trailing rain.

America was beavers,
Buffalo in seas,
Cornsilk and the johnnycake,
Songs of scythes and bees.

America was brown men
With eyes full of the sun,
But America was schoolmasters,
Tall one by lonely one.

They heaved oak, carried water,
Their hands were knuckleboned.
They piled on loads of syntax,
Till the small boys groaned.

They taught the girls such manners
As stiffened them for life,
But made many a fine speller,
Good mother and good wife.

They took small wiry children,
Wild as panther-cats,
And turned them into reasoning,
Sunny Democrats.

They caught a nation eager,
They caught a nation young,
They taught the nation fairness,
Thrift, and the golden tongue.

They started at the bottom
And built up strong and sweet,
They shaped our minds and morals,
With switches on the seat!

The American Flag

Anonymous

There's a flag that floats above us,
Wrought in red and white and blue—
A spangled flag of stars and stripes
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it
As men fought the long months through,
Nights of marching—days of fighting—
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,
There is courage in it, too;
There is loyalty—there's valor—
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered
Over land and sea,
There's equality and freedom—
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,
Wrought in red and white and blue.
It's the stars and stripes forever
Guarding me and guarding you!

And Did Those Feet

William Blake

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land.

April

Ted Robinson

So here we are in April, in showy, blowy April,
In frowsy, blowsy April, the rowdy, dowdy time;
In sippy, sloppy April, in wheezy, breezy April,
In ringing, stinging April, with a singing, swinging rhyme!

The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal,
The sudden showers of April seek the dandelions out;
The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal,
And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout.

So here we are in April, in tipsy, gypsy April,
In showery, flowery April, the twinkly, sprinkly days;
In tingly, jingly April, in highly wily April,
In mighty, flighty April with its highy-tighty ways!

The duck is fond of April, and the clucking chickabiddy
And other barnyard creatures have a try at caroling;
There's something in the air to turn a stiddy kiddy giddy,
And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing.

Ask Daddy, He Won't Know

Ogden Nash

Now that they've abolished chrome work
I'd like to call their attention to home work.
Here it is only three decades since my scholarship was famous,
And I'm an ignoramus.
I cannot think which goes sideways and which goes up and down, a parallel or a meridian,
Nor do I know the name of him who first translated the Bible into Indian,
I see him only as an enterprising colonial Gideon.
I have difficulty with dates,
To say nothing of the annual rainfall of the Southern Central States.
Naturally the correct answers are just back of the tip of my tongue,
But try to explain that to your young.
I am overwhelmed by their erudite banter,
I am in no condition to differentiate between Tamerland and Tam O'Shanter.
I reel, I sway, I am utterly exhausted;
Should you ask me when Chicago was founded I could only reply I didn't even know it
was losted.

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Carolyn Cawthorne

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Was really the dirtiest boy in town.

He'd play in the mud, and splash in the pool,

When starting out each morning for school.

His teacher said, with a sorry frown,

"You certainly are a disgrace to the town.

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown."

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Was caught, when policemen were searching the town

To find a bad boy. Said they: "Here's the scamp!

He surely looks like a wild little tramp!"

But as he stood trembling, with tears running down,

Said his clean little sister, in dainty pink gown,

"His name is Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown!"

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Is now without spot, from his soles to his crown.

His shoes are polished—his suit is clean

A neater boy could never be seen.

And teacher says now with a smile, looking down:

"When you've grown, you'll be Mayor of the town,

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown."

The Bluebird

Emily Huntington Miller

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

“Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow, crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold.
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

A Boy and His Stomach

Edgar A. Guest

What's the matter with you-ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you? All my pennies don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, that you had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things; yesterday I gave you more
Potatoes, squash, an' turkey than you'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts an' candy, pumpkin pie an' chocolate cake,
An' las' night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you-ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted, you was hard jes' like a ball,
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet las' night
You ached mos' awful, stummick; that ain't treatin' me jes' right.

A Boy's Mother

James Whitcomb Riley

My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa
An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

A Boy Wonders

Dorothy J. Shearer

Sometimes the sky seems miles away
Sometimes just o'er the hill.

Why should it always move about,
Why does it never stand quite still?

I've just been wond'ring.

What makes the sun go 'cross the sky
A-smiling down at me?

Does he sneak back when I'm asleep
And it's so dark I cannot see?

I've just been wond'ring.

Why is the moon sometimes so slim
And then so big and fat?

Do you suppose he eats enough
To swell as big and round as that?

I've just been wond'ring.

What makes the stars keep twinkling
So happy and so bright?

Do they know something funny that
Keeps them laughing all the night?

I've just been wond'ring.

The Boy We Want

from The Book of Virtues

A boy that is truthful and honest
And faithful and willing to work;
But we have not a place that we care to disgrace
With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted—a boy you can tie to,
A boy that is trusty and true,
A boy that is good to old people,
And kind to the little ones too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks,
And pleasant to sister and brother,
A boy who will try when things go awry
To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys we depend on—
Our hope for the future, and then
Grave problems of state and the world's work await
Such boys when they grow to be men.

The Brook

Alfred Tennyson

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.
I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.
I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Busy

A. A. Milne

I think I am a Muffin Man. I haven't got a bell,
I haven't got the muffin things that muffin people sell.
Perhaps I am a Postman. No, I think I am a Tram.
I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what
I am
BUT
Round about
And round about
And round about I go—
All round the table,
The table in the nursery—
Round about
And round about
And round about I go;
I think I am a Traveler escaping from a Bear;
I think I am an Elephant,
Behind another Elephant
Behind another Elephant who isn't really there ...
SO
Round about
And round about
And round about and round about
And round about
And round about I go.
I think I am a Ticket Man who's selling

tickets—please,
I think I am a Doctor who is visiting a Sneeze;
Perhaps I'm just a Nanny who is walking with
a pram
I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what
I am
BUT
Round about
And round about
And round about I go:
All around the table,
The table in the nursery—
Round about
And round about
And round about I go:
I think I am a Puppy, so I'm hanging out my tongue;
I think I am a Camel who
Is looking for a Camel who
Is looking for a Camel who is looking for its Young ...
SO
And round about
And round about and round about
And round about
And round about I go.

The Chameleon

A. P. Herbert

The chameleon changes his color;
He can look like a tree or a wall;
He is timid and shy and he hates to be seen,

So he simply sits down on the grass and grows green,
And pretends he is nothing at all.

I wish I could change my complexion
To purple or orange or red:
I wish I could look like the arm of a chair

So nobody ever would know I was there
When they wanted to put me to bed.
I wish I could be a chameleon
And look like a lily or rose;
I'd lie on the apples and peaches and pears,

But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowy chairs—
I should have to be careful of those.
The chameleon's life is confusing;
He is used to adventure and pain;
But if he ever sat on Aunt Maggie's cretonne

And found what a curious color he'd gone,
I don't think he'd do it again.

A Circus Garland Parade

Rachel Field

This is the day the circus comes
With blare of brass, with beating drums,
And clashing cymbals, and with roar
Of wild beasts never heard before
Within town limits. Spick and span
Will shine each gilded cage and van;
Cockades at every horse's head
Will nod, and riders dressed in red
Or blue trot by. There will be floats
In shapes like dragons, thrones and boats,
And clowns on stilts; freaks big and small
Till leisurely and last of all
Camels and elephants will pass
Beneath our elms, along our grass.

The Performing Seal

Who is so proud
As not to feel
A secret awe
Before a seal
That keeps such sleek
And wet repose
While twirling candles
On his nose?

Gunga

With wrinkled hide and great frayed ears
Gunga, the elephant, appears.
Colored like city smoke he goes
As gingerly on blunted toes
As if he held the earth in trust
And feared to hurt the very dust.

Columbus

Laraine Eloise Jacobson

In fourteen-hundred-ninety-two
Columbus sailed away
To try to reach rich India
By a much shorter way.

Columbus said, "The world is round."
But others said, "It's flat—
If you sail far you might fall off."
Columbus laughed at that.

And yet he found out that his trip
Took longer than he planned,
For it was many, many weeks
Before they sighted land.

And then they weren't in India
For when they stepped ashore
They found no silks or spices—
But they really found much more.

Yes, there Columbus stood upon
An unknown continent
Columbus found America
And quite by accident.

Come Out with Me

A. A. Milne

There's sun on the river and sun on the hill ...
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!

But every one says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say, "Run along! I'm busy as can be."
Every one says, "Run along,
There's a little darling!"
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill ...
There's dark dead water-wheel, under the mill!
I saw a fly which had just been drowned—
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!

But every one says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say, "Yes, dear," and never notice me.
Every one says, "Run along,
There's a little darling!"
If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?

The Donkey

G.K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

The Duck

E. L. M. King

If I were in a fairy tale,
And it were my good luck
To have a wish, I'd choose to be
A lovely snow-white duck.

When she puts off into the pond
And leaves me on the brink,
She wags her stumpy tail at me,
And gives me a saucy wink,

Which says as plain as words can say,
I'm safe as safe can be,
Stay there, or you will drown yourself
The pond was made for me.

She goes a-sailing to and fro,
Just like a fishing boat,
And steers and paddles all herself,
And never wets her coat.

Then in the water, upside down,
I've often seen her stand
More neatly than the little boys
Who do it on the land.

And best of all, her children are
The ducklings bright as gold,
Who swim about the pond with her
And do as they are told.

The Duel

Eugene Field

THE GINGHAM dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you
think!)
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate

Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
*(I was n't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the
chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Never mind: I 'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)*

The Egg

Laura E. Richards

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—
A nice little new-laid egg?
My grandmamma told me to run to the
barn-yard,
And see if just one I could beg.

“Mooly-cow, Mooly-cow, down in the
meadow,
Have you any eggs, I pray?”
The mooly-cow stares as if I were crazy,
And solemnly stalks away.

“Oh, Doggie, Doggie, perhaps you may have
it,
That nice little egg for me.”
But Doggie just wags his tail and capers,
And never an egg has he.

“Now, Dobbin, Dobbin, I’m sure you must
have one,
Hid down in your manger there,”
But Dobbin lays back his ears and whinnies,
With “Come and look, if you dare!”

“Piggywig, Piggywig, grunting and
squealing,
Are you crying ‘Fresh eggs for sale’?
No! Piggy, you’re very cold and unfeeling,
With that impudent quirk in your tail.”

“You wise old Gobbler, you look so knowing,
I’m sure you can find me an egg.
You stupid old thing! just say
‘Gobble-gobble.’
And balance yourself on one leg.”

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—
That little white egg so small?
I’ve asked every animal here in the
barnyard,
And they won’t give me any at all.

But after I’d hunted until I was tired
I found—not one egg, but ten!
And you never could guess where they all
were hidden—
Right under our old speckled hen!

Evening (In Words of One Syllable)

Thomas Miller

The day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now fly.
The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since sought their nests;
The air is still; and dark, and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.
Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;
For I know God is with me there,
And He will guard me through the night.
For God is by me when I pray,
And when I close mine eyes to sleep,
I know that He will with me stay,
And will all night watch by me keep.
For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow.
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.
He holds all things in His right hand,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small;
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,
He is with us, for He loves us all.

Every Time I Climb a Tree

David McCord

Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
I scrape a leg
Or skin a knee
And every time I climb a tree
I find some ants
Or dodge a bee
And get the ants
All over me.

And every time I climb a tree
Where have you been?
They say to me
But don't they know that I am free
Every time I climb a tree?
I like it best to spot a nest
That has an egg
Or maybe three.

And then I skin
The other leg
But every time I climb a tree
I see a lot of things to see
Swallows, rooftops and TV
And all the fields and farms there be
Every time I climb a tree.
Though climbing may be good for ants
It isn't awfully good for pants
But still it's pretty good for me
Every time I climb a tree.

The Friendly Beasts

An old carol from France

Jesus our brother, kind and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude;
The friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus our brother, kind and good.

“I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
“I carried His Mother up hill and down;
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town,
I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

“I,” said the cow, all white and red,
“I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head.
I,” said the cow, all white and red.

“I,” said the sheep with the curly horn,
”I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm.
He wore my coat on Christmas morn.
I,” said the sheep with the curly horn.

“I,” said the dove from the rafters high,
”I cooed Him to sleep so He would not cry,
I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.
I,” said the dove from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell,
Of the gift he gave Immanuel.
The gift he gave Immanuel.

The Flowers

Robert Louis Stevenson

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames--
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

Foreign Lands

Robert Louis Stevenson

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people trampling in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I could see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

F. Scott Fitzgerald to His Daughter

from The Book of Virtues

Worry about courage
Worry about cleanliness
Worry about efficiency
Worry about horsemanship

Things not to worry about:

Don't worry about popular opinion
Don't worry about dolls
Don't worry about the past
Don't worry about the future
Don't worry about growing up
Don't worry about anybody getting ahead of you
Don't worry about triumph
Don't worry about failure unless it comes through your own fault
Don't worry about mosquitoes
Don't worry about flies
Don't worry about insects in general
Don't worry about parents
Don't worry about boys
Don't worry about disappointments
Don't worry about pleasures
Don't worry about satisfactions

Things to think about:

What am I really aiming at?
How good am I in comparison to my contemporaries in regard to:
(a) Scholarship
(b) Do I really understand about people and am I able to get along with them?
(c) Am I trying to make my body a useful instrument or am I neglecting it?

Hiding

Dorothy Aldis

I'm hiding, I'm hiding;
And no one knows where,
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother—
“But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the ink well?”
And Mother said, “Where?”
“In the INK well,” said Father. But
I was not there.

Then “Wait!” cried my mother
“I think that I see
Him under the carpet.” But
It was not me.

“Inside the mirror’s
A pretty good place,”
Said Father and looked but saw
Only his face.

“We’ve hunted,” sighed Mother,
“As hard as we could
And I AM so afraid that we’ve
Lost him for good.”

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And Father said— “Look, Dear
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny’s.
There are ten of them. See?”
And they were so surprised to find
Out it was me!

Home-thoughts from Abroad

Robert Browning

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

I Am an American

Daniel Webster

“I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences.”

“What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country and in the midst of great transactions which may concern that country’s fate?”

“Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much and no man can fall too soon, if he suffers, or if he fall, in the defense of the liberties and the Constitution of his country.”

I Know Something Good About You

Author Unknown

Wouldn't this world be better
If the folks we meet would say—
"I know something good about you!"
And treat us just that way?
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy
If each handclasp, fond and true,
Carried with it this assurance"—
"I know something good about you!"
Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?
Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me!
Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too?
You know something good about me;
I know something good about you.

I Looked in the Mirror

Beatrice Schenk DeRegniers

I looked in the mirror
And what did I see—
A funny little monkey
Looking back at me.

I looked in the kitchen
And what do you think—
I saw a swan swimming
In the kitchen sink.

I looked in the icebox
And what do you know—
Sitting on the cheese
Was a coal-black crow.

I looked in the bedroom
And under the bed—
I saw a little beetle
Stark stone dead.

I looked in the bathroom
And sitting in the tub—

Was a big polar bear
And her little bear cub.

I looked in the closet
And I had to laugh—
When I saw a long-necked
Spotty giraffe.

Wherever I looked
I found something queer—
A purple balloon
Or a blue reindeer,

A cat in the cupboard
A mouse in the tea—
But I never did find
What I went out to see.

No, I never did find
What I set out to see—
I looked everywhere
But I never found—me.

If You Were

from The Book of Virtues

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

In Desert Places

Sister Mary Madeleva

God has a way of making flowers grow.
He is both daring and direct about it.
If you know half the flowers that I know,
You do not doubt it.

He chooses some gray rock, austere and high,
For garden-plot, trafficks with sun and weather;
Then lifts an Indian paintbrush to the sky,
Half flame, half feather.

In desert places it is quite the same;
He delves at petal-plans, divinely, surely.
Until a bud too shy to have a name
Blossoms demurely.

He dares to sow the waste, to plow the rock.
Though Eden knew His beauty and His power,
He could not plant it in a yucca stalk,
A cactus flower.

In Time of Silver Rain

Langston Hughes

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
Of life,
Of life,
Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
and trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,

In time of silver rain
When spring
And life
Are new.

An Introduction to Dogs

Ogden Nash

The dog is man's best friend.
He has a tail on one end.
Up in front he has teeth.
And four legs underneath.

Dogs like to bark.
They like it best after dark.
They not only frighten prowlers away
But also hold the sandman at bay.

A dog that is indoors
To be let out implores.
You let him out and what then?
He wants back in again.

Dogs display reluctance and wrath
If you try to give them a bath.
They bury bones in hideaways
And half the time they trot sideways.

They cheer up people who are frowning
And rescue people who are drowning,
They also track in mud on beds,
And chew people's clothes to shreds.

Dogs in the country have fun.
They run and run and run.
But in the city this species
Is dragged around on leashes.

Dogs are upright as a steeple
And much more loyal than people.

Jonathan Bing

Beatrice Curtis Brown

Jonathan Bing

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went out in his carriage to visit the King,

But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!

Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"

(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went home and put on a new hat for the King,

But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!

You can't see the King: you've forgotten your tie!"

(He's forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing

He put on a beautiful tie for the King,

But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!

You can't come to court in pajamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went home and addressed a short note to the King:

If you please will excuse me

I won't come to tea;

For home's the best place for

All people like me!

The Land of Counterpane

Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

The Land of Storybooks

Robert Louis Stevenson

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowl about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-Books.

Little Boy Blue

Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Little White Lily

George MacDonald

Little White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said: "It is good
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little White Lily
Drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little White Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

Lincoln

Nancy Byrd Turner

There was a boy of other days,
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,
Who trudged long weary miles to get
A book on which his heart was set—
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp
But very wise in woodmen's ways.
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,
And crisping leaf, and kindled them
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,
The firelight flickered on his face
And etched his shadow on the gloom
And made a picture on the room
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,
But gentle, brave and strong of will,
He met them all. And when today
We see his pictured face, we say
"There's light upon it still."

Lincoln's Story

Author Unknown

When Lincoln was a little boy,
He was very, very poor,
His home, a rude hut of logs,
With no window, or a door.

Beside the open fireplace
In winter evenings cold,
He worked out his arithmetic
On a shovel, with charcoal.

He studied all the time he could
His books were old and few,
He read them all so many times
He knew them through and through.

Kind to the aged and the poor,
A cheerful word for all,
He learned to be both wise and good;
Loved by the children small.

When people learned that he was wise,
Honest and kind and true—
They made our Lincoln President—
As it was right to do.

The Lost Shoe

Walter de la Mare

Poor little Lucy
By some mischance,
Lost her shoe
As she did dance:
'Twas not on the stairs,
Not in the hall;
Not where they sat
At supper at all.
She looked in the garden,
But there it was not;
Henhouse, or kennel,
Or high dovecote.
Dairy and meadow,
And wild woods through
Showed not a trace
Of Lucy's shoe.
Bird nor bunny
Nor glimmering moon
Breathed a whisper
Of where 'twas gone.
It was cried and cried,

Oyez and Oyez!
In French, Dutch, Latin,
And Portuguese.
Ships the dark seas
Went plunging through,
But none brought news
Of Lucy's shoe;
And still she patter
In silk and leather,
O'er snow, sand, shingle,
In every weather;
Spain, and Africa,
Hindustan,
Java, China, and lamped Japan;
Plain and desert,
She hops-hops through,
Pernambuco to gold Peru;
Mountain and forest,
And river too,
All the world over
For her lost shoe.

Marching Song

Robert Louis Stevenson

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!

Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;

Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;

While the napkin like the banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!

Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

Mary

Mary O'Neill

When Jesus was a boy did he
Swing on the gates of Galilee,
Bring home foundling pups and kittens,
Scuff his sandals, lose his mittens,
Weight his pockets with a treasure
Adult eyes can never measure,
Scratch his hands and stub his toes
On rocky hills where cactus grows,
Set stones and quills and bits of thread
On the windowsill beside his bed
So that on waking he could see
All yesterday's bright prophecy?
Did he play tag with the boys next door,
Tease for sweets in the grocery store,
Whittle and smooth a spinning top
In his father's carpenter shop,
Run like wind to sail his kite,
Smile and sigh in his sleep at night,
Laugh with you in long-lost springs
About a thousand small, endearing things?
Is he the one that said that you
Should always dye your dresses blue?
With eyes bright as cinnamon silk,
Red lips ringed with a mist of milk
Did he ... lifting his earthen cup
Say: "Just wait until I grow up"?

A Mortifying Mistake

Anna Maria Pratt

I studied my tables over and over,
and backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
and I didn't know what to do,
Till my sister told me to play with my
doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a
while, you'll learn it by hear," she said
So I took my favorite, Mary Ann
(though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
a hundred time, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well
as the answer to two times two.
Next day Elizabeth Wiggleworth,
who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll, and 'sakes alive!—
I answered "Mary Ann!"

Mr. Nobody

Author Unknown

I know a funny little man,
 As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
 In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
 And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
 By Mr. Nobody.
'Tis he who always tears our books,
 Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
 And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
 For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
 By Mr. Nobody.
The finger marks upon the door
 By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
 To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
 That lying round you see
Are not our boots—they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

My Dog

Marchette Chute

His nose is short and scrubby;
His ears hang rather low;
And he always brings the stick back,
No matter how far you throw.

He gets spanked rather often
For things he shouldn't do
Like lying-on-beds, and barking,
And eating up shoes when they're new.

He always wants to be going
Where he isn't supposed to go.
He tracks up the house when it's snowing
Oh, puppy, I love you so.

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,
He is, as you can see,
The finest dog you ever saw,
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go
And even when I swim.
I laugh because he thinks, you know,
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do
We never have a fuss;
And so I guess it must be true
That we belong to us.

My Heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

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

Farewell to the Highlands, Farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove.
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths* and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

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

*low grasslands along a river valley (a Scottish word)

My Speech

Mrs. E. H. Goodfellow

Folks think I'm such a tiny tot
That I can't make a speech,
For someone said to Mamma
I am too young to teach.

But I can tell a story
I'm sure you never heard;
And if you'll only listen,
I'll tell you every word.

One morning very early
I heard a whisper low,
It came from near my bedside,
This little voice, you know.

"Oh dear, I'm very wretched,
Is any one more tried?
For just behold my trouble,
I'm broken in my side.

I'm torn and bruised and scratched
And grown so very thin,

It is indeed a really sad
Condition I am in."

And then another voice replied
"I'm sorry you are sad,
But misery loves company
And I am just as bad.

I've worked all day from morn till eve,
Right side by side with you;
I've suffered woes, until, until—
My sole's worn through and through.

Then let us creep together, close,
Our waning life to spend;
For this is just a solemn fact,
We are too bad to mend."

Just then I opened my eyes
To hear such awful news,
And by my bed I only saw
My little worn-out shoes.

Once by the Ocean

Robert Frost

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.

The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,

The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.

There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last Put out the light was spoken.

The Pancake Collector

Jack Prelutsky

Come visit my pancake collection,
it's unique in the civilized world.
I have pancakes for every description,
pancakes flaky and fluffy and curled.

I have pancakes of various sizes,
pancakes regular, heavy and light,
underdone pancakes and overdone pancakes,
and pancakes done perfectly right.

I have pancakes locked up in the closets,
I have pancakes on hangers and hooks.
They're in bags and in boxes and bureaus,
and pressed in the pages of books.

There are pretty ones sewn to the cushions
and tastefully pinned to the drapes.
The ceilings are coated with pancakes,
and the carpets are covered with crepes.

I have pancakes in most of my pockets,
and concealed in the linings of suits.
There are tiny ones stuffed in my mittens
and larger ones packed in my boots.

I see that you've got to be going,
Won't you let yourselves out by the door?
It is time that I pour out the batter
and bake up a few hundred more.

Puppy and I

A. A. Milne

I met a man as I went walking;
We got talking,
Man and I.
“Where are you going to, Man?” I said.
(I said to the Man as he went by)
“Down to the village to get some bread.
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

I met a horse as I went walking;
We got talking,
Horse and I.
“Where are you going to, Horse, today?”
(I said to the Horse as he went by)
“Down to the village to get some hay.
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

I met a Woman as I went walking;
We got talking,
Woman and I.
“Where are you going to, Woman, so
early?”

(I said to the Woman as she went by)
“Down to the village to get some barley.
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

I met some Rabbits as I went walking;
We got talking,
Rabbits and I.
“Where are you going in your brown fur
coats?”
(I said to the Rabbits as they went by)
“Down to the village to get some oats.
Will you come with us?” “No, not I.”

I met a Puppy as I went walking;
We got talking,
Puppy and I.
“Where are you going this fine day?”
(I said to the Puppy as he went by)
“Up in the hills to roll and play.”
“I’ll come with you, Puppy,” said I.

A Sea-Song from the Shore

James Whitcomb Riley

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
Who calls to me,
So far at sea?
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!
Hail! Ho!
The sailor he sails the sea,
I wish he would capture
A little sea-horse
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails
Through the tropical gales,
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,
With its silver wings
And the song it sings,
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me
A little Mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
And her dripping curls,
And her crown of pearls,
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!
And if I were a sailor,
I'd sail with you,
Though I never sail back again!

The Secret of Happiness

Helen Steiner Rice

Everybody, everywhere, seeks happiness

—it's true

But finding it and keeping it

seems difficult to do,

Difficult because we think

that happiness is found

Only in the places where

wealth and fame abound,

And so we go on searching

in "palaces of pleasure"

Seeking recognition

and monetary treasure,

Unaware that happiness

is just a state of mind

Within the reach of everyone

who takes time to be kind—

For in making others happy,

we will be happy, too,

For the happiness you give away

returns to shine on you.

The Snake

Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him, — did you not,
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun, —
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

The Secret Cavern

Margaret Viddemer

Underneath the boardwalk, way, way back
There's a splendid cavern, big and black.
If you want to get there, you must crawl
Underneath the posts and steps and all.
When I've finished paddling, there I go—
None of all the other children know!

There I keep my treasures in a box
Shells and colored glass, and queer-shaped rocks,
In a secret hiding-place I've made,
Hollowed out with clamshells and a spade,
Marked with yellow pebbles in a row—
None of all the other children know!

It's a place that makes a splendid lair,
Room for chests and weapons and one chair.
In the farthest corner, by the stones,
I shall have a flag with skulls and bones
And a lamp that casts a lurid glow—
None of all the other children know!

Some time, by and by, when I am grown
I shall go and live there all alone;
I shall dig and paddle till it's dark,
Then go out and man my private bark;
I shall fill my cave with captive foe—
None of all the other children know!

Spring

William Blake

Sound the flute!
Now it's mute!
Bird's delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky,--
Merrily,
Merrily merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

The Story of the Baby Squirrel

Dorothy A. Idis

He ran right out of the woods to me,
Little and furry and panting with fright;
I offered a finger just to see—
And both of his paws held on to it tight.

Was it dogs that had scared him? A crashing limb?
I waited a while but there wasn't a sign
Of his mother coming to rescue him,
So then I decided he was mine.

I lifted him up and he wasn't afraid
To ride along in the crook of my arm.
"A very fine place," he thought, "just made
For keeping me comfortable, safe, and warm."

At home he seemed happy to guzzle his milk
Out of an eye dropper six times a day.
We gave him a pillow of damask silk
On which he very royally lay.

He frisked on the carpets, he whisked up the stairs,
(Where he played with some soap 'til it made him sneeze).
He loved it exploring the tables and chairs,
And he climbed up the curtains exactly like trees.

We watched his fuzzy gray stomach swell.
He grew until he could leave a dent
In the pillow on which he'd slept so well—
And then ... Oh, then one morning he went.

Perhaps a squirrel around the place
Adopted him: oh, we're certain it's true
For once a little looking down face
Seemed to be saying: "How do you do?"

The Story of Flying Robert

Heinrich Hoffman

When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys
Stay at home and mind their toys.
Robert thought, "No, when it pours,
It is better out of doors."
Rain it did, and in a minute
Bob was in it
Here you see him, silly fellow,
Underneath his red umbrella.

What a wind! Oh! how it whistles
Through the trees and flowers and thistles!
It had caught his red umbrella;
Now look at him, silly fellow,
Up he flies
To the skies.
No one heard his screams and cries,
Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,
And his hat flew on before him.
Soon they got to such a height,
They were nearly out of sight!
And the hat went up so high,
That it really touched the sky.

No one ever yet could tell
Where they stopped or where they fell:
Only, this one thing is plain,
Bob was never seen again!

Tell Him So

F. A. Egerton

If you have a word of cheer that may
 light the pathway drear,
Of a brother pilgrim here, let him know.
 Show him you appreciate what he does and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of fate lays him low.
 If your heart contains a thought that will
brighter make his lot,
 Then, in mercy, hide it not; tell him so.
Wait not till your friend is dead 'ere your
 compliments are said;
For the spirit that has fled, if it know,
 does not need to speed it on
Our poor praise; where it has gone,
 love's eternal, golden dawn is aglow.
But unto our brother here that poor praise
 is very dear;
If you've any word of cheer, tell him so.

Three Words of Strength

Friedrich Von Schiller

There are three lessons I would write—
 Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light,
 Upon the heart of men.

Have hope! though clouds environ round,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
 No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! where'er thy bark is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth---
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! not love alone for one,
 But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
 Hope, faith, and love; and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else wert blind.

Three Little Kittens

Eliza Cook

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
O mother dear,
We sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mew, mew, mew.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mew, mew, mew.

Three little kittens found their mittens,

Found your mittens,
You little kittens,
Then you may have some pie.
Purr, purr, purr.
Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,

And soon ate up their pie.
O mother dear
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.

Soiled your mitten!
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh.
Mew, mew, mew.

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them out to dry.
O mother dear,
Look here, look here!
See! We have washed our mittens.

Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! Hush! Mew, mew.
We smell a rat near by.
Mew, mew, mew.

Tiger-Cat Tim

Edith H. Newlin

Timothy Tim was a very small cat
Who looked like a tiger the size of a rat.
There were little black stripes running all over him,
With just enough white on his feet for a trim
On Tiger-Cat Tim.

Timothy Tim had a little pink tongue
That was spoon, comb, and washcloth all made into one.
He lapped up his milk, washed and combed all his fur,
And then he sat down in the sunshine to purr.
Full little Tim!

Timothy Tim had a queer little way
Of always pretending at things in his play.
He caught pretend mice in the grass and sand,
And fought pretend cats when he played with your hand,
Fierce little Tim!

He drank all his milk, and he grew and grew.
He ate all his meat and his vegetables too.
He grew very big and he grew very fat,
And now he's a lazy old, sleepy old cat,
Timothy Tim!

Trees

Grace Oakes Burton

To me trees are the loveliest things,
 Their friendly arms always outspread;
Sometimes in them I see bright wings,
 A nest, and then a young bird's head.
I love the trees when morning dew
 Like prisms hang, or diamonds rare;
I love them in the noontide too;
 They shield me from the sun's warm glare.
I love them in the autumn when
 They deck themselves in gay attire;
They flaunt their colors proudly then,
 And blaze as with a living fire.
I love them when the breezes blow
 The dancing, trembling, painted leaves;
I love them when the fleecy snow
 Among their branches magic weaves.
When in the mellow moonlight glow,
 As sentinels I see them stand,
I hear their voices soft and low;
 They tell me tales of fairyland.

Two Little Maids

James W. Foley

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue,
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries
And her friends, they are few, Oh, so few!

Her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes,
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything's criss-cross, the world is askew!
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay
And she isn't a shirk
For she smiles at her work
And she romps when it comes time for play.

Her dolls, they are princesses, blue-eyed and fair,
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day, Hurray,
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day, I say.

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?

The Unwinged Ones

Ogden Nash

I don't travel on planes.
I travel on trains.
Once in a while, on trains,
I see people who travel on planes.
Every once in a while I'm surrounded
By people whose planes have been grounded.
I'm enthralled by their air-minded snobbery,
Their exclusive hobnobbery.
They feel that they have to explain
How they happen to be on a train,
For even in Drawing Room A
They seem to feel déclassé
So they sit with portentous faces
Clutching their attaché cases.

They grumble and fume about how
They'd have been in Miami by now.
By the time that they're passing through Rahway
They should be in Havana or Norway,
And they strongly imply that perhaps,
Since they're late, the world will collapse.
Sometimes on the train I'm
By people whose planes have been grounded.
That's the only trouble with trains;
When it fogs, when it smogs, when it rains,
You get people from planes.

The Umbrella Brigade

Laura Richards

“Pitter patter!” falls the rain
On the schoolroom window pane.
Such a splashing! such a dashing!
Will it e'er be dry again?
Down the gutter rolls a flood,
And the crossing's deep in mud;
And the puddles! oh, the puddles
Are a sight to stir one's blood!

But let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs
Muskets and pitchforks
Kittens and dogs!
Dash away! splash away!
Who is afraid?
Here we go,
The umbrella brigade!

Pull the boots up the knee!
Tie the hoods on merrily!
Such a hustling! such a jostling!
Out of breath with fun are we,
Clatter, clatter down the street,
Greeting everyone we meet,
With our laughing and our chaffing
Which the laughing drops repeat.

Pitter patter! pitter patter!
Pitter patter! pitter patter!

Us Two

A. A. Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do.
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
(*"Twice what?"* said Pooh to Me.)
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh,
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.

"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.
That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh.
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!" and off they flew.
"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he.
"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

Vespers

A. A. Milne

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head,
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!

Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.
God bless Mummy. I know that's right.
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?

The cold's so cold and the hot's so hot.
Oh! God bless Daddy—I quite forgot.
If I open my fingers a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's dressing gown on the door.

It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.
Oh! God bless Nanny and make her good.
Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,
And pull the hood right over my head,
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,
And nobody knows that I'm here at all.

Oh! Thank you, God, for a lovely day.
And what was the other I had to say?
I said "Bless Daddy," so what can it be?

Oh! Now I remember it. God bless Me.
Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.

Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

The Violet

Jane Taylor

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tint arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

The Wayfaring Song

Henry Van Dyke

O who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.
And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.
With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

What Have We Done Today?

Nixon Waterman

We shall do much in the years to come
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But have we been today?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile
But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask;
But here and now, do we our task?

Yet, this is the thing our souls must ask,
What have we done today?

What Is a Teacher?

Garnett Ann Schultz

What is a teacher? She's so much that's fine,
A precious companion, a mother part-time;
She patches up bruises and wipes away tears,
With a kind understanding, she banishes fears.

A teacher is blessed with a patience so rare,
A voice soft and gentle, a heart sweet and fair,
She lends of her knowledge that each child might see
The reason for learning, and accept graciously.

What is a teacher ... a heartwarming smile,
A very good listener, so much that's worthwhile.
A playmate at recess, what pleasant delight,
A stern referee if someone starts a fight.

A teacher is laughter, she's pleasant and gay
Yet she disciplines firmly, should a child disobey;
An adult or a playmate, she has too much to lend.
What is a teacher? A child's dearest friend.

Which Loved Best

Joy Allison

“I love you, mother,” said little John;
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

“I love you, mother,” said rosy Nell;
“I love you better than tongue can tell;”
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fran;
“Today I’ll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep!”
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said—
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

The Wind

E. Rendall

Why does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me?
He's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window-sill.
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key—
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though "Come in, Come in!" I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me?

A Windy Day

Winifred Howard

Have you been at sea on a windy day
When the water's blue
And the sky is too,
And showers of spray
Come sweeping the decks
And the sea is dotted
With little flecks
Of foam, like daisies gay;

When there's salt on your lips,
In your eyes and hair,
And you watch other ships
Go riding there?
Sailors are happy,
And birds fly low
To see how close they can safely go
To the waves as they heave and roll.

Then wheeling, they soar
Mounting up to the sky,
Where billowy clouds
Go floating by!
Oh, there's fun for you
And there's fun for me
At sea
On a windy day!

Winter Fun

Edna Jaques

Over the hills we go coasting down,
Then across the lake like a mirror round;
On the smooth white slope we start, from above,
Then down we go as swift as a dove.

Out in the yard right by our gate
The big, white snowman we like to make.
We shape it with snow, white and clean;
With fir moss for a beard
It's just the thing.
A carrot for a nose and apples for eyes,
It makes him look so very wise.
Down on the pond there is everyone
Skating together; oh, what fun!
A figure eight, a tug of war,
There's a bonfire blazing on the shore.

We'll warm our hands before we run;
There's hot chocolate waiting for everyone.
We'll sing together for good cheer;
It's the merriest, happiest time of the year.

Winter-Time

Robert Louis Stevenson

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

The World's Bible

Annie Johnson Flint

Christ has no hands but our hands

To do His work today;

He has no feet but our feet

To lead men in His way;

He has no tongue but our tongue

To tell men how He died;

He has no help but our help

To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible

The careless world will read;

We are the sinner's gospel,

We are the scoffer's creed;

We are the Lord's last message,

Given in deed and word;

What if the type is crooked?

What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy

With other work than His?

What if our feet are walking

Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking

Of things His lips would spurn.

How can we hope to help Him

And hasten His return?

A Wrecker or a Builder

Edgar A. Guest

I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.

I said to the foreman,
“Are these men skilled,
And the ones you’d hire
If you had to build?”

He gave a laugh and said, “No, indeed,
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do.”

And I thought to myself,
As I went my way,
“Which of these roles
Am I trying to play?”

Am I shaping my life
To a well-made plan
Patiently doing the
Best that I can?

Am I doing my work
With the utmost care,
Measuring life
By the rule and square?

Or am I a wrecker
Who wrecks the town
Content with the labor
Of tearing down?”

Written in March

William Wordsworth

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter.

The green field sleeps in the sun:
The oldest and the youngest
Are at work with the strongest,
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;

There are forty feeding as one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated.
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;

The ploughboy is whooping-anon-anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

Yesterday in Oxford Street

Rose Fyleman

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years;
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue between
And riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved her little hand;
But I could only stare and stare—oh, would she understand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered by—
And down into the street she looked and up into the sky;
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, altho' I looked all day:
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to stay;
But, oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck for me,
That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be there to see!

Third Grade: Bible Memory

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).

Colossians 3:12-25

Therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, put on tender mercies, kindness, humility, meekness, longsuffering; bearing with one another, and forgiving one another, if anyone has a complaint against another; even as Christ forgave you, so you also must do. But above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfection. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to which also you were called in one body; and be thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him.

Wives, submit to your own husbands, as is fitting in the Lord.

Husbands, love your wives and do not be bitter toward them.

Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing to the Lord.

Fathers, do not provoke your children, lest they become discouraged.

Bondservants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not with eyeservice, as men-pleasers, but in sincerity of heart, fearing God. And whatever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not to men, knowing that from the Lord you will receive the reward of the inheritance; for you serve the Lord Christ. But he who does wrong will be repaid for what he has done, and there is no partiality.

1 Corinthians 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I have become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profits me nothing. Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails. But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known. And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Ephesians 6:10-20

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the [b]wiles of the devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having girded your waist with truth, having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith with which you will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, being watchful to this end with all perseverance and supplication for all the saints— and for me, that utterance may be given to me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

Hebrews 4:11-16

Let us, therefore, be diligent to enter that rest, lest anyone fall according to the same example of disobedience. For the word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the division of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

And there is no creature hidden from His sight, but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom we must give account.

Seeing then that we have a great High Priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our confession. For we do not have a High Priest who cannot sympathize with our weaknesses but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

John 6:30-40

Therefore they said to Him, “What sign will You perform then, that we may see it and believe You? What work will You do? Our fathers ate the manna in the desert; as it is written, ‘He gave them bread from heaven to eat.’ ”

Then Jesus said to them, “Most assuredly, I say to you, Moses did not give you the bread from heaven, but My Father gives you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is He who comes down from heaven and gives life to the world.”

Then they said to Him, “Lord, give us this bread always.”

And Jesus said to them, “I am the bread of life. He who comes to Me shall never hunger, and he who believes in Me shall never thirst. But I said to you that you have seen Me and yet do not believe. All that the Father gives Me will come to Me, and the one who comes to Me I will by no means cast out. For I have come down from heaven, not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me. This is the will of the Father who sent Me, that of all He has given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. And this is the will of Him who sent Me, that everyone who sees the Son and believes in Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.”

Luke 19:1-10

Then Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. Now behold, there was a man named Zacchaeus who was a chief tax collector, and he was rich. And he sought to see who Jesus was, but could not because of the crowd, for he was of short stature. So he ran ahead and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him, for He was going to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up and saw him, and said to him, "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down, for today I must stay at your house." So he made haste and came down, and received Him joyfully. But when they saw it, they all complained, saying, "He has gone to be a guest with a man who is a sinner." Then Zacchaeus stood and said to the Lord, "Look, Lord, I give half of my goods to the poor; and if I have taken anything from anyone by false accusation, I restore fourfold." And Jesus said to him, "Today salvation has come to this house, because he also is a son of Abraham; for the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Mark 10:17-27

Now as He was going out on the road, one came running, knelt before Him, and asked Him, “Good Teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?”

So Jesus said to him, “Why do you call Me good? No one is good but One, that is, God. You know the commandments: ‘Do not commit adultery,’ ‘Do not murder,’ ‘Do not steal,’ ‘Do not bear false witness,’ ‘Do not defraud,’ ‘Honor your father and your mother.’”

And he answered and said to Him, “Teacher, all these things I have kept from my youth.”

Then Jesus, looking at him, loved him, and said to him, “One thing you lack: Go your way, sell whatever you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow Me.”

But he was sad at this word, and went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

Then Jesus looked around and said to His disciples, “How hard it is for those who have riches to enter the kingdom of God!” And the disciples were astonished at His words. But Jesus answered again and said to them, “Children, how hard it is for those who trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.”

And they were greatly astonished, saying among themselves, “Who then can be saved?”

But Jesus looked at them and said, “With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible.”

Matthew 7:13-23

“Enter by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and there are many who go in by it. Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life, and there are few who find it.

“Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves. You will know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes from thornbushes or figs from thistles? Even so, every good tree bears good fruit, but a bad tree bears bad fruit. A good tree cannot bear bad fruit, nor can a bad tree bear good fruit. Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Therefore by their fruits you will know them.

“Not everyone who says to Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of My Father in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, ‘Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Your name, cast out demons in Your name, and done many wonders in Your name?’ And then I will declare to them, ‘I never knew you; depart from Me, you who practice lawlessness!’

Philippians 1:12-21

But I want you to know, brethren, that the things which happened to me have actually turned out for the furtherance of the gospel, so that it has become evident to the whole palace guard, and to all the rest, that my chains are in Christ; and most of the brethren in the Lord, having become confident by my chains, are much more bold to speak the word without fear.

Some indeed preach Christ even from envy and strife, and some also from goodwill: The former preach Christ from selfish ambition, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my chains; but the latter out of love, knowing that I am appointed for the defense of the gospel. What then? Only that in every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is preached; and in this I rejoice, yes, and will rejoice.

For I know that this will turn out for my deliverance through your prayer and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, according to my earnest expectation and hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

Psalm 19:1-14

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.
Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse me from secret faults.
Keep back Your servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me.
Then I shall be blameless,
And I shall be innocent of great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in Your sight,
O LORD, my strength and my Redeemer.

Psalm 51:1-12

Have mercy upon me, O God,
According to Your lovingkindness;
According to the multitude of Your tender mercies,
Blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is always before me.
Against You, You only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in Your sight—
That You may be found just when You speak,
And blameless when You judge.
Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity,
And in sin my mother conceived me.
Behold, You desire truth in the inward parts,
And in the hidden part You will make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me hear joy and gladness,
That the bones You have broken may rejoice.
Hide Your face from my sins,
And blot out all my iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a steadfast spirit within me.
Do not cast me away from Your presence,
And do not take Your Holy Spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of Your salvation,
And uphold me by Your generous Spirit.

Psalm 103:1-12

Bless the LORD, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless His holy name!
Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits:
Who forgives all your iniquities,
Who heals all your diseases,
Who redeems your life from destruction,
Who crowns you with lovingkindness and tender mercies,
Who satisfies your mouth with good things,
So that your youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The LORD executes righteousness
And justice for all who are oppressed.
He made known His ways to Moses,
His acts to the children of Israel.
The LORD is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and abounding in mercy.
He will not always strive with us,
Nor will He keep His anger forever.
He has not dealt with us according to our sins,
Nor punished us according to our iniquities.
For as the heavens are high above the earth,
So great is His mercy toward those who fear Him;
As far as the east is from the west,
So far has He removed our transgressions from us.

Psalm 119:1-16

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.
With my lips I have declared
All the judgments of Your mouth.
I have rejoiced in the way of Your testimonies,
As much as in all riches.
I will meditate on Your precepts,
And contemplate Your ways.
I will delight myself in Your statutes;
I will not forget Your word.

Proverbs 2

My son, if you receive my words,
And treasure my commands within you,
So that you incline your ear to wisdom,
And apply your heart to understanding;
Yes, if you cry out for discernment,
And lift up your voice for understanding,
If you seek her as silver,
And search for her as for hidden treasures;
Then you will understand the fear of the
Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord gives wisdom;
From His mouth come knowledge and
understanding;
He stores up sound wisdom for the upright;
He is a shield to those who walk uprightly;
He guards the paths of justice,
And preserves the way of His saints.
Then you will understand righteousness and
justice,
Equity and every good path.

When wisdom enters your heart,
And knowledge is pleasant to your soul,
Discretion will preserve you;

Understanding will keep you,
To deliver you from the way of evil,
From the man who speaks perverse things,
From those who leave the paths of
uprightness
To walk in the ways of darkness;
Who rejoice in doing evil,
And delight in the perversity of the wicked;
Whose ways are crooked,
And who are devious in their paths;
To deliver you from the immoral woman,
From the seductress who flatters with her
words,
Who forsakes the companion of her youth,
And forgets the covenant of her God.
For her house leads down to death,
And her paths to the dead;
None who go to her return,
Nor do they regain the paths of life—
So you may walk in the way of goodness,
And keep to the paths of righteousness.
For the upright will dwell in the land,
And the blameless will remain in it;
But the wicked will be cut off from the earth,
And the unfaithful will be uprooted from it.

1 Samuel 12:1-10

Now Samuel said to all Israel: "Indeed I have heeded your voice in all that you said to me, and have made a king over you. And now here is the king, walking before you; and I am old and grayheaded, and look, my sons are with you. I have walked before you from my childhood to this day. Here I am. Witness against me before the LORD and before His anointed: Whose ox have I taken, or whose donkey have I taken, or whom have I cheated? Whom have I oppressed, or from whose hand have I received any bribe with which to blind my eyes? I will restore it to you."

And they said, "You have not cheated us or oppressed us, nor have you taken anything from any man's hand."

Then he said to them, "The LORD is witness against you, and His anointed is witness this day, that you have not found anything in my hand."

And they answered, "He is witness."

Then Samuel said to the people, "It is the LORD who raised up Moses and Aaron, and who brought your fathers up from the land of Egypt. Now therefore, stand still, that I may reason with you before the LORD concerning all the righteous acts of the LORD which He did to you and your fathers: When Jacob had gone into Egypt, and your fathers cried out to the LORD, then the LORD sent Moses and Aaron, who brought your fathers out of Egypt and made them dwell in this place. And when they forgot the LORD their God, He sold them into the hand of Sisera, commander of the army of Hazor, into the hand of the Philistines, and into the hand of the king of Moab; and they fought against them. Then they cried out to the LORD, and said, 'We have sinned, because we have forsaken the LORD and served the Baals and Ashtoreths; but now deliver us from the hand of our enemies, and we will serve You.'

2 Timothy 4:1-8

I charge you therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who will judge the living and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom: Preach the word! Be ready in season and out of season. Convince, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and teaching. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires, because they have itching ears, they will heap up for themselves teachers; and they will turn their ears away from the truth, and be turned aside to fables. But you be watchful in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill your ministry.

For I am already being poured out as a drink offering, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing.