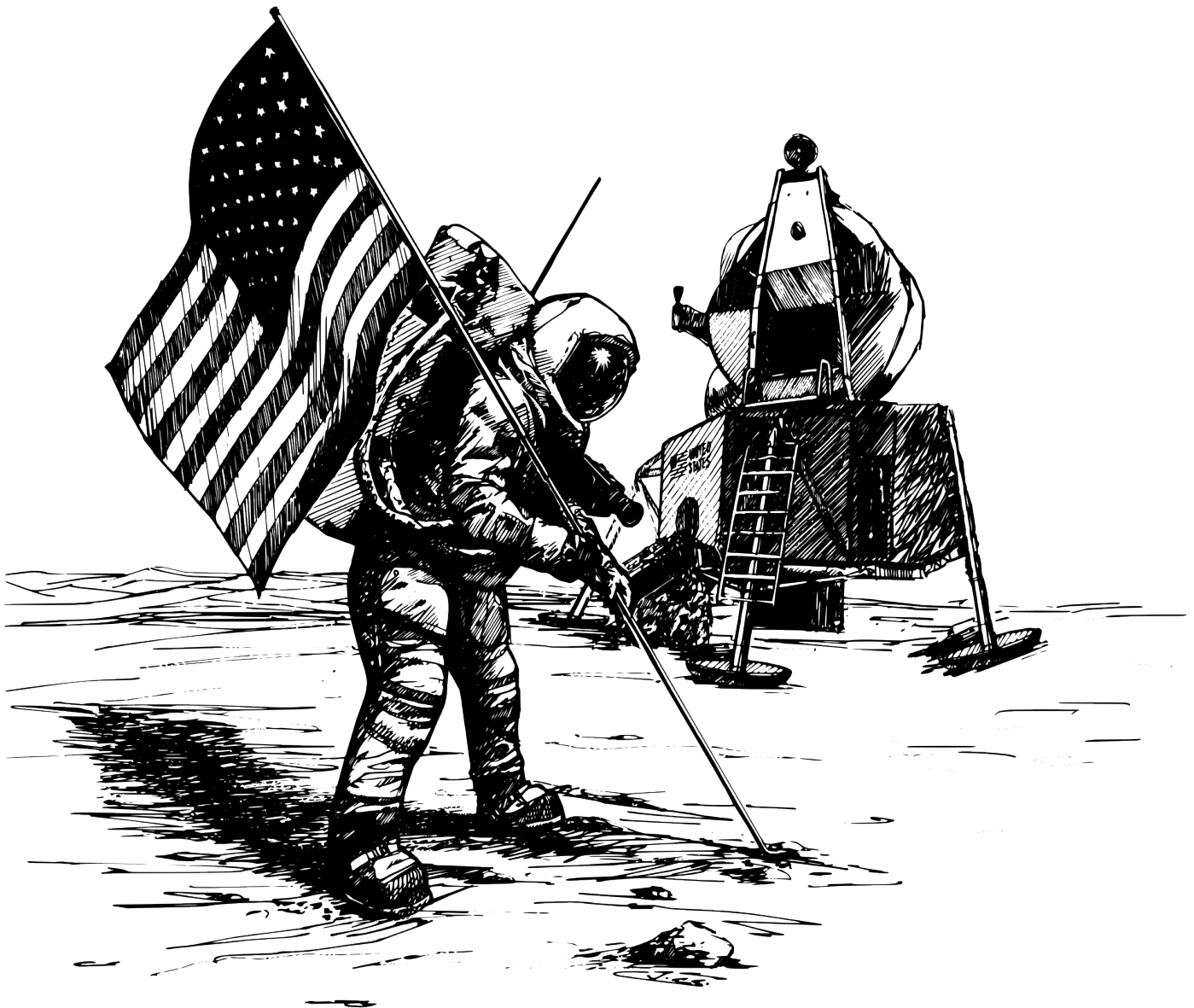


CYCLE 4: MARVELS, MACHINES, & MODERN TIMES

A Gentle Feast

Student Pages



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ESV Text Edition: 2016



THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING THE CYCLE 4 MORNING TIME PACKET. I PRAY YOUR MORNINGS WILL BE RICHLY FULL OF BOOKS, BEAUTY, AND BIBLICAL TRUTH.

*Blessings,
Julie Ross*

A detailed black and white botanical illustration featuring several large, multi-petaled flowers with prominent, textured centers. The flowers are surrounded by various types of leaves, some with serrated edges and others with smooth, pointed tips. The drawing style uses fine lines and cross-hatching for shading and texture.

I am
A CHILD OF
GOD

I can
DO ALL
THINGS
THROUGH
CHRIST WHO
STRENGTHENS
ME

I ought
TO OBEY
THOSE IN
AUTHORITY

I will
CHOOSE TO
DO WHAT IS
RIGHT

Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters.

3 He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

4 Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore You

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore You, God of glo - ry,
 2. All Your works with joy sur - round You, Earth and heav'n re -
 3. Al - ways gi - ving and for - gi - ving, E - ver bles - sing,
 4. Mor - tals, join the migh - ty cho - rus, Which the mor - ning

Lord of love; Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore You,
 flect Your rays, Stars and an - gels sing a - round You,
 e - ver blest, Well - spring of the joy of li - ving,
 stars be - gan; God's own love is reign - ing o'er us,

O - p'ning to the sun a - bove. Melt the clouds of
 Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise; Field and for - est,
 O - cean depth of hap - py rest! Lo - ving Fa - ther,
 Join - ing peo - ple hand in hand. E - ver sing - ing,

sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 vale and moun - tain, Flow' - ry mea - dow, fla - shing sea,
 Christ our Bro - ther, Let Your light up - on us shine;
 march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;

Text: Henry van Dyke, alt
 Tune: Ludwig van Beethoven,
 arr. by Edward Hodges

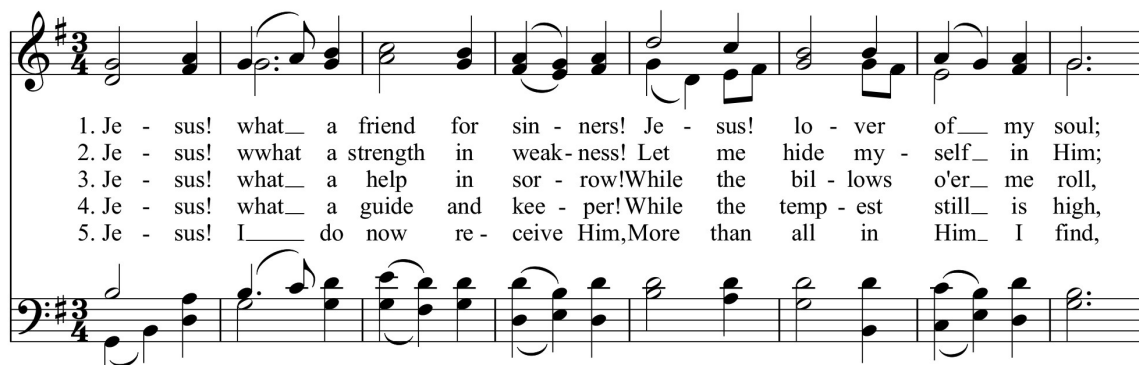


87 87D
 HYMN TO JOY
www.hymnary.org/text/joyful_joyful_we_adore_the

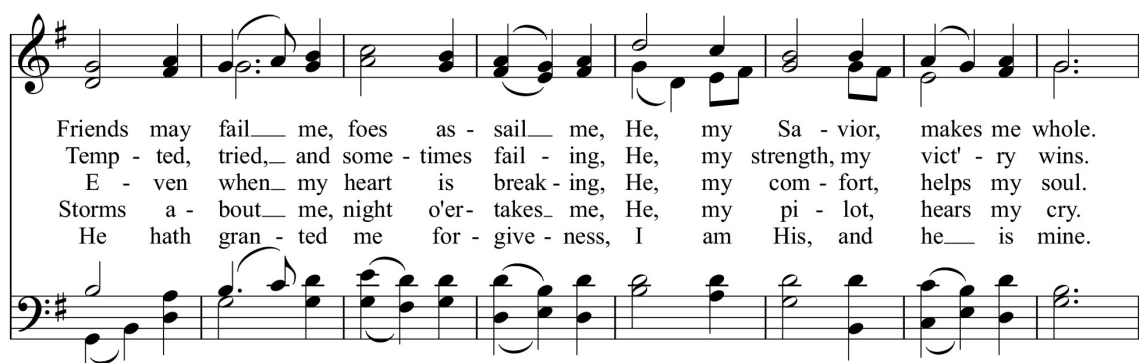
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Gi - ver of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!
 Chan - ting bird and flo - wing foun - tain Prais - ing You e - ter - nal - ly!
 Teach us how to love each o - ther, Lift us to the joy di - vine.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward In the tri - umph song of life.

Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners



1. Je - sus! what a friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lo - ver of my soul;
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in Him;
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll,
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and kee - per! While the temp - est still is high,
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,



Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Sa - vior, makes me whole.
 Temp - ted, tried, and some - times fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict' - ry wins.
 E - ven when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
 He hath gran - ted me for - give - ness, I am His, and he is mine.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - vior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sa - ving, hel - ping, keep - ing, lo - ving, He is with me to the end.

Text: J. Wilbur Chapman, 1859-1918
 Tune: Rowland H. Prichard, 1811-1887



87 87 Refrain
 HYFRYDOL
www.hymnary.org/text/jesus_what_a_friend_for_sinners

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After a Bath

by Aileen Fisher

After my bath
I try, try, try
to wipe myself
till I'm dry, dry, dry.

Hands to wipe
and fingers and toes
and two wet legs
and a shiny nose.

Just think how much
less time I'd take
if I were a dog
and could shake, shake, shake.



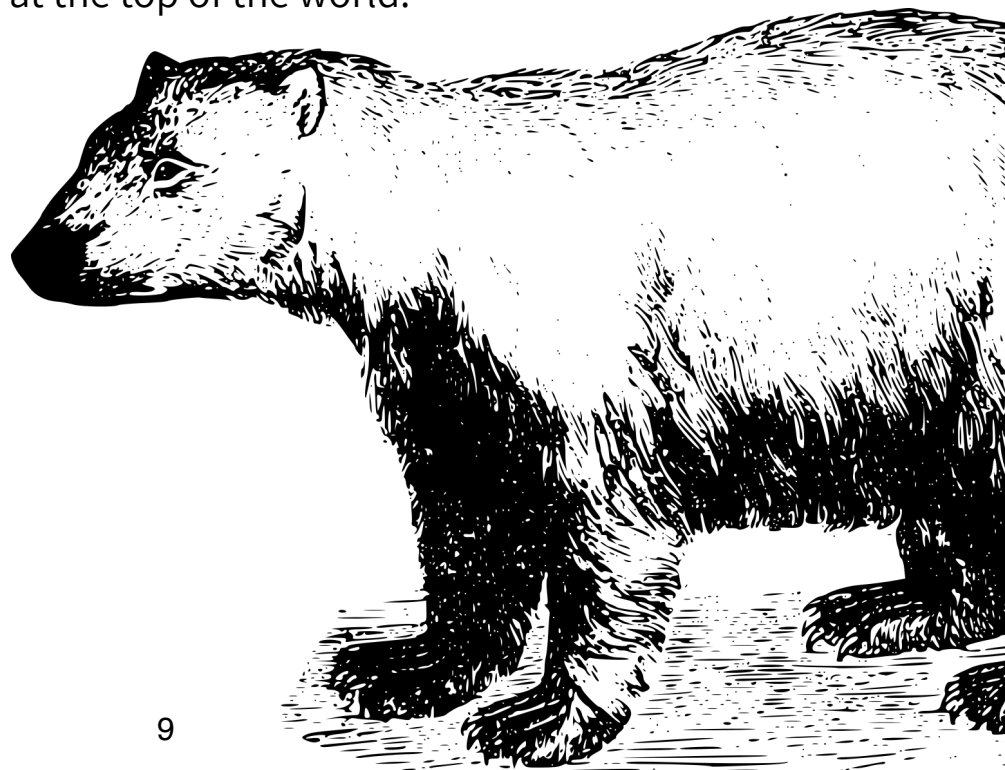
I am a Polar Bear

by Sandy Tuttle

I live North of everywhere.
I live at the top of the world.
The furry white coat
I wear in the snow,
Keeps me warm when it's twenty below!

I am a polar bear.
I live North of everywhere.
I live at the top of the world!
Fishing in the ice,
And swimming in the sea,
Makes living at the North Pole
Perfect for me!

I am a polar bear.
I live North of everywhere.
I live at the top of the world.





If I Were an Apple

by Unknown

If I were an apple
And grew on a tree,
I think I'd drop down
On a nice boy like me.

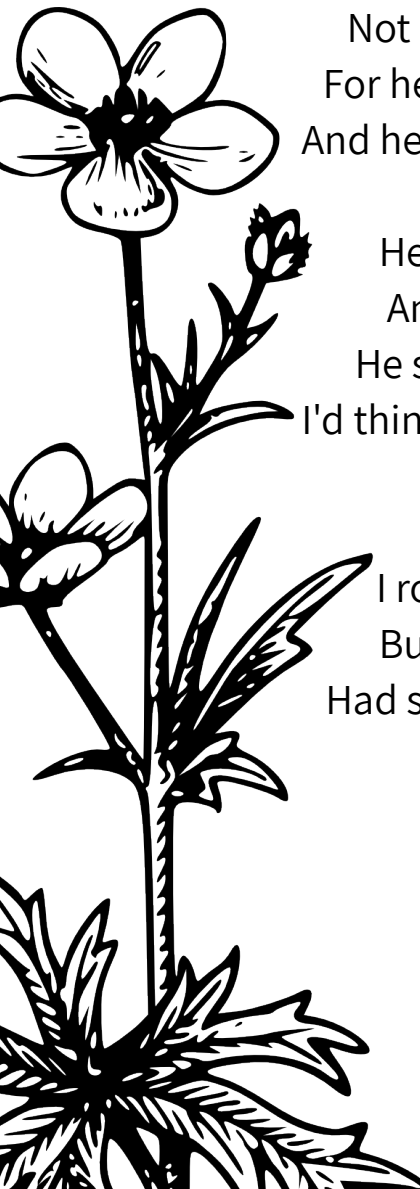
I wouldn't stay there
Giving nobody joy,
I'd fall down at once
And say, "Eat me, my boy!"



My Shadow

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.



The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Friends

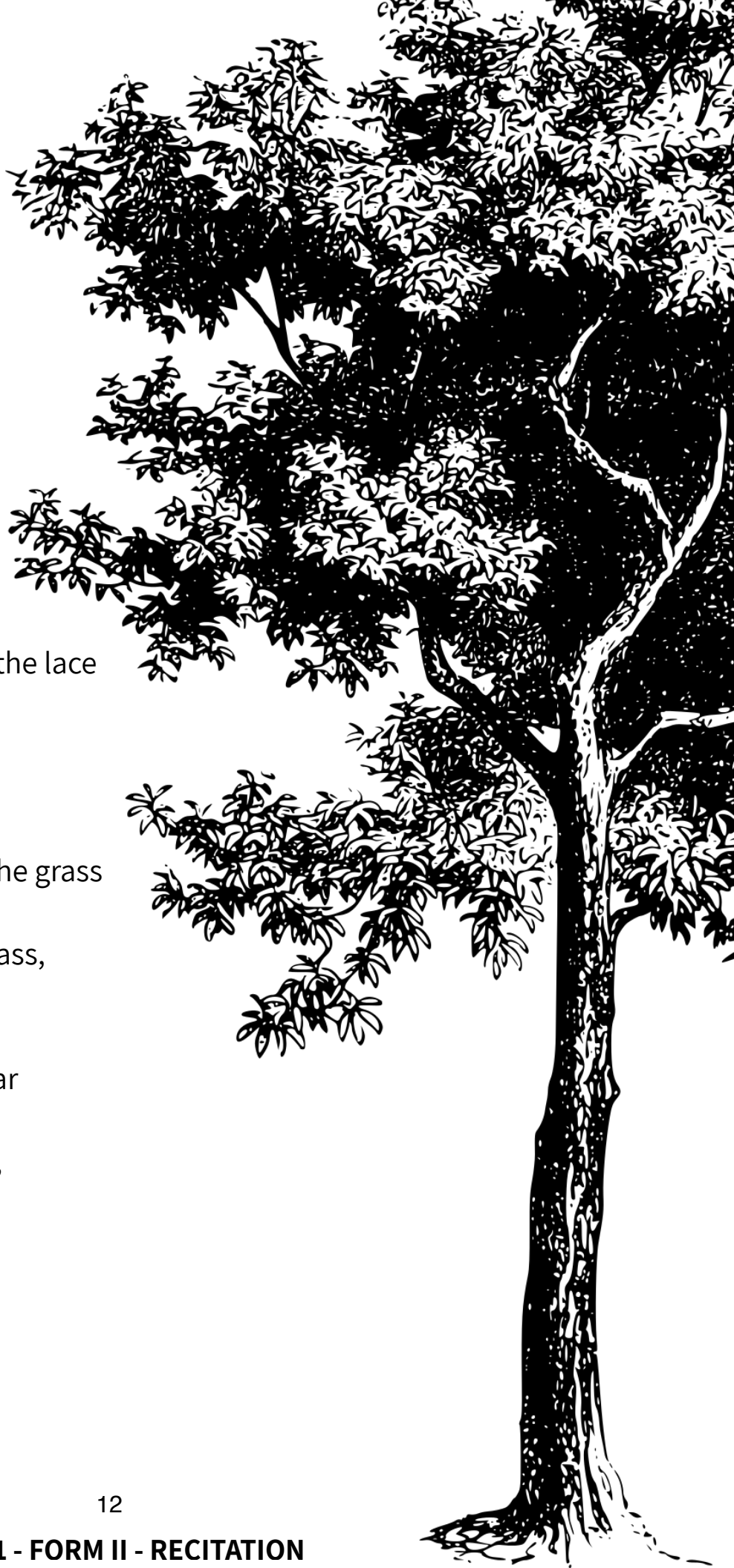
by Abbie Farwell Brown

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.





Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry Now

by A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Caged Bird

by Maya Angelou

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<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48989/caged-bird>

Stopping by Woods on a Snowing Evening

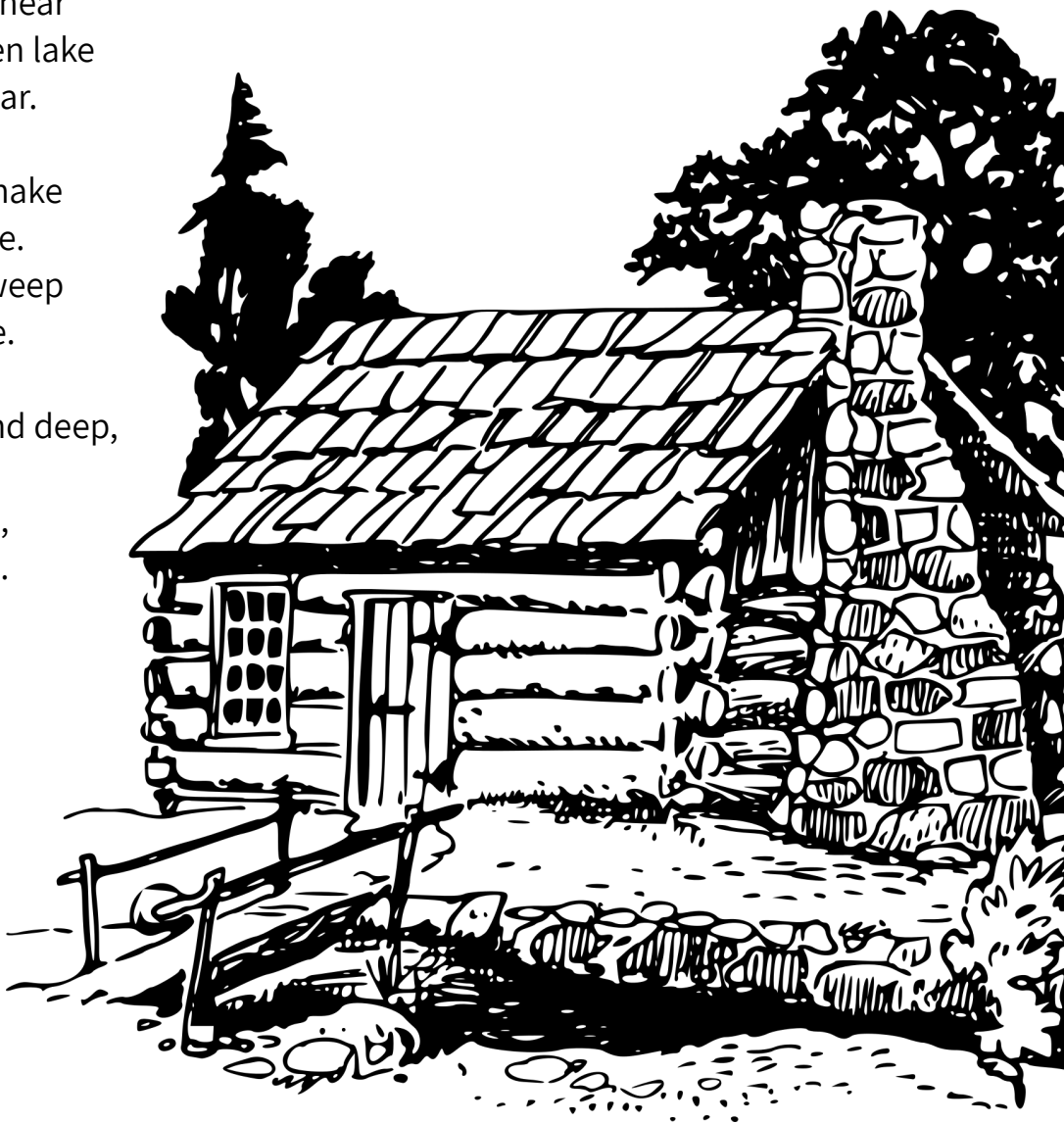
by Robert Frost

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.



Arithmetic

by Carl Sandburg

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like pigeons in and out of your head.

Arithmetic tell you how many you lose or win if you know how many you had before you lost or won.

Arithmetic is seven eleven all good children go to heaven -- or five six bundle of sticks.

Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your head to your hand to your pencil to your paper till you get the answer.

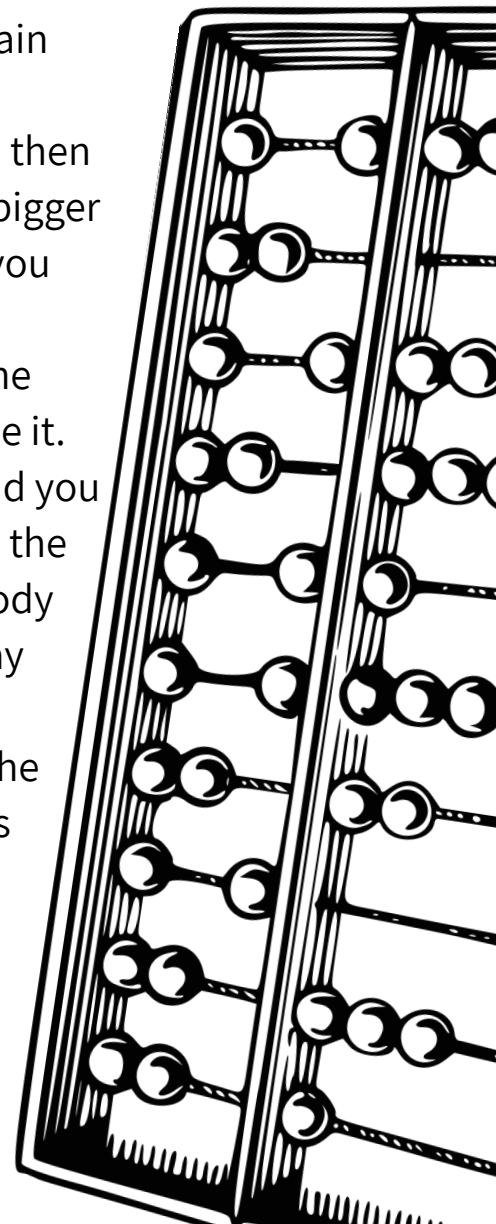
Arithmetic is where the answer is right and everything is nice and you can look out of the window and see the blue sky -- or the answer is wrong and you have to start all over and try again and see how it comes out this time.

If you take a number and double it and double it again and then double it a few more times, the number gets bigger and bigger and goes higher and higher and only arithmetic can tell you what the number is when you decide to quit doubling.

Arithmetic is where you have to multiply -- and you carry the multiplication table in your head and hope you won't lose it.

If you have two animal crackers, one good and one bad, and you eat one and a striped zebra with streaks all over him eats the other, how many animal crackers will you have if somebody offers you five six seven and you say No no no and you say Nay nay nay and you say Nix nix nix?

If you ask your mother for one fried egg for breakfast and she gives you two fried eggs and you eat both of them, who is better in arithmetic, you or your mother?



Unknown Soldier

by Billy Rose

There's a graveyard near the White House
Where the Unknown Soldier lies,
And the flowers there are sprinkled
With the tears from mother's eyes.

I stood there not so long ago
With roses for the brave,
And suddenly I heard a voice
Speak from out the grave:

"I am the Unknown Soldier,
The spirit voice began
"And I think I have the right
To ask some questions man to man."

"Are my buddies taken care of?
Was their victory so sweet?
Is that big reward you offered
Selling pencils on the street?"

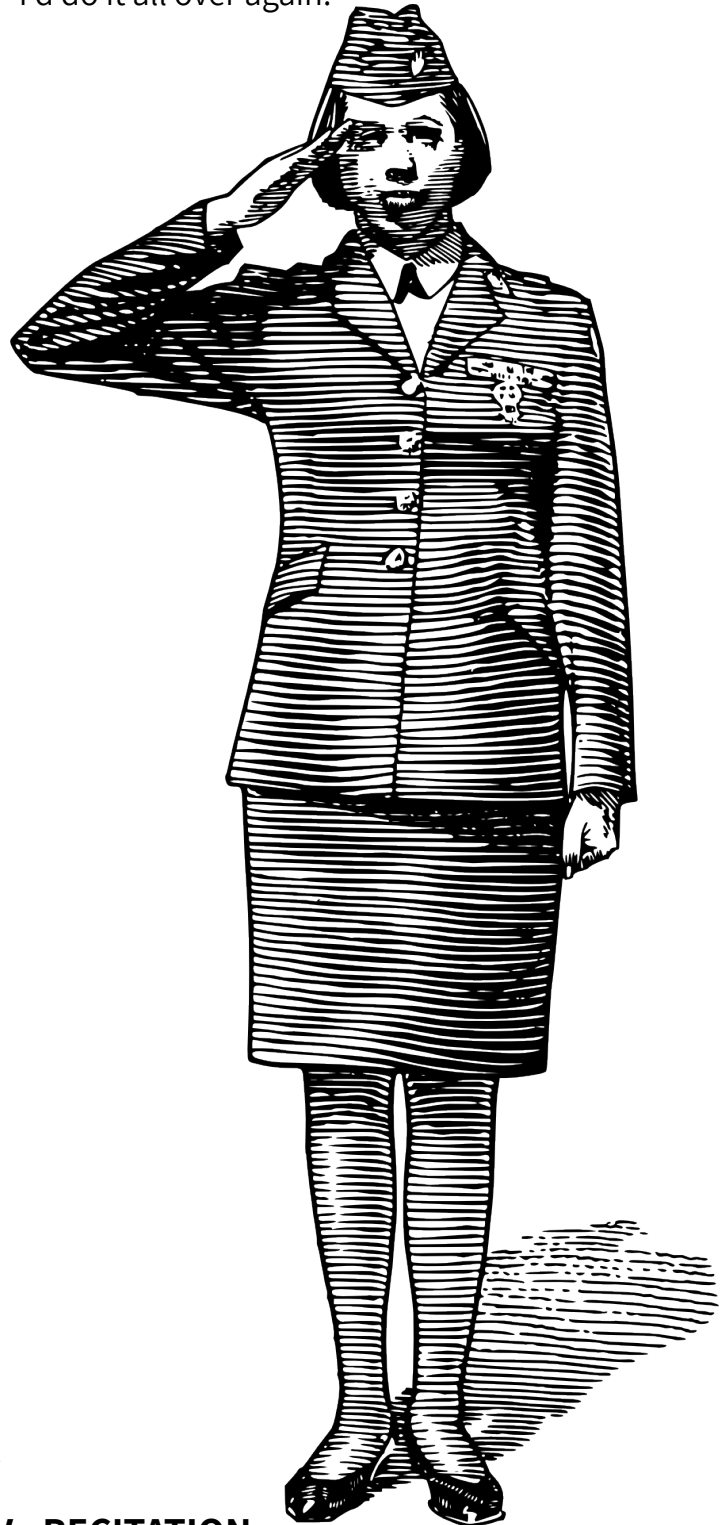
"Did they really win the freedom
They battled to achieve?
Do you still respect that Croix de Guerre
Above that empty sleeve?"

"Does a gold star in the window
Now mean anything at all?
I wonder how my old girl feels
When she hears a bugle call
"And that baby who sang
Hello, Central, give me no man's land.
Can they replace her daddy
With a military band?"

"I wonder if the profiteers
Have satisfied their greed?
I wonder if a soldier's mother
Ever is in need?"

"I wonder if the kings, who planned it all
Are really satisfied?
They played their game of checkers
And eleven million died."

"I am the Unknown Soldier
And maybe I died in vain,
But if I were alive and my country called,
I'd do it all over again."

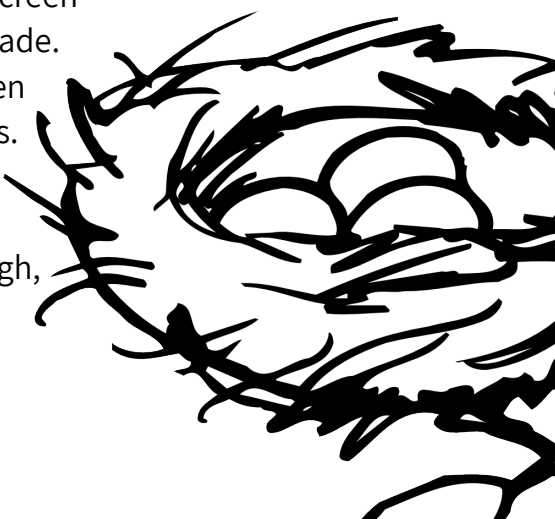




The Exposed Nest

by Robert Frost

You were forever finding some new play.
So when I saw you down on hands and knees
In the meadow, busy with the new-cut hay,
Trying, I thought, to set it up on end,
I went to show you how to make it stay,
If that was your idea, against the breeze,
And, if you asked me, even help pretend
To make it root again and grow afresh.
But 'twas no make-believe with you to-day,
Nor was the grass itself your real concern,
Though I found your hand full of wilted fern,
Steel-bright June-grass, and blackening heads of clover.
'Twas a nest full of young birds on the ground
The cutter-bar had just gone champing over
(Miraculously without tasting flesh)
And left defenseless to the heat and light.
You wanted to restore them to their right
Of something interposed between their sight
And too much world at once-could means be found.
The way the nest-full every time we stirred
Stood up to us as to a mother-bird
Whose coming home has been too long deferred,
Made me ask would the mother-bird return
And care for them in such a change of scene
And might our meddling make her more afraid.
That was a thing we could not wait to learn.....
We saw the risk we took in doing good,
But dared not spare to do the best we could
Though harm should come of it; so built the screen
You had begun, and gave them back their shade.
All this to prove we cared. Why is there then
No more to tell? We turned to other things.
I haven't any memory-have you?-
Of ever coming to the place again
To see if the birds lived the first night through,
And so at last to learn to use their wings.





Isaiah 9:2-7

2 The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light;
those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness,
on them has light shone.


3 You have multiplied the nation;
you have increased its joy;
they rejoice before you
as with joy at the harvest,
as they are glad when they divide the spoil.

4 For the yoke of his burden,
and the staff for his shoulder,
the rod of his oppressor,
you have broken as on the day of Midian.

5 For every boot of the tramping warrior in battle tumult
and every garment rolled in blood
will be burned as fuel for the fire.

6 For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given;
and the government shall be upon his shoulder,
and his name shall be called
Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

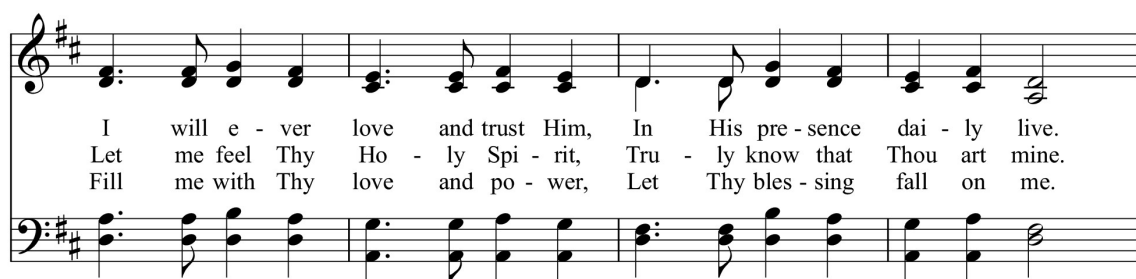
7 Of the increase of his government and of peace
there will be no end,
on the throne of David and over his kingdom,
to establish it and to uphold it
with justice and with righteousness
from this time forth and forevermore.
The zeal of the Lord of hosts will do this.



I Surrender All



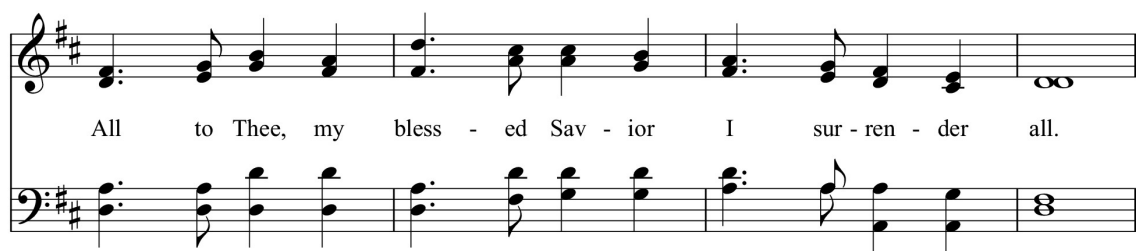
1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make my, Sa - vior, whol - ly Thine;
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;



I will e - ver love and trust Him, In His pre - sence dai - ly live.
 Let me feel Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and po - wer, Let Thy bles - sing fall on me.



I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;



All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior I sur - ren - der all.

Text: Judson W. Van DeVenter, 1855-1939
 Tune: Winfield S. Weeden, 1847-1908



87 87 Refrain
 SURRENDER
www.hymnary.org/text/all_to_jesus_i_surrender

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This Is My Father's World



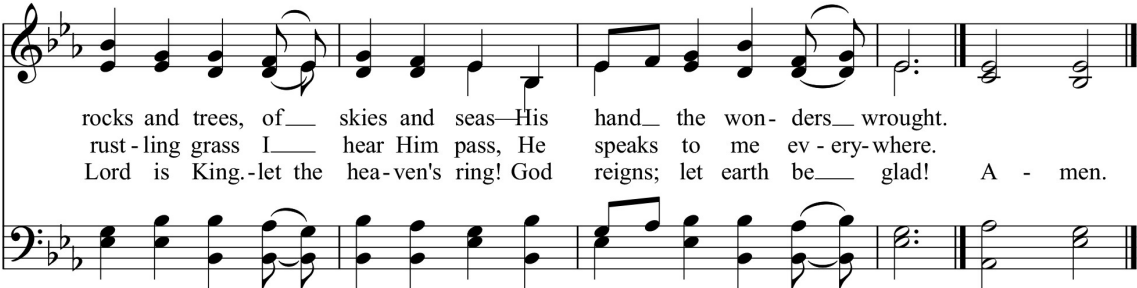
1 This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my list' - ning ears All
 2 This is my Fa - ther's world: The birds their ca - rols raise, The
 3 This is my Fa - ther's world: O let me ne'er for - get That



na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 mor - ning light, the li - ly white, De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world; I rest me in the thought Of
 This is my Fa - ther's world: He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa - ther's world: Why should my heart be sad? The



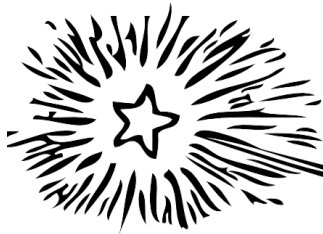
rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rust - ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - ery - where.
 Lord is King.—let the hea - ven's ring! God reigns; let earth be glad! A - men.

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock (1858-1901)
 Tune: Franklin L. Sheppard (1852-1930)



66 86D
 TERRA BEATA
www.hymnary.org/text/this_is_my_fathers_world_and_to_my

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The Rainbow Fairies

by Lizzie M. Hadley

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
"Oh, never mind my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red,--
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made
They hung their gowns to dry.





A Smile

by Anonymous

A smile costs nothing but gives much—
It takes but a moment, but the memory of it usually lasts forever.

None are so rich that can get along without it—
And none are so poor but that can be made rich by it.

It enriches those who receive
Without making poor those who give—

It creates sunshine in the home,
Fosters good will in business

And is the best antidote for trouble—

And yet it cannot be begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is of no value
Unless it is freely given away.

Some people are too busy to give you a smile—

Give them one of yours—

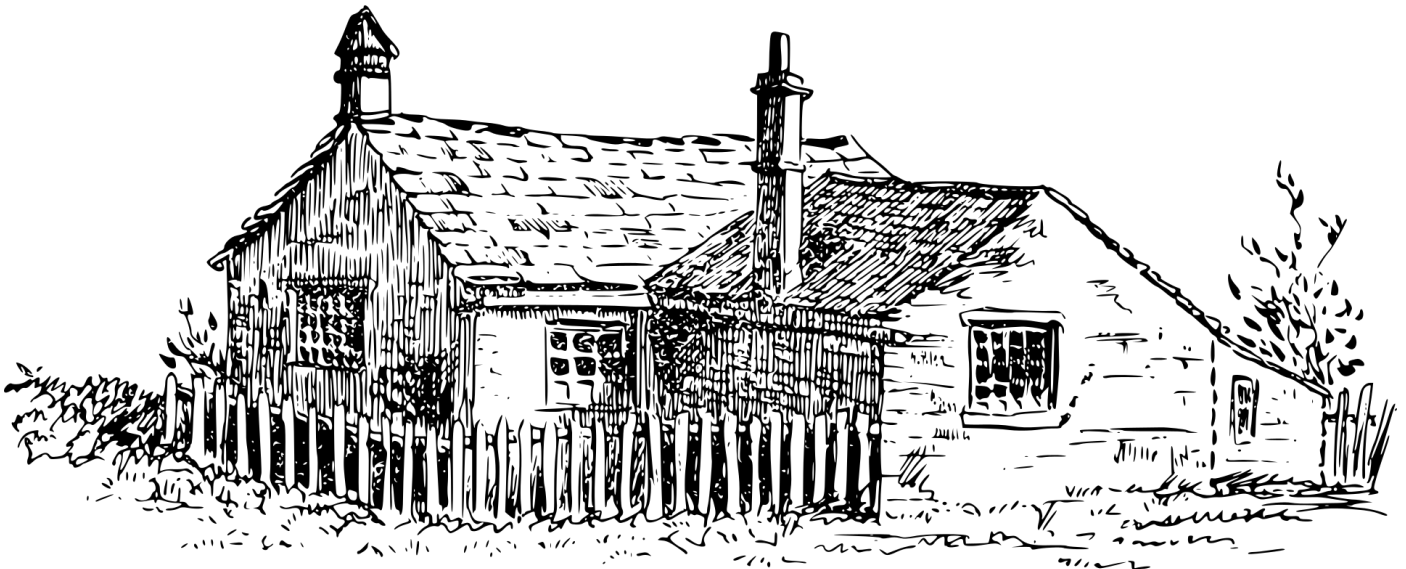
For the good Lord knows that no one needs a smile so badly
As he or she who has no more smiles left to give.



A Happy Child

by Kate Greenaway

My house is red—a little house,
A happy child am I,
I laugh and play the livelong day,
I hardly ever cry.
I have a tree, a green, green tree,
To shade me from the sun;
And under it I often sit,
When all my work is done.
My little basket I will take,
And trip into the town;
When next I'm there I'll buy some cake,
And spend my bright half-crown.



The Sugar-Plum Tree

by Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below -
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground -
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.



A Christmas Carol

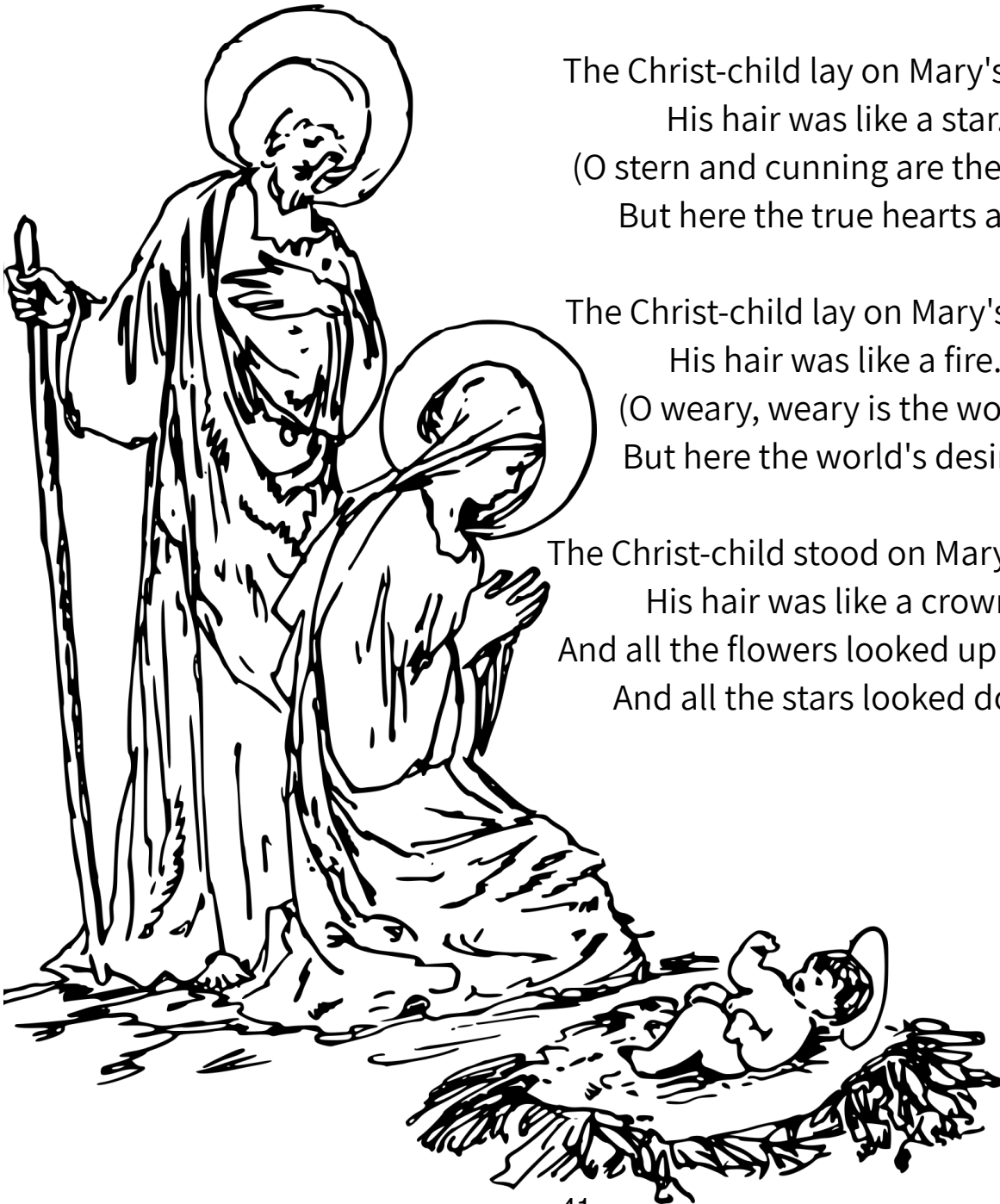
by G.K.Chesterton

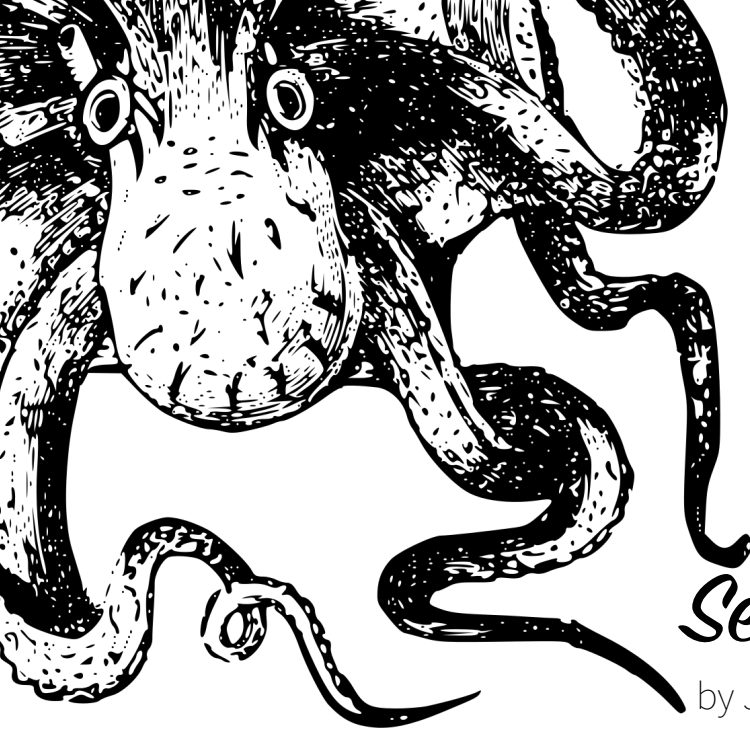
The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down





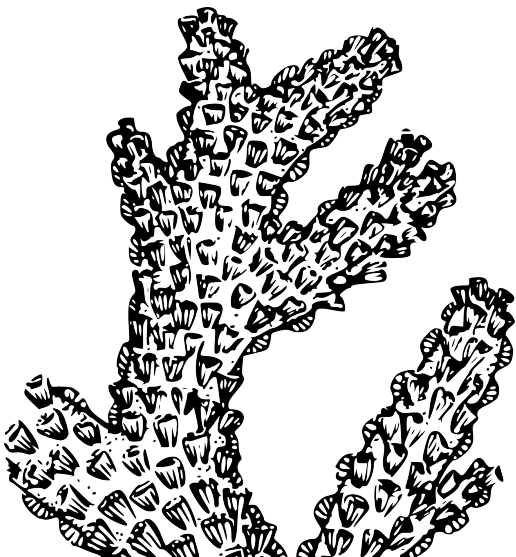
Sea Fever

by John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.





The Hunting of the Dragon

by G.K. Chesterton

When we went hunting the Dragon
 In the days when we were young,
 We tossed the bright world over our shoulder
 As bugle and baldrick slung;
 Never was world so wild and fair
 As what went by on the wind,
 Never such fields of paradise
 As the fields we left behind:

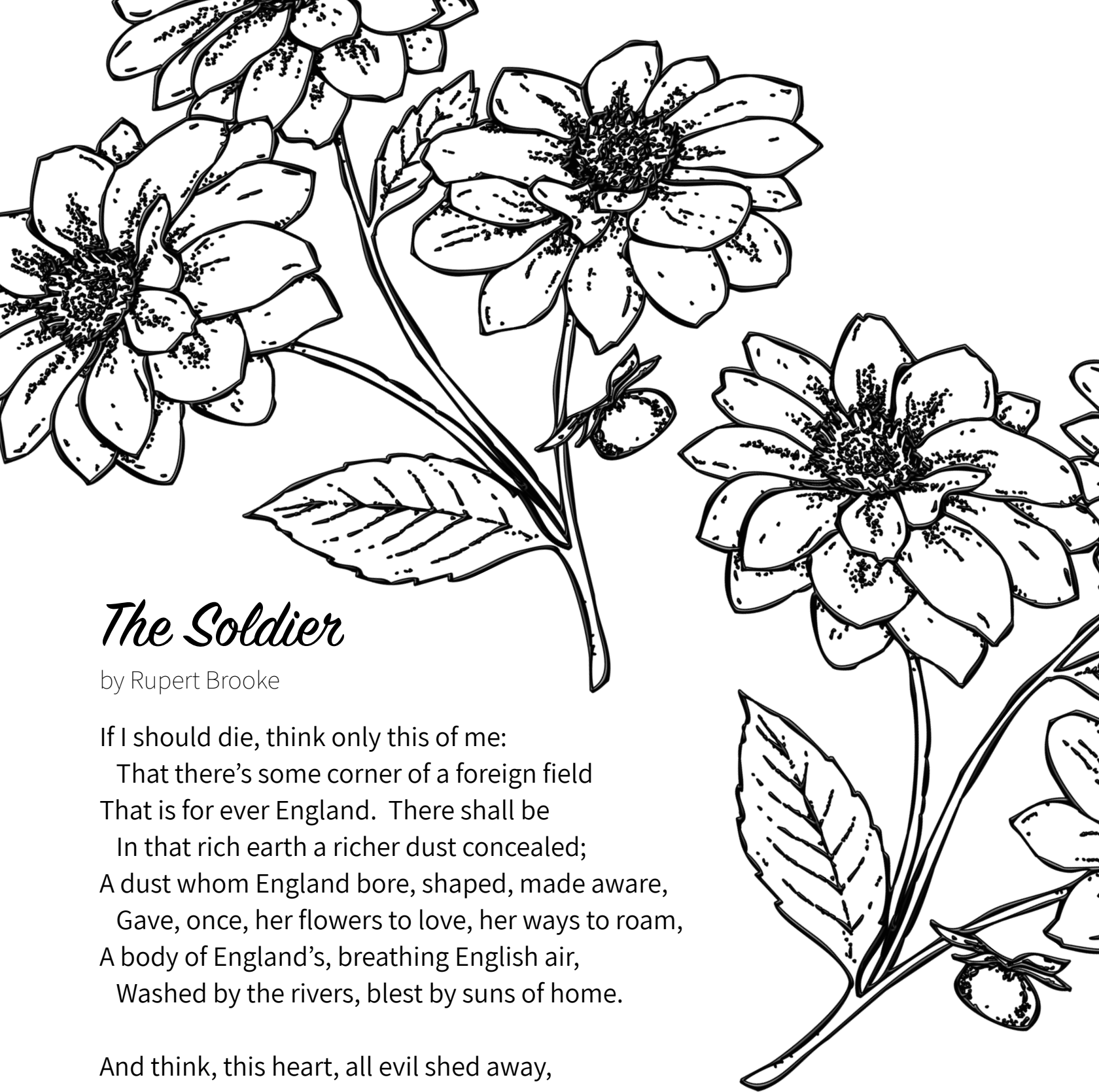
For this is the best of a rest for men
 That men should rise and ride
 Making a flying fairyland
 Of market and country-side,
 Wings on the cottage, wings on the wood,
 Wings upon pot and pan,
 For the hunting of the Dragon
 That is the life of a man.

For men grow weary of fairyland
 When the Dragon is a dream,
 And tire of the talking bird in the tree,
 The singing fish in the stream;
 And the wandering stars grow stale, grow stale,
 And the wonder is stiff with scorn;
 For this is the honour of fairyland
 And the following of the horn;

Beauty on beauty called us back
 When we could rise and ride,
 And a woman looked out of every window
 As wonderful as a bride:.....
 And the tavern-sign as a tabard blazed,
 And the children cheered and ran,
 For the love of the hate of the Dragon
 That is the pride of a man

The sages called him a shadow
 And the light went out of the sun:
 And the wise men told us that all was well
 And all was weary and one:
 And then, and then, in the quiet garden,
 With never a weed to kill,
 We knew that his shining tail had shone
 In the white road over the hill:
 We knew that the clouds were flakes of flame,
 We knew that the sunset fire
 Was red with the blood of the Dragon
 Whose death is the world's desire.

For the horn was blown in the heart of the night
 That men should rise and ride,
 Keeping the tryst of a terrible jest
 Never for long untried;
 Drinking a dreadful blood for wine,
 Never in cup or can,
 The death of a deathless Dragon,
 That is the life of a man.



The Soldier

by Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Lady Macbeth

in Macbeth

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings]
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.



Prospero


in The Tempest

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.





Exodus 20:1-17

- 1** And God spoke all these words, saying,
2 “I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of slavery.
3 “You shall have no other gods before me.
4 “You shall not make for yourself a carved image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. **5** You shall not bow down to them or serve them, for I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children to the third and the fourth generation of those who hate me, **6** but showing steadfast love to thousands of those who love me and keep my commandments.
7 “You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.
8 “Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. **9** Six days you shall labor, and do all your work, **10** but the seventh day is a Sabbath to the Lord your God. On it you shall not do any work, you, or your son, or your daughter, your male servant, or your female servant, or your livestock, or the sojourner who is within your gates. **11** For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is in them, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and made it holy.
12 “Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land that the Lord your God is giving you.
13 “You shall not murder.
14 “You shall not commit adultery.
15 “You shall not steal.
16 “You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.
17 “You shall not covet your neighbor's house; you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his male servant, or his female servant, or his ox, or his donkey, or anything that is your neighbor's.”
- 

Great is Thy Faithfulness

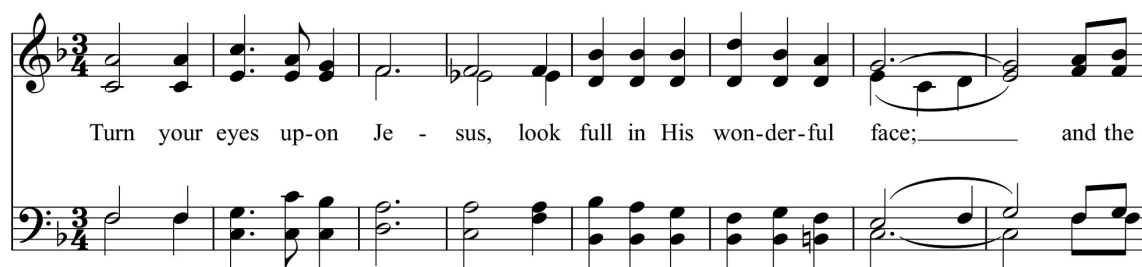
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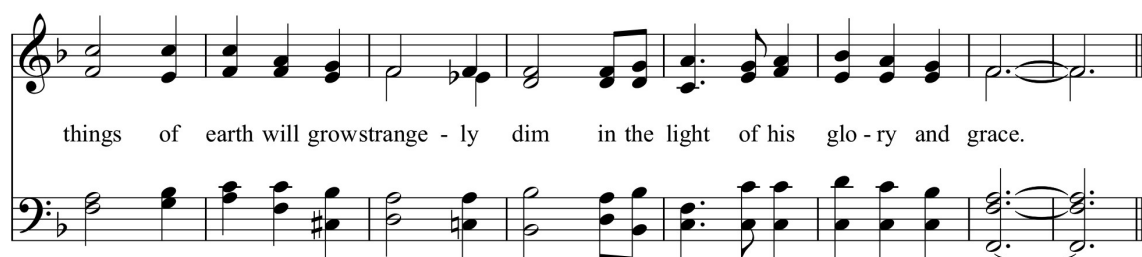
You can also find them here:

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Turn Your Eyes upon Jesus



Turn your eyes up-on Je - sus, look full in His won-der-ful face; _____ and the



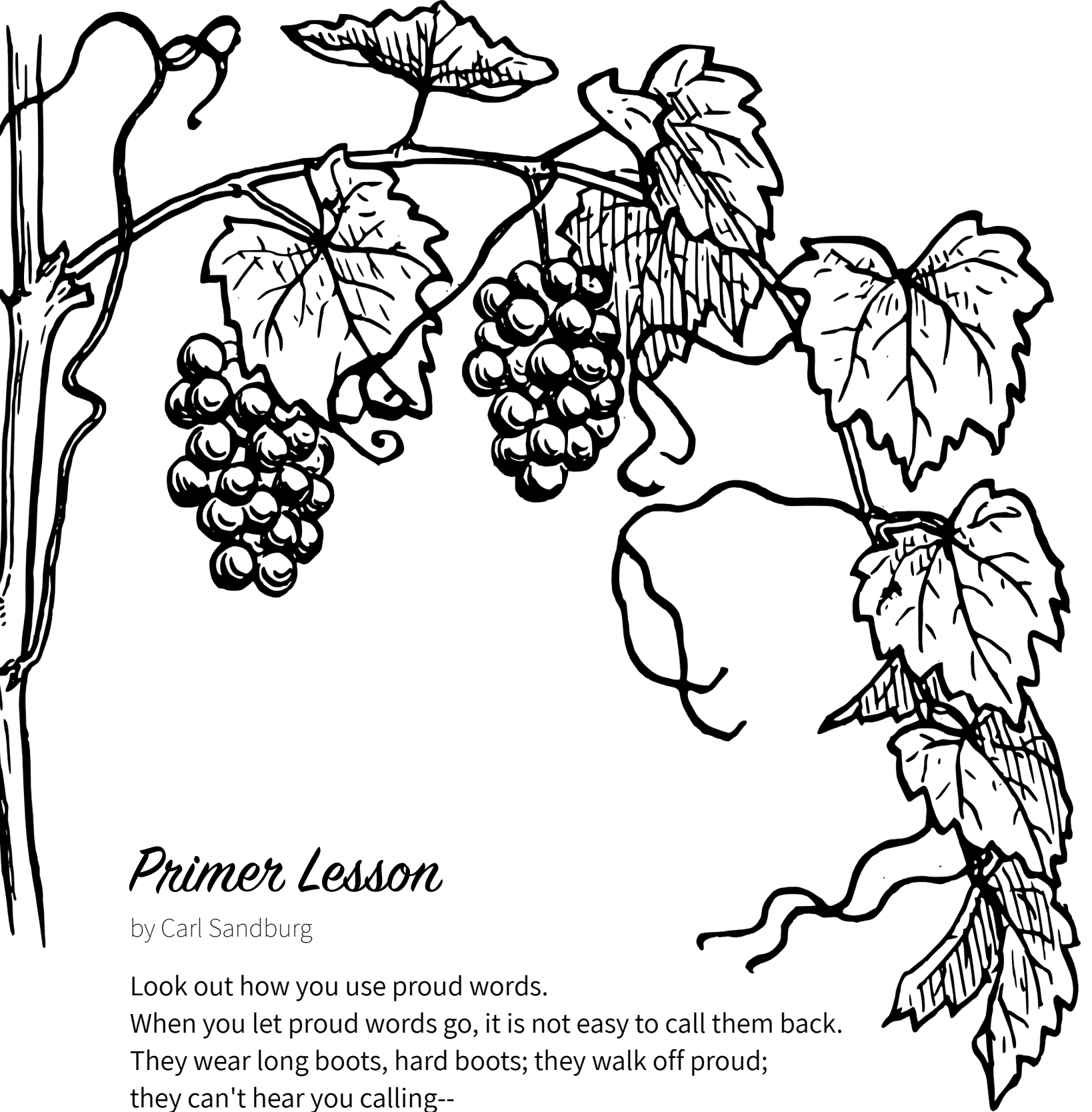
things of earth will grow strange - ly dim in the light of his glo - ry and grace.

Text: Helen H. Lemmel (1864-1961)
Tune: Helen H. Lemmel (1864-1961)



Irregular
[TURN YOUR EYES UPON JESUS]
www.hymnary.org/text/o_soul_are_you_weary_and_troubled

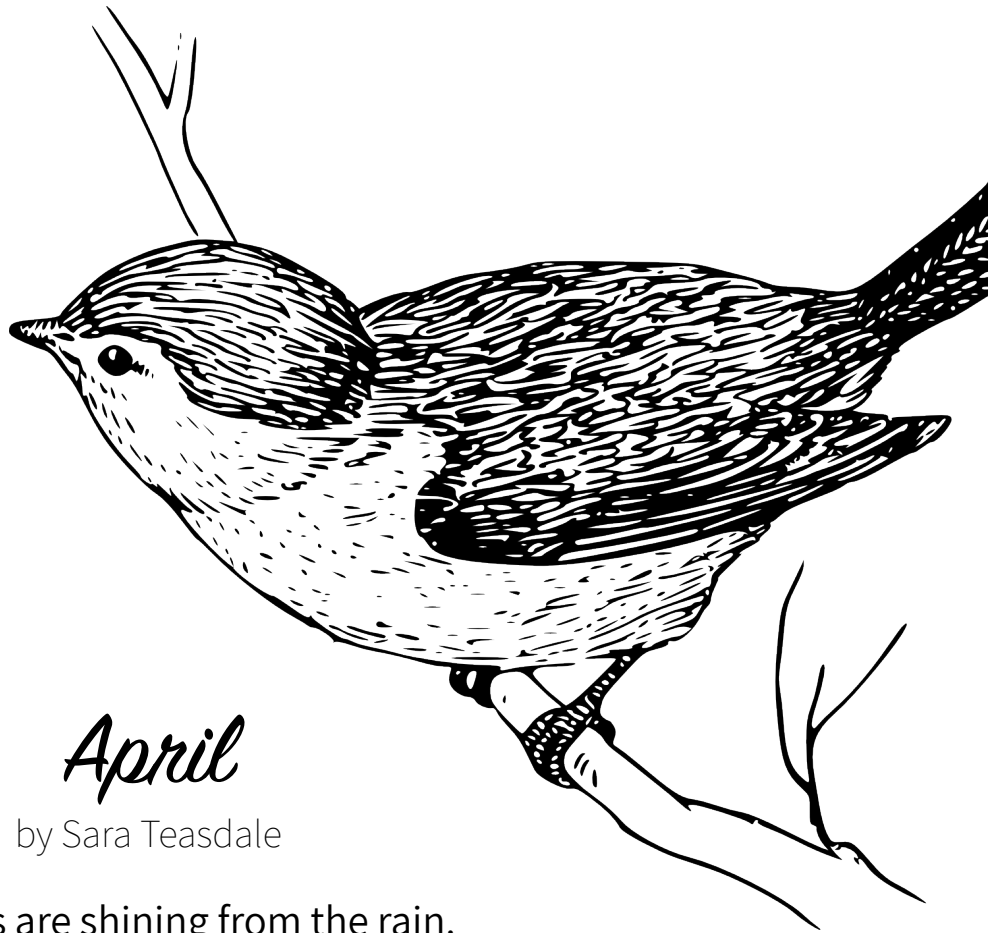
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Primer Lesson

by Carl Sandburg

Look out how you use proud words.
When you let proud words go, it is not easy to call them back.
They wear long boots, hard boots; they walk off proud;
they can't hear you calling--
Look out how you use proud words.



April

by Sara Teasdale

The roofs are shining from the rain.
The sparrows tritter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.

Yet the back-yards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree--
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.

May Night

by Sara Teasdale

The spring is fresh and fearless
And every leaf is new,
The world is brimmed with moonlight,
The lilac brimmed with dew.

Here in the moving shadows
I catch my breath and sing--
My heart is fresh and fearless
And over-brimmed with spring.



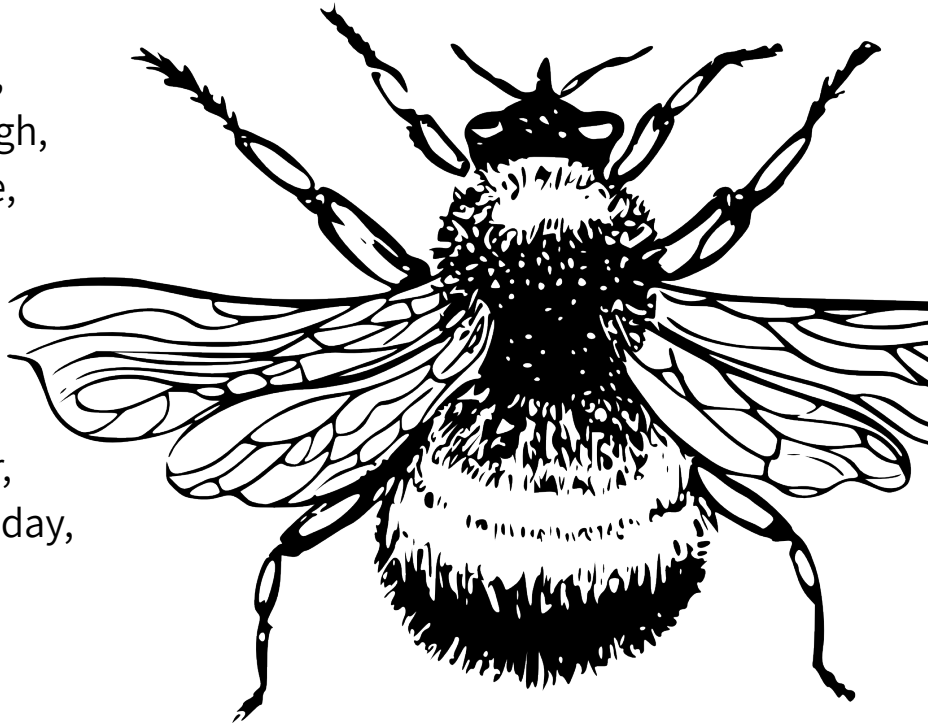
Father in Heaven We Thank Thee

by Ralph Waldo Emerson



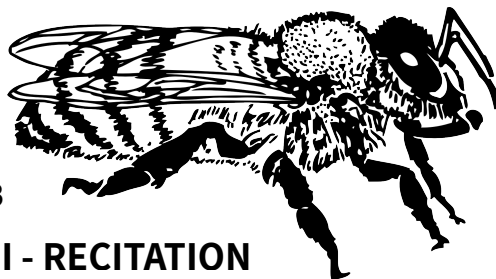
For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
For the song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.



For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and school each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.



Building a Skyscraper

James S. Tippet

They're building a skyscraper

Near our street.

Its height will be nearly

One thousand feet.

It covers completely

A city block.

They drilled its foundation

Through solid rock.

They made its framework

Of great steel beams

With riveted joints

And welded seams.

A swarm of workmen

Strain and strive

Like busy bees

In a honeyed hive

Building the skyscraper

Into the air

While crowds of people

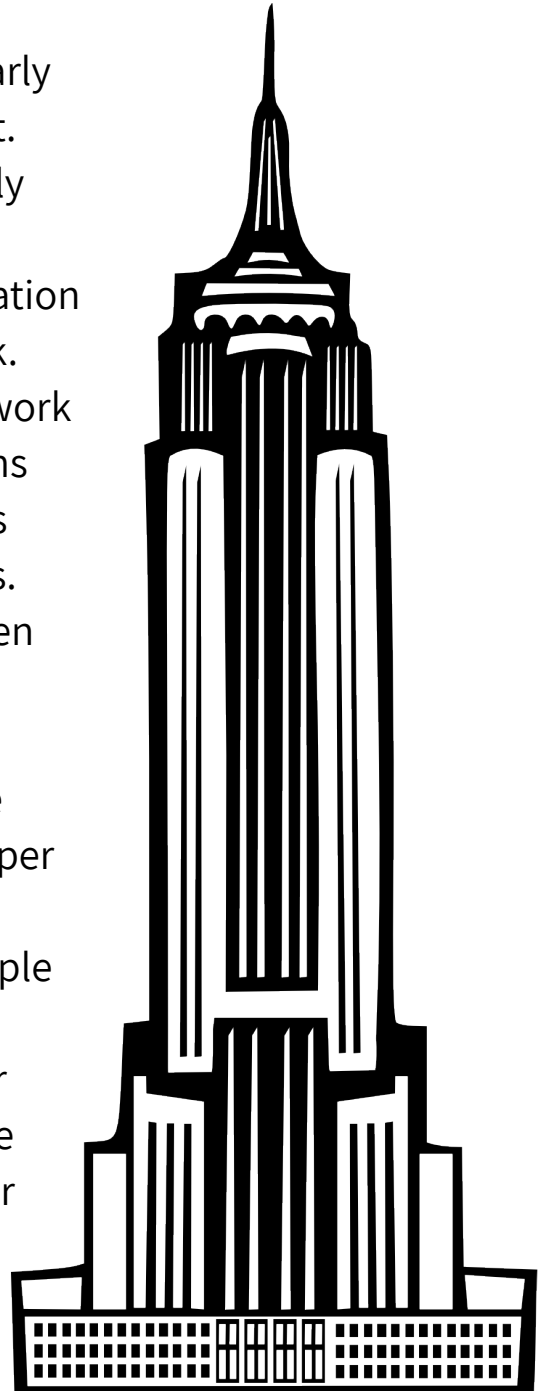
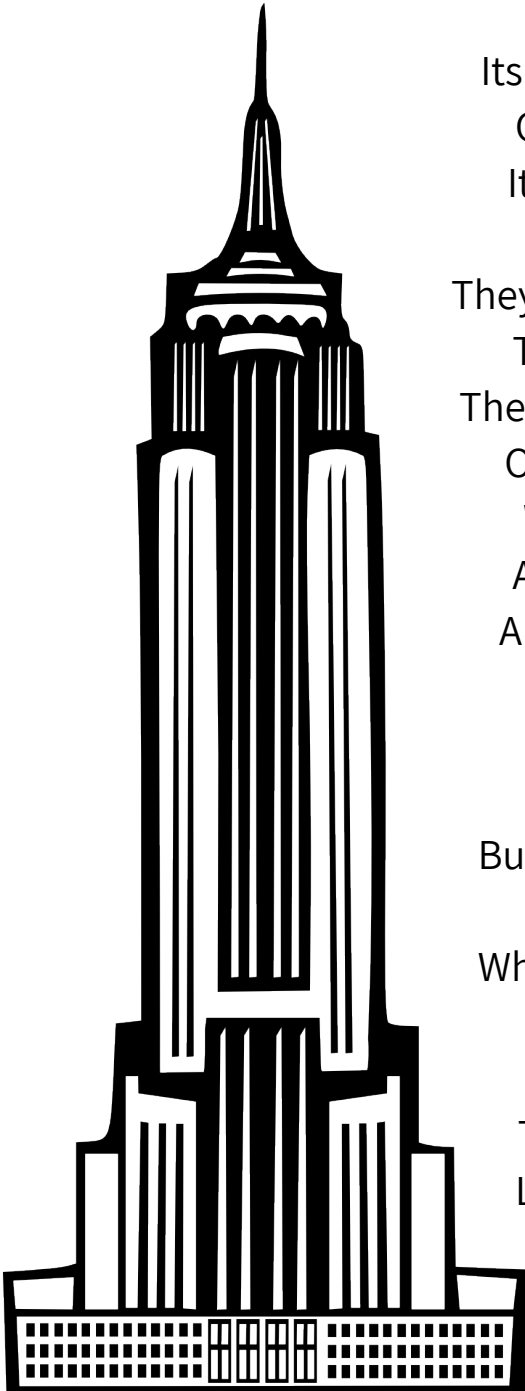
Stand and stare.

Higher and higher

The tall towers rise

Like Jacob's ladder

Into the skies.

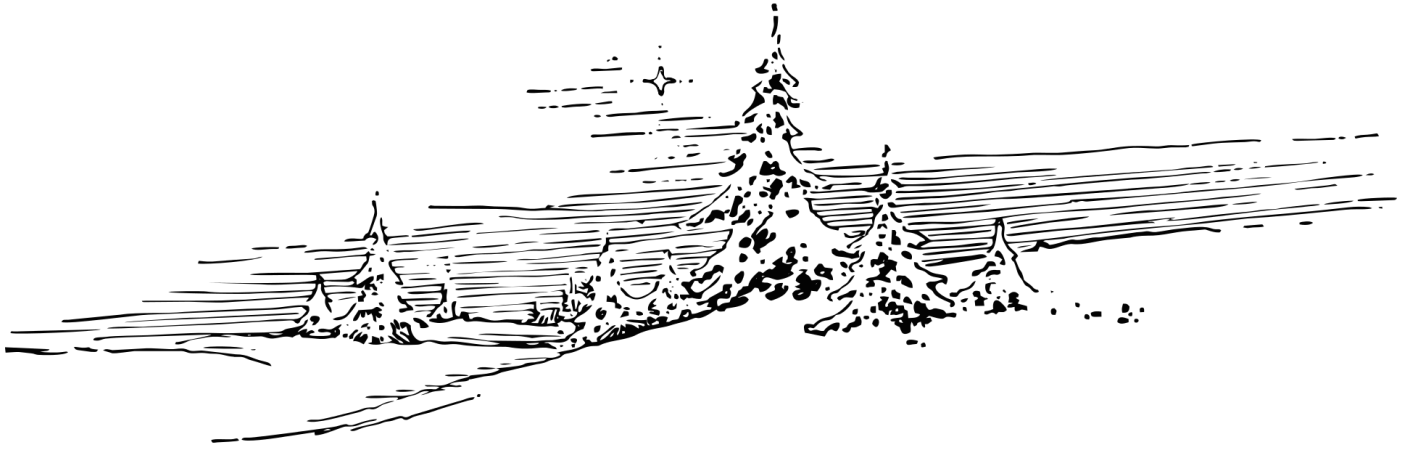


The page is framed by detailed black-and-white line drawings of oak leaves and branches. These branches enter from the corners and sides, creating a natural, leafy border around the central text.

Trees Are The Kindest Things I Know

by Unknown

Trees are the kindest things I know.
They do no harm. They simply grow.
And spread a shade for sleepy cows...
And gather birds among the boughs...
They are the first when day's begun
To touch the beams of morning sun...
They are the last to hold the light
When evening changes into night.
And when a moon floats in the sky
They hum a drowsy lullaby
Of sleepy children long ago.
Trees are the kindest things I know.



The Snow Man

by Wallace Stevens

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

Women

By Alice Walker

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You can access that poem [HERE](#)
or you can do a Google Image
search.

Goblin Feet

by Tolkien, 1916

I am off down the road
Where the fairy lanterns glowed
And the little pretty flutter-mice are flying;
A slender band of gray
It runs creepily away
And the hedges and the grasses are a-sighing.
The air is full of wings,
And of blundery beetle-things
That warn you with their whirring and their humming.
O! I hear the tiny horns
Of enchanted leprechauns
And the padded feet of many gnomes a-coming!
O! the lights! O! the gleams! O! the little twinkly sounds!
O! the rustle of their noiseless little robes!
O! the echo of their feet — of their happy little feet!
O! the swinging lamps in the starlit globes.

I must follow in their train
Down the crooked fairy lane
Where the coney-rabbits long ago have gone.
And where silvery they sing
In a moving moonlit ring
All a twinkle with the jewels they have on.
They are fading round the turn
Where the glow worms palely burn
And the echo of their padding feet is dying!
O! it's knocking at my heart—

Let me go! let me start!
For the little magic hours are all a-flying.
O! the warmth! O! the hum! O! the colors in the dark!
O! the gauzy wings of golden honey-flies!
O! the music of their feet — of their dancing goblin feet!
O! the magic! O! the sorrow when it dies.



Fight Them on the Beaches

Winston Churchill

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our Island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government—every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength. Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.





I Have a Dream

Martin Luther King Jr.

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You can access a copy here:

<https://www.archives.gov/files/press/exhibits/dream-speech.pdf>

You can watch the video of the speech here:

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