

CYCLE 4: MARVELS, MACHINES, & MODERN TIMES

---

*A Gentle Feast*

# *Morning Time*

*Option 1 Beauty Loop*



**Personal Use Only:** This document was purchased for your personal use only. Accordingly, you agree that you will not copy, reproduce, alter, modify, create derivative works, or publicly display any content from this work, except for personal, non-commercial use. For more information, email [julie@juliehross.com](mailto:julie@juliehross.com).

You may post pictures of your family using this product on social media and blogs, as long as A Gentle Feast is properly attributed.

**No Redistribution:** You may not reproduce, repackage, or redistribute the contents of these downloads, in whole or in part, for any reason.

**Modification of Terms:** I shall have the right to modify the terms of this Agreement at any time, which modification shall be effective immediately and shall replace all prior Agreements.

**You are more than welcome to:**

Save the files on your computer and print off copies for your immediate family use.

Link directly to <http://agentlefeast.com> to share these files with others.

Send this file to be printed by an online service.

**You MAY NOT:**

Host any of my files on your own or other sites.

Alter or sell any of my files.

Sell files to make a profit. This includes reselling.

Transmit or store any resources on any other website or other form of electronic retrieval system.

**All scripture verses taken from: The Holy Bible, English Standard Version® (ESV®)**

Copyright © 2001 by Crossway,

a publishing ministry of Good News Publishers.

All rights reserved.

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*



## *An Explanation of Forms in A Gentle Feast*

In Charlotte Mason's Parent's National Education Programmes, students were divided into Forms rather than our traditional American Grades or British Years. The benefit of this is great for families with multiple aged children, allowing for more shared learning among siblings. This also gives you, as the parent, more flexibility to select work that is up or down in other forms, depending on your child's (children's) educational needs and academic ability.

I have adjusted Miss Mason's forms into four groupings for greater simplicity.

The chart below explains the levels in **A Gentle Feast**. As you move through the cycles, you will follow the lesson plans for the form your child is in that current year.

	LOWER ELEMENTARY	UPPER ELEMENTARY	JUNIOR HIGH	SENIOR HIGH
AGF FORMS	I	II	III	IV
US GRADES	1-3	4-6	7-9	10-12
PNEU FORMS	I a and I b	II a and II b	III and IV	V and IV



# Table of Contents

6	MORNING TIME INTRO
10	TERM 1
36	TERM 2
62	TERM 3







*"There is no way of escape for parents; they must needs be as 'inspirers' to their children, because about them hangs, as its atmosphere about a planet the thought-environment of the child, from which he derives those enduring ideas which express themselves as a life-long 'appetency' towards things sordid or things lovely, things earthly or divine."*

*-Charlotte Mason, Parents and Children, p.37*



# What is morning time?

Morning Time is simply a focused, daily ritual that brings the entire family together to share in the feast of books, beauty, and Biblical truth. This practice builds a family culture around these shared experiences. In A Gentle Feast, morning time consists of two parts: Bible Time and a Beauty Loop. Suggested Bible Readings and memory verses are included. Weekly plans and poetry selections are given in this packet as well.

## WHAT ELSE DO I NEED TO PURCHASE?

1. Then Sings My Soul: 150 of the World's Greatest Hymn Stories by Robert Morgan (optional, you can find information on the hymns online)
2. Pick from the following Fables/Tales based on your child's age or just pick one level to read to all your children

### FORM I (GRADES 1-3)

Rootabaga Stories by Carl Sandburg

Fables by Arnold Lobel

### FORM II (GRADES 4-6)

The Wright Brothers by Quentin Reynolds

Teddy Roosevelt by Genevieve Foster

Stealing Home: The Story of Jackie Robinson by Denenbourg

### FORM III (GRADES 7-9)

Gifted Hands: The Ben Carson Story by Ben Carson

God Smuggler by Brother Andrew

### FORM IV (GRADES 10-12)

I am Malala by Malala Yousafzai

A Mighty Long Way My Journey to Justice at Little Rock Central High School by Carlotta Lanier

Churchill by Paul Johnson

## HOW LONG SHOULD MORNING TIME LAST?

This really depends on your family, but here is a general time frame. Bible Time - Readings and narrations (15 minutes), Prayer, Beauty Loop (5-20 minutes depending on the day. So in less than a half hour, your family can enjoy truth, beauty, and goodness together.

## Part 1: Bible

Gather the entire family for devotions, prayers, spiritual readings, or whatever else your family uses for religious studies. Four days of Bible readings are given. The other days can be specific to your denomination. You could include saint stories, catechism questions, missionary biographies, or habit-training, character-building lessons.





## HOW WAS BIBLE APPROACHED IN MISS MASON'S PROGRAMMES?

1. Bible readings are to come directly from the Bible and not a children's adaptation.

"We are apt to believe that children cannot be interested in the Bible unless its pages be watered down- turned into the slipshod English we prefer to offer them.... It is a mistake to use paraphrases of the text; the fine roll of Bible English appeals to children with a compelling music, and they will probably retain through life their first conception of the Bible scenes, and also, the very words in which these scenes are portrayed,"- Charlotte Mason, Home Education, p. 248-49

2. By age nine, children will have read "the simple (and suitable) narrative portions of the Old Testament, and say, two of the gospels," - Charlotte Mason, Home Education, p. 249

3. Episodes are read and the children narrate these.

"Read aloud to the children a few verses covering, if possible, an episode. Read reverently, carefully, and with just expression. Then require the children to narrate what they have listened to as nearly as possible in the words of the the Bible." - Charlotte Mason, Home Education, p. 251

4. After narrations, the teacher can emphasize points from the lesson.

" Before the close of the lesson, the teacher brings out such new thoughts of God or new points of behavior as the reading has afforded, emphasizing the moral or religious lesson to be learnt rather by a reverent and sympathetic manner than by any attempt at personal application." - Charlotte Mason, A Philosophy of Education, p. 163

5. Older students were to read through the entire Old Testament on their own. They would also read the NT, pairing Miss Mason's Savior of the World poetry

collection with the Bible passages. The Epistles and Revelation were saved until the end of high school.

6. Bible recitations help children memorize larger passages of scripture in a natural manner.

"The learning by heart of Bible passages should begin while the children are quite young, six or seven.....The whole parable should be read to them in a way to bring out its beauty and tenderness; and then, day by day, the teacher should recite a short passage, perhaps two or three verses, saying it over some three or four times until the children think they know it. Then, but not before, let them recite the passage. Next day the children will recite what they have already learned, and so on, until they are able to say the whole parable." - Charlotte Mason, Home Education, p. 253

## HOW IS THE BIBLE APPROACHED IN A GENTLE FEAST?

In A Gentle Feast, Bible is done as a family in Morning Time. A four- year rotation is given that covers episodes in the Old and New Testament in chronological order. This is similar to what Miss Mason recommended. In addition, the Psalms and Proverbs are read through as it is the author's belief that the rich language and deep truths greatly benefit students. Older students are encouraged to have personal devotions before school reading through the remainder of the Bible. Study Bibles, commentaries, and inductive studies can help older students understand what they are reading. You can access the four- year Bible rotation on the Membership page. Longer portions of scripture are memorized by and by like Miss Mason recommended. The same verse is learned over a twelve week period.



# Part 2: Beauty Subjects

If options are provided, do the first option during your first time through the cycle, and the second option during your second time through.

## 1. PICTURE STUDY OR COMPOSER STUDY

### *Steps to a Picture Study*

In Home Education (pages 310-311), Miss Mason gives these steps for a "Picture-Talk"

Objects:

1. To continue the series of Landseer's pictures the children are taking in school.
2. To increase their interest in Landseer's works.
3. To show the importance of his acquaintance with animals.
4. To help them to read a picture truly.
5. To increase their powers of attention and observation.

She goes on to explain in detail:

**Step I.**—Ask the children if they remember what their last picture-talk was about, and what artist was famous for animal-painting. Tell them Landseer was acquainted with animals when he was quite young; he had dogs for pets, and because he loved them he studied them and their habits—so was able to paint them.

**Step II.**—Give them the picture 'Alexander and Diogenes' to look at, and ask them to find out all they can about it themselves, and to think what idea the artist had in his mind, and what idea or ideas he meant his picture to convey to us.

**Step III.**—After three or four minutes, take the picture away and see what the children have noticed. Then ask them what the different dogs suggest to them; the strength of the mastiff representing Alexander; the dignity and stateliness of the bloodhounds in his rear; the look of the wise counselor on the face of the setter; the rather contemptuous look of the rough-haired terrier in the tub. Ask the children if they have noticed anything in the picture which shows the time of day: for example, the tools thrown down by the side of the workman's basket suggesting the mid-day meal; and the bright sunshine on the dogs who cast a shadow on the tub shows it must be somewhere about noon.

**Step IV.**—Let them read the title, and tell any facts they know about Alexander and Diogenes; then tell them Alexander was a great conqueror who lived B.C. 356-323, famous for the battles he won against Persia, India, and along the coast of the Mediterranean. He was very proud, strong, and boastful. Diogenes was a cynic philosopher. Explain cynic, illustrating by the legend of Alexander and Diogenes; and from it find out which dog represents Alexander and which Diogenes.

**Step V.**—Let the children draw the chief lines of the picture, in five minutes, with a pencil and paper.

### *Composer Study*

On the first day of the term, read the composer biography ahead of time and paraphrase it for your children. You can also read the optional composer biography book a little bit each time or listen to the podcast from **Classics for Kids** (linked in the Resources if available). Links to the musical selections are provided in the Resources. Each week, you will simply listen to and enjoy the piece.



## DAY 2: POETRY RECITATION

Students will recite the poems included in their student packet. Form IV students have speeches/Shakespeare. Each poem is listed for 4-6 weeks, but work at your child's pace. Have your child focus on speaking eloquently. They may memorize the poem by and by, but the focus of recitation is on speaking clearly and with emotion. Poetry selections are given in the student packet for each level.

"She told me that her niece could repeat to me any of those poems that I liked to ask for, and that she had never learnt a single verse by heart in her life. The girl did repeat several of the poems on the list, quite beautifully and without hesitation; and then the lady unfolded her secret. She thought she had made a discovery, and I thought so too. She read a poem through to E.; then the next day, while the little girl was making a doll's frock, perhaps, she read it again; once again the next day, while E.'s hair was being brushed. She got in about six or more readings, according to the length of the poem, at odd and unexpected times, and in the end E. could say the poem which she had not learned. "I have tried the plan often since, and found it effectual. The child must not try to recollect or to say the verse over to himself, but, as far as may be, present an open mind to receive an impression of interest. Half a dozen repetitions should give children possession of such poems as—'Dolly and Dick,' 'Do you ask what the birds say?' 'Little lamb, who made thee?' and the like" (Vol. 1, pp. 224, 225)

## DAY 3: POET STUDY

During this time, you will read a selection from the term's poet. Poems are included in the Morning Time Packet. In the Green Year, the poems are from Elizabethan era. If you only have a Form I child, they may be too intense. You can substitute selections from the book, *Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*, edited by Jan Carr, or *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Each

year's poets correspond to the time period studied each year.

"Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feelings, reviews the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and softest feelings, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life." - William E. Channing

## DAY 4: FABLES AND HERO TALES/ BIOGRAPHIES

Read these to your Form I children during this time. Older students can read independently. Forms III and IV will probably need to find additional time to finish their weekly readings other than morning time. If you prefer, you can choose just one fables book to read to the entire family.

## DAY 5: HYMN

Read the background information in [Then Sings My Soul](#). You can use the lyrics from the book or find them in the morning packet. I recommend making a copy of the lyrics for each child. Sing through this hymn for six weeks during this loop time. Hymns are chosen to correspond with the time period being studied. Hymns links are provided in the membership.






# MORNING TIME

*Term 1*





# TERM 1

## BIBLE

## MEMORY

## PASSAGE

### *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.



# TERM 1 PLANS

BIBLE	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 3	WEEK 4	WEEK 5	WEEK 6
DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT	Romans 1: 1-17	Romans 8:1-17	Romans 8: 18-39	Romans 12:1-21	1 Corinthians 1	1 Corinthians 2
DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT	1 Kings 1:1-27	1 Kings 1:28-53	1 Kings 2:1-12	1 Kings 3	1 Kings 5	1 Kings 7:51, 8:1-21
DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS	Psalms 109	Psalms 110	Psalms 111	Psalms 112	Psalms 113	Psalms 114
DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS	Proverbs 23:1-16	Proverbs 23:17-35	Proverbs 24:1-22	Proverbs 24:23-34	Proverbs 25:1-15	Proverbs 25:16-28
DAY 5 CHOICE						
BIBLE MEMORY	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23
OPTIONAL MIDDLE/HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING	Ezra 1-4 Romans 9	Ezra 5-10 Romans 10	Nehemiah 1-4 Romans 11	Nehemiah 5-8 Romans 12	Nehemiah 9-13 Romans 13	Esther 1-3 Romans 14
BEAUTY LOOP:	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 3	WEEK 4	WEEK 5	WEEK 6
HYMN STUDY	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee	Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee
POETRY RECITATION FORM I	After a Bath by Aileen Fisher	After a Bath by Aileen Fisher	After a Bath by Aileen Fisher	After a Bath by Aileen Fisher	I am a Polar Bear Tuttle	I am a Polar Bear Tuttle
POETRY RECITATION FORM III	My Shadow	My Shadow	My Shadow	My Shadow	My Friends (brown)	My Friends (brown)
POETRY RECITATION FORM III	Caged Bird	Caged Bird	Caged Bird	Caged Bird	Arithmetic	Arithmetic
POETRY RECITATION FORM IV	The Unknown Soldier	The Unknown Soldier	The Unknown Soldier	The Unknown Soldier	The Unknown Soldier	The Unknown Soldier
PICTURE/COMPOSER STUDY	Pablo Picasso	Gershwin Biography	Boy with a Dog	An American in Paris	Bowl of Fruit, Violin, and Bottle	I've Got Rhythm
POET STUDY	Sarah Teasdale Biography *For mom only	Wishes	A Winter Blue Jay	The Sea Wind	Dusk in Autumn	The Cloud
FABLES/TALES FORM I	Rootabaga Stories Story 1	Rootabaga Stories Story 2	Rootabaga Stories Story 3	Rootabaga Stories Story 4	Rootabaga Stories Story 5	Rootabaga Stories Story 6
FABLES/TALES FORM II	The Wright Brothers Ch.1	The Wright Brothers Ch.2	The Wright Brothers Ch.3	The Wright Brothers Ch.4	The Wright Brothers Ch.5	The Wright Brothers Ch.6
FABLES/TALES FORM III	Gifted Hands: Ch.1	Gifted Hands: Ch.2	Gifted Hands: Ch.3	Gifted Hands: Ch.4	Gifted Hands: Ch.5	Gifted Hands: Ch.6
FABLES/BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV	Churchill: Ch.1	Churchill: Ch.2	Churchill: Ch.3 (half)	Churchill: Ch.3 (half)	Churchill: Ch.4	Churchill: Ch.5

# TERM 1 PLANS

BIBLE	WEEK 7	WEEK 8	WEEK 9	WEEK 10	WEEK 11	WEEK 12
<b>DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT</b>	1 Corinthians 13	Galatians 5	Ephesians 1	Ephesians 2: 1-10	Ephesians 6:10-20	Col. 3:1-17, 4:2-6
<b>DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT</b>	1 Kings 8: 22-61	1 Kings 9: 1-9, 10:1-10	1 Kings 11:9-13, 26-40	1 Kings 12	1 Kings 17	1 Kings 18:16-46
<b>DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS</b>	Psalms 115	Psalms 116	Psalms 117	Psalms 118	Psalms 119	Psalms 120
<b>DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS</b>	Proverbs 26:1-13	Proverbs 26:14-28	Proverbs 27:1-14	Proverbs 27:15-27	Proverbs 28:1-12	Proverbs 28:13-28
<b>DAY 5 CHOICE</b>						
<b>BIBLE MEMORY</b>	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23	Psalms 23
<b>OPTIONAL MIDDLE/ HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING</b>	Esther 4-6 Romans 15	Esther 7-10 Romans 16	Isaiah 1-3 1 Corinthians 1-2	Isaiah 4-6 1 Corinthians 3-4	Isaiah 7-9 1 Corinthians 5-6	Isaiah 10-12 1 Corinthians 7-8
BEAUTY LOOP:	WEEK 7	WEEK 8	WEEK 9	WEEK 10	WEEK 11	WEEK 12
<b>HYMN STUDY</b>	Our Great Savior	Our Great Savior	Our Great Savior	Our Great Savior	Our Great Savior	Our Great Savior
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM I</b>	I am Polar Bear	I am Polar Bear	If I Were an Apple	If I Were an Apple	If I Were an Apple	If I Were an Apple
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM II</b>	My Friends (brown)	My Friends (brown)	Loviest of Trees, the Cherry Now	Loviest of Trees, the Cherry Now	Loviest of Trees, the Cherry Now	Loviest of Trees, the Cherry Now
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM III</b>	Arithmetic	Arithmetic	Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening	Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening	Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening	Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM IV</b>	The Exposed Nest	The Exposed Nest	The Exposed Nest	The Exposed Nest	The Exposed Nest	The Exposed Nest
<b>PICTURE/ COMPOSER STUDY</b>	Rhapsody in Blue	Wash Day	Porgy and Bess	Apple butter Making	Three Preludes	Waiting for Christmas
<b>POET STUDY</b>	The Star	To Rose	Thoughts	The Fountain	Barter	In A Carpenter's Shop
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM I</b>	Rootabaga Stories Story 7	Rootabaga Stories Story 8	Rootabaga Stories Story 9	Rootabaga Stories Story 10	Rootabaga Stories Story 11	Rootabaga Stories Story 12
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM II</b>	The Wright Brothers Ch.7	The Wright Brothers Ch.8	The Wright Brothers Ch.9	The Wright Brothers Ch.10	The Wright Brothers Ch.11	The Wright Brothers Ch.12
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM III</b>	Gifted Hands: Ch.1	Gifted Hands: Ch.2	Gifted Hands: Ch.3	Gifted Hands: Ch.4	Gifted Hands: Ch.5	Gifted Hands: Ch.6
<b>FABLES/ BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV</b>	Churchill: Ch.6 half	Churchill: Ch. 7 half	Churchill: Ch. 7 half	epilogue	-----	exam questions



# 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



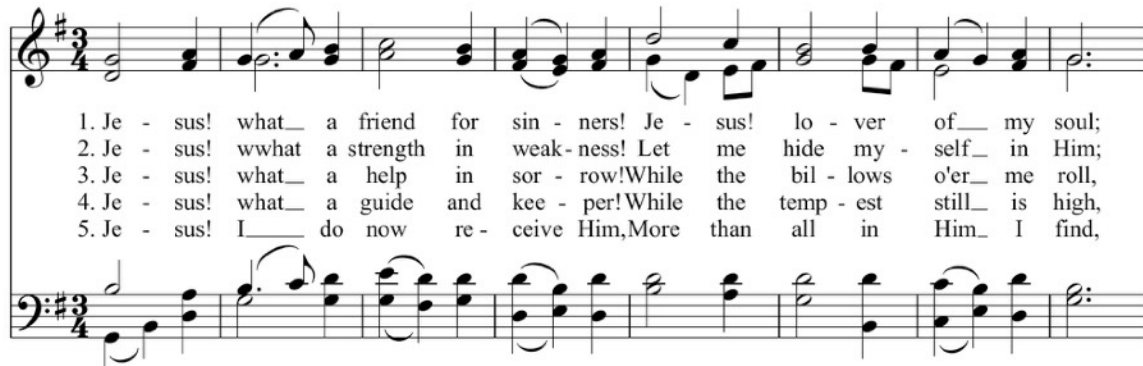
87 87D  
 HYMN TO JOY  
[www.hymnary.org/text/joyful\\_joyful\\_we\\_adore\\_the](http://www.hymnary.org/text/joyful_joyful_we_adore_the)

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit *Hymnary.org* as the source.

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! wwhat 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](http://www.hymnary.org/text/jesus_what_a_friend_for_sinners)

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit *Hymnary.org* as the source.



# Poems for Recitation

## RECITATION

### *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!"



# RECITATION

## *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.



# RECITATION

## *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.







# RECITATION

## *Caged Bird*

by Maya Angelou

**This poem is not in the public domain. You can print out your own copy here:**

[https://  
www.poetryfoundation.org/  
poems/48989/caged-bird](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48989/caged-bird)

## *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?



## *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.





# RECITATION

## *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."



# RECITATION

## *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.

# COMPOSER STUDY

*George Gershwin*



See online resources for biography and playlist.

# ARTIST PICTURE STUDY

*Pablo Picasso*



See online resources for biography.



Picasso. *Boy with a Dog*, C.1905



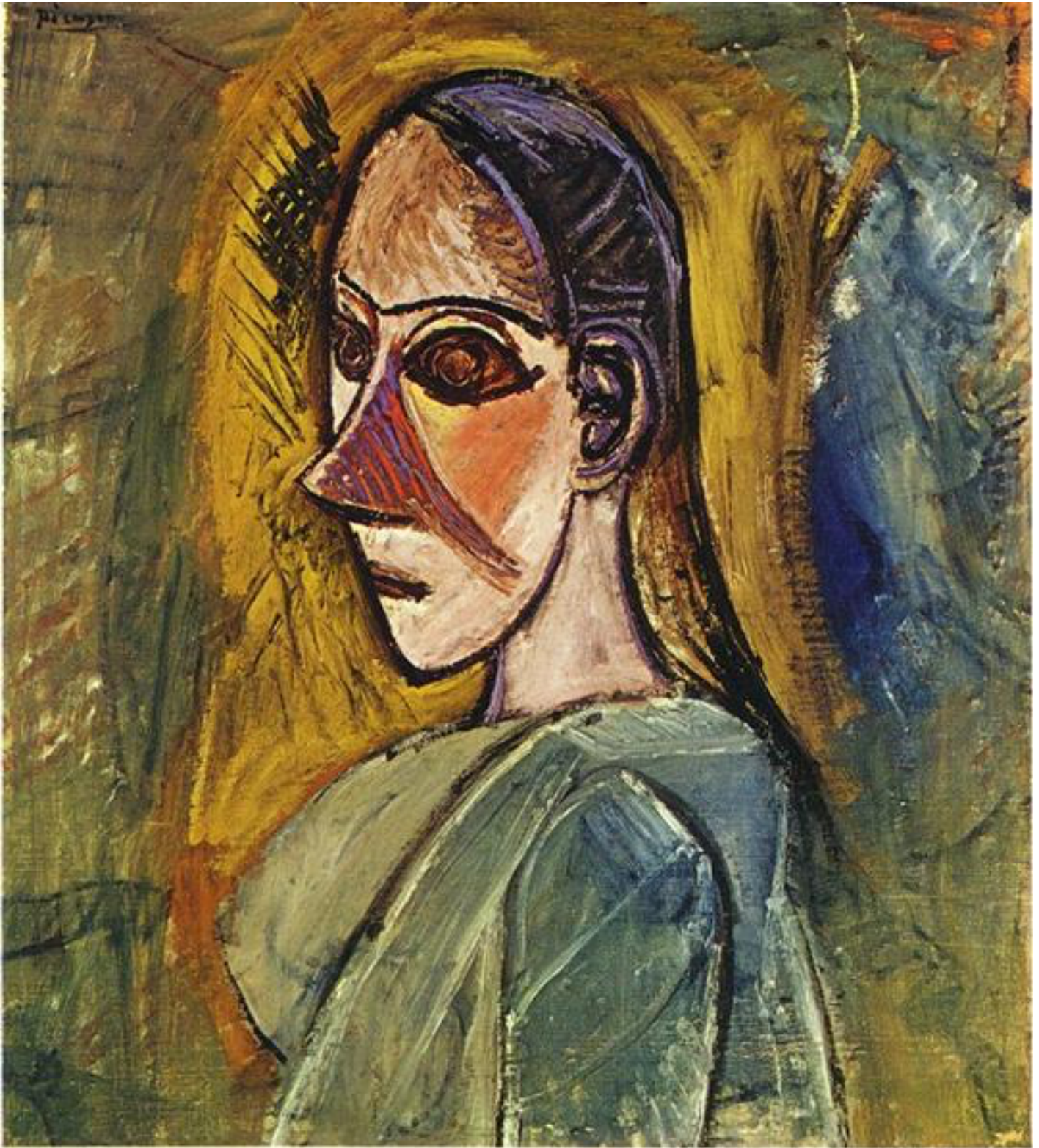


Picasso. *Guitar, Bottle, and Fruit Bowl*, C.1921



Picasso. *The Old Blind Guitarist*, c. 1903





Picasso. *Bust of a Young Woman from Avingon*, C.1907



Picasso. *Three Musicians*, C. 1921





Picasso. *Le Gourmet*, C. 1901

# POETRY FROM SARA TEASDALE

## *Wishes*

I wish for such a lot of things  
That never will come true--  
And yet I want them all so much  
I think they might, don't you?

I want a little kitty-cat  
That's soft and tame and sweet,  
And every day I watch and hope  
I'll find one in the street.

But nursie says, "Come, walk along,  
"Don't stand and stare like that"--  
I'm only looking hard and hard  
To try to find my cat.

And then I want a blue balloon  
That tries to fly away,  
I thought if I wished hard enough  
That it would come some day.

One time when I was in the park  
I knew that it would be  
Beside the big old clock at home  
A-waiting there for me--

And soon as we got home again,  
I hurried through the hall,  
And looked beside the big old clock--  
It wasn't there at all.  
I think I'll never wish again--  
But then, what shall I do?  
The wishes are a lot of fun  
Although they don't come true.

## *A Winter Blue Jay*

Crisply the bright snow whispered,  
Crunching beneath our feet;  
Behind us as we walked along the parkway,  
Our shadows danced,  
Fantastic shapes in vivid blue.  
Across the lake the skaters  
Flew to and fro,  
With sharp turns weaving  
A frail invisible net.  
In ecstasy the earth  
Drank the silver sunlight;  
In ecstasy the skaters  
Drank the wine of speed;  
In ecstasy we laughed  
Drinking the wine of love.  
Had not the music of our joy  
Sounded its highest note?  
But no,  
For suddenly, with lifted eyes you said,  
"Oh look!"  
There, on the black bough of a snow flecked maple,  
Fearless and gay as our love,  
A bluejay cocked his crest!  
Oh who can tell the range of joy  
Or set the bounds of beauty?



## *The Sea Wind*

I am a pool in a peaceful place,  
I greet the great sky face to face,  
I know the stars and the stately moon  
And the wind that runs with rippling shoon--  
But why does it always bring to me  
The far-off, beautiful sound of the sea?

The marsh-grass weaves me a wall of green,  
But the wind comes whispering in between,  
In the dead of night when the sky is deep  
The wind comes waking me out of sleep--  
Why does it always bring to me  
The far-off, terrible call of the sea?

## *Dusk in Autumn*

The moon is like a scimitar,  
A little silver scimitar,  
A-drifting down the sky.  
And near beside it is a star,  
A timid twinkling golden star,  
That watches likes an eye.

And thro' the nursery window-pane  
The witches have a fire again,  
Just like the ones we make,—  
And now I know they're having tea,  
I wish they'd give a cup to me,  
With witches' currant cake.

## *The Cloud*

I am a cloud in the heaven's height,  
The stars are lit for my delight,  
Tireless and changeful, swift and free,  
I cast my shadow on hill and sea--  
But why do the pines on the mountain's crest  
Call to me always, "Rest, rest?"

I throw my mantle over the moon  
And I blind the sun on his throne at noon,  
Nothing can tame me, nothing can bind,  
I am a child of the heartless wind--  
But oh the pines on the mountain's crest  
Whispering always, "Rest, rest."



### *"Stars"*

Alone in the night  
On a dark hill  
With pines around me  
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars  
Over my head  
White and topaz  
And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
Hearts of fire  
The aeons  
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven  
Like a great hill  
I watch them marching  
Stately and still.

And I know that I  
Am honored to be  
Witness  
Of so much majesty.

### *To Rose*

Rose, when I remember you,  
Little lady, scarcely two,  
I am suddenly aware  
Of the angels in the air.  
All your softly gracious ways  
Make an island in my days  
Where my thoughts fly back to be  
Sheltered from too strong a sea.  
All your luminous delight  
Shines before me in the night  
When I grope for sleep and find  
Only shadows in my mind.

Rose, when I remember you,  
White and glowing, pink and new,  
With so swift a sense of fun  
Altho' life has just begun;  
With so sure a pride of place  
In your very infant face,  
I should like to make a prayer  
To the angels in the air:  
"If an angel ever brings  
Me a baby in her wings,  
Please be certain that it grows  
Very, very much like Rose."

### *Thoughts*

When I am all alone  
Envy me most,  
Then my thoughts flutter round me  
In a glimmering host;

Some dressed in silver,  
Some dressed in white,  
Each like a taper  
Blossoming light;

Most of them merry,  
Some of them grave,  
Each of them lithe  
As willows that wave;

Some bearing violets,  
Some bearing bay,  
One with a burning rose  
Hidden away —

When I am all alone  
Envy me then,  
For I have better friends  
Than women and men.



## *The Fountain*

Oh in the deep blue night  
The fountain sang alone;  
It sang to the drowsy heart  
Of a satyr carved in stone.  
The fountain sang and sang  
But the satyr never stirred—  
Only the great white moon  
In the empty heaven heard.  
The fountain sang and sang  
And on the marble rim  
The milk-white peacocks slept,  
Their dreams were strange and dim.  
Bright dew was on the grass,  
And on the ilex dew,  
The dreamy milk-white birds  
Were all a-glisten too.  
The fountain sang and sang  
The things one cannot tell,  
The dreaming peacocks stirred  
And the gleaming dew-drops fell.

## *Barter*

Life has loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring fire that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be.







### *In the Carpenter's Shop*

Mary sat in the corner dreaming,  
Dim was the room and low,  
While in the dusk, the saw went screaming  
To and fro.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,  
Mary was watching them,  
Thinking of kings in the wintry weather  
At Bethlehem.

Mary sat in the corner thinking,  
Jesus had grown a man;  
One by one her hopes were sinking  
As the years ran.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,  
Mary's thoughts were far--  
Angels sang in the wintry weather  
Under a star.

Mary sat in the corner weeping,  
Bitter and hot her tears--  
Little faith were the angels keeping  
All the years.



# Term 2







## TERM 2

# BIBLE MEMORY PASSAGE

### *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.



# TERM 2 PLANS

BIBLE	WEEK 13	WEEK 14	WEEK 15	WEEK 16	WEEK 17	WEEK 18
<b>DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT</b>	1 Thess 1 and 2	1 Thess 3, 4:9-12	1 Thess 5	1 Timothy 1	1 Timothy 2	1 Timothy 6
<b>DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT</b>	1 Kings 19	2 Kings 2	2 Kings 4:1-37	2 Kings 5	2 Kings 17:1-23	2 Kings 18
<b>DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS</b>	Psalms 121	Psalms 122	Psalms 123	Psalms 124	Psalms 125	Psalms 126
<b>DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS</b>	Proverbs 29:1-14	Proverbs 29:15-27	Proverbs 30:1-14	Proverbs 30:15-33	Proverbs 31	Ecclesiastes 1
<b>DAY 5 CHOICE</b>						
<b>BIBLE MEMORY</b>	Isaiah 9	Isaiah 9	Isaiah 9	Isaiah 9	Isaiah 9	Isaiah 9
<b>OPTIONAL MIDDLE/HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING</b>	Isaiah 13-15 1 Corinthians 9-10	Isaiah 16-18 1 Corinthians 11-12	Isaiah 19-21 1 Corinthians 13-14	Isaiah 22-24 1 Corinthians 15-16	Isaiah 25-27 2 Corinthians 1-2	Isaiah 28-30 2 Corinthians 3-4
<b>BEAUTY LOOP:</b>	<b>WEEK 13</b>	<b>WEEK 14</b>	<b>WEEK 15</b>	<b>WEEK 16</b>	<b>WEEK 17</b>	<b>WEEK 18</b>
<b>HYMN STUDY</b>	I Surrender All	I Surrender All	I Surrender All	I Surrender All	I Surrender All	I Surrender All
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM I</b>	The Rainbow Fairies (Hadley)	The Rainbow Fairies (Hadley)	The Rainbow Fairies (Hadley)	The Rainbow Fairies (Hadley)	A Smile	A Smile
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM II</b>	The Sugar Plum Tree Field	The Sugar Plum Tree Field	The Sugar Plum Tree Field	The Sugar Plum Tree Field	Christmas Carol (Chesterston)	Christmas Carol (Chesterston)
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM III</b>	The Hunting of the Dragon	The Hunting of the Dragon	The Hunting of the Dragon	The Hunting of the Dragon	The Hunting of the Dragon	The Hunting of the Dragon
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM IV</b>	Lady Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	Lady Macbeth
<b>PICTURE/COMPOSER STUDY</b>	Kandinski Biography*	Copeland Biography*	Squares with Cocentric Circles	Variations on a Shaker Melody	Red Yellow Blue	Rodeo
<b>POET STUDY</b>	Carl Sandburg Biography*	languages	Jazz Fantasia	Backyard	Young Sea	Arithmetic
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM I</b>	Rootabaga Stories Story 13	Rootabaga Stories Story 14	Rootabaga Stories Story 15	Rootabaga Stories Story 16	Rootabaga Stories Story 17	Rootabaga Stories Story 18
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM II</b>	The Wright Brothers: Ch.13	The Wright Brothers: Ch.14	The Wright Brothers: Ch.15	The Wright Brothers: Ch.16-17	The Wright Brothers: Ch.18-19	The Wright Brothers: Ch.20
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM III</b>	Gifted Hands: Ch.12-13	Gifted Hands: Ch.14-15	Gifted Hands: Ch.16-17	Gifted Hands: Ch.18-19	Gifted Hands: Ch.20-21	God Smuggler: Ch.1
<b>FABLES/ BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV</b>	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.1 *You may want to black out the swear word on page 8.	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.2	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.3	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.4	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.5	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.6

\* see resources

# TERM 2 PLANS

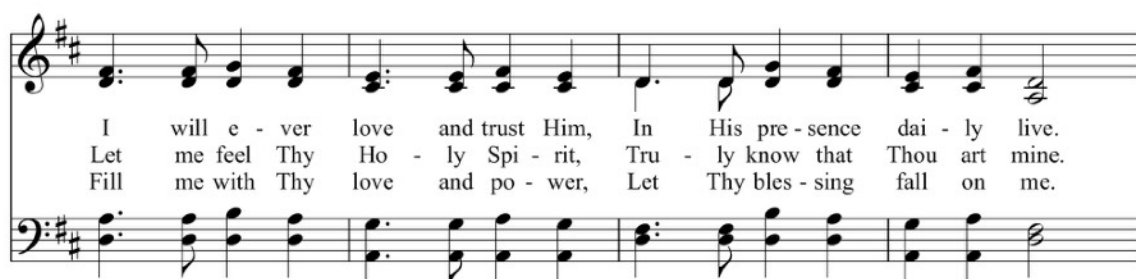
BIBLE	WEEK 19	WEEK 20	WEEK 21	WEEK 22	WEEK 23	WEEK 24
<b>DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT</b>	2 Timothy 1 and 2	2 Timothy 3 and 4	Titus	Hebrews 1	Hebrews 2	Hebrews 3
<b>DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT</b>	2 Kings 19	2 Kings 20	2 Kings 22	2 Kings 23:1-30	2 Kings 24:1-17	2 Kings 25:8-21
<b>DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS</b>	Psalms 127	Psalms 128	Psalms 129	Psalms 130	Psalms 131	Psalms 132
<b>DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS</b>	Ecclesiastes 2:1-16	Eccl 2:17-26	Ecclesiastes 3:1-14	Ecclesiastes 3:15-22	Ecclesiastes 4	-----
<b>DAY 5 CHOICE</b>						
<b>BIBLE MEMORY</b>	Isaiah 9:2-7	Isaiah 9:2-7	Isaiah 9:2-7	Isaiah 9:2-7	Isaiah 9:2-7	Isaiah 9:2-7
<b>OPTIONAL MIDDLE/ HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING</b>	Isaiah 31-33 2 Corinthians 5-6	Isaiah 34-36 2 Corinthians 7-8	Isaiah 37-39 2 Corinthians 9-10	Isaiah 40-42 Corinthians 11	Isaiah 43-45 2 Corinthians 12	Isaiah 46-48 2 Corinthians 13
BEAUTY LOOP:	WEEK 19	WEEK 20	WEEK 21	WEEK 22	WEEK 23	WEEK 24
<b>HYMN STUDY</b>	This is My Father's World	This is My Father's World	This is My Father's World	This is My Father's World	This is My Father's World	This is My Father's World
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM I</b>	A Smile	A Smile	A Happy Child	A Happy Child	A Happy Child	A Happy Child
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM II</b>	Christmas Carol (Chesterston)	Christmas Carol (Chesterston)	Sea Fever John Masefield	Sea Fever John Masefield	Sea Fever John Masefield	Sea Fever John Masefield
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM III</b>	The Soldier	The Soldier	The Soldier	The Soldier	The Soldier	The Soldier
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM IV</b>	Prospero	Prospero	Prospero	Prospero	Prospero	Prospero
<b>PICTURE/COMPOSER STUDY</b>	Lady in Moscow	The Promise of Living	Russian Beauty in a Landscape	Our Town	Black Frame	Lincoln Portrait
<b>POET STUDY</b>	Prayers of Steel	At A Window	Blue Island Intersection	Buffalo Bill	Fog	Shenandoah
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM I</b>	Rootabaga Stories Story 19	Rootabaga Stories Story 20	Rootabaga Stories Story 21	Rootabaga Stories Story 22	Rootabaga Stories Story 23	Rootabaga Stories Story 24
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM II</b>	Bully for You: Ch. 1	Bully for You: Ch. 2	Bully for You: Ch. 3	Bully for You: Ch. 4	Bully for You: Ch. 5-6	Bully for You: Ch. 7
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM III</b>	God Smuggler: Ch.2	God Smuggler: Ch.3	God Smuggler: Ch.4	God Smuggler: Ch.5	God Smuggler: Ch.6	Exam Questions
<b>FABLES/BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV</b>	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.7	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.8	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.9 *You may want to black out the swear word on page 166.	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.10	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.11	A Mighty Long Way: Ch.12



# I Surrender All



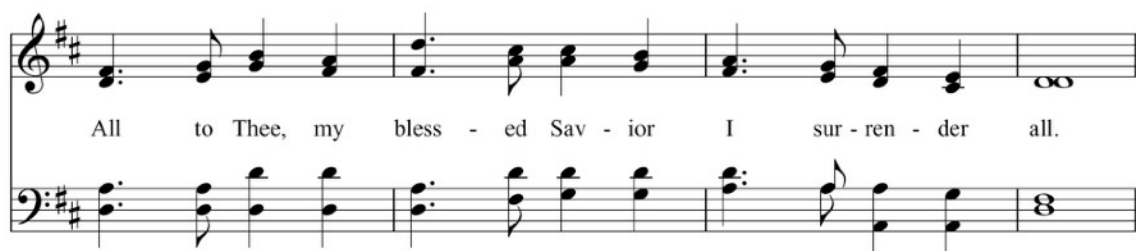
1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;  
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make my, Sa - vior, whol - ly Thine;  
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;



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



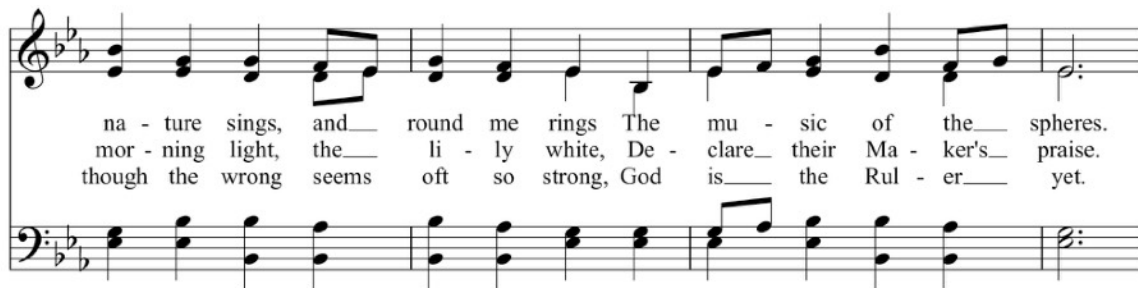
87 87 Refrain  
 SURRENDER  
[www.hymnary.org/text/all\\_to\\_jesus\\_i\\_surrender](http://www.hymnary.org/text/all_to_jesus_i_surrender)

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit *Hymnary.org* as the source.

# This Is My Father's World



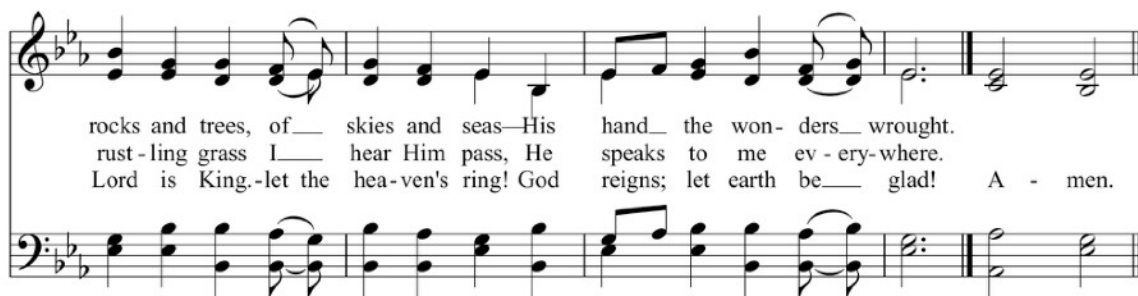
1 This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my list' - ning ears All  
 2 This is my Fa - ther's world: The birds their ca - rols raise, The  
 3 This is my Fa - ther's world: O let me ne'er for - get That



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](http://www.hymnary.org/text/this_is_my_fathers_world_and_to_my)

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.



# Poems for Recitation

## *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.



# RECITATION

## *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*

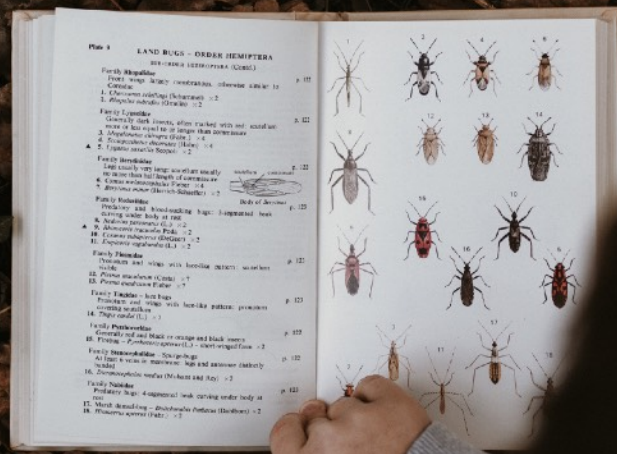
by John Masefield

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.





# RECITATION

## *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.

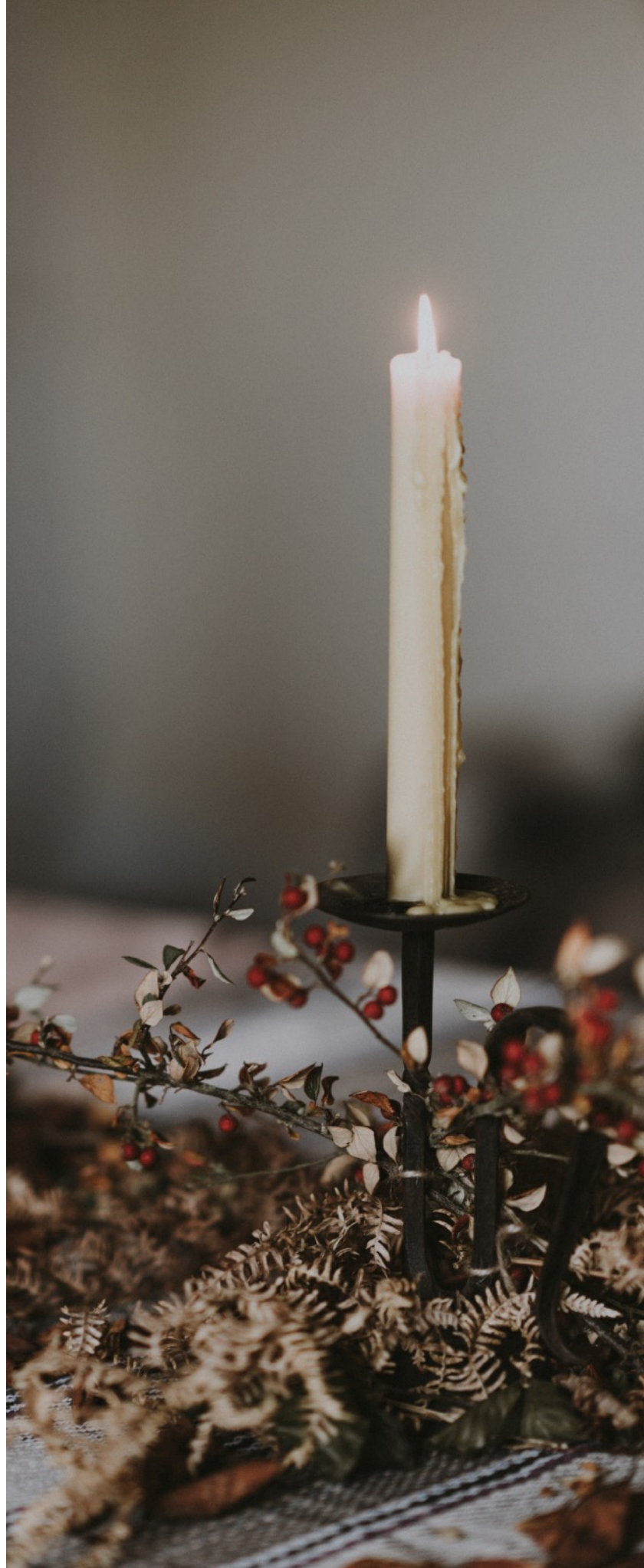
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.



# RECITATION

## *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.





# RECITATION

## *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.



# COMPOSER STUDY

*Aaron Copland*



See online resources for biography and playlist.

# ARTIST PICTURE STUDY

*Wassily Kandinsky*



See online resources for biography.



Kandinsky. *Color Study: Squares with Concentric Circles*, C.1913



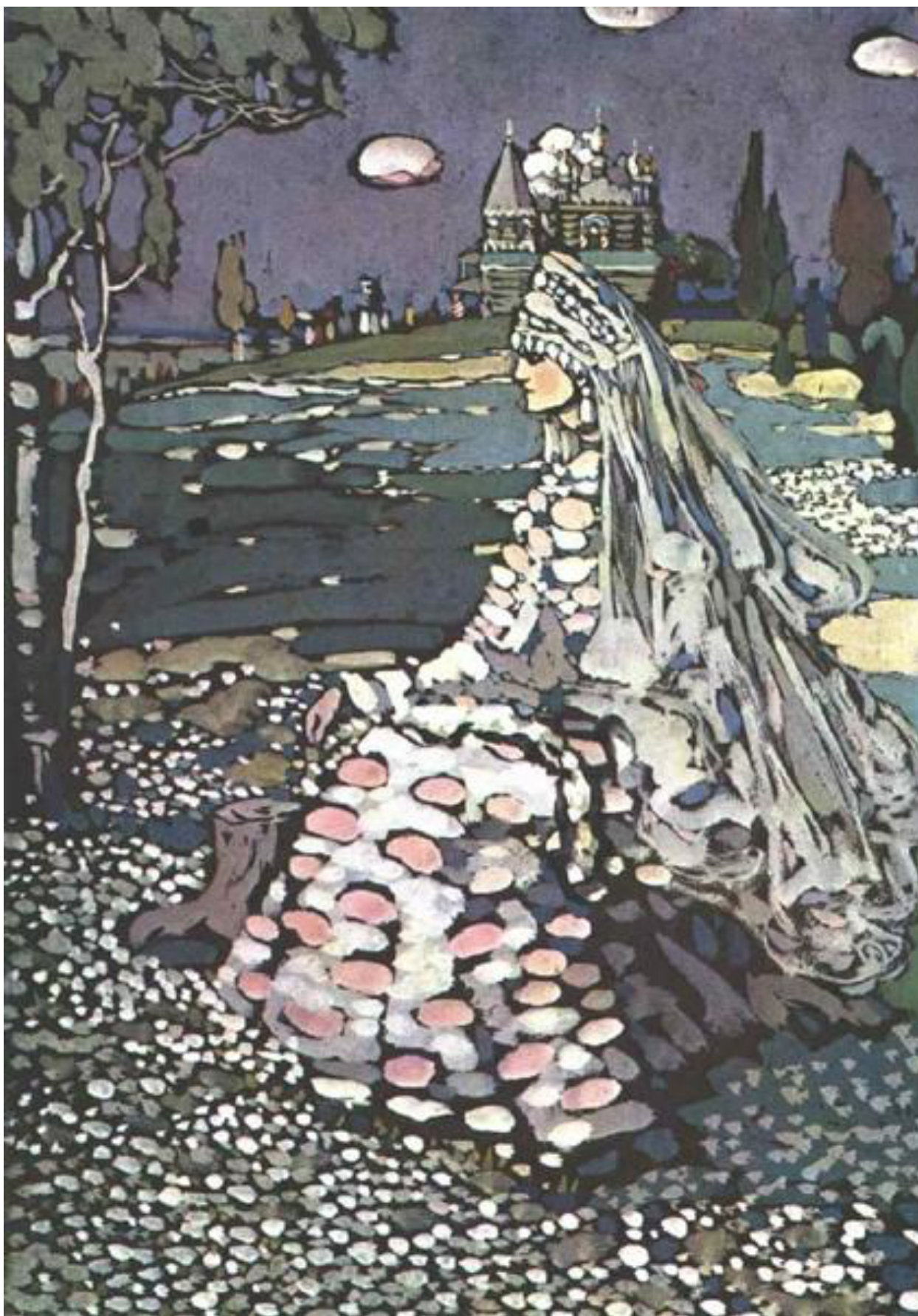


Kandinsky. *Red-Yellow-Blue*, C. 1925



Kandinsky. *Lady in Moscow*, C. 1912





Kandinsky. *Russian Beauty in a Landscape*, C. 1905






Kandinsky. *Black Frame*, C. 1922





Kandinsky. *Bedroom in Aintmillerstrasse*, C.1909



# POETRY BY CARL SANDBURG

## *Languages*

THERE are no handles upon a language  
Whereby men take hold of it  
And mark it with signs for its remembrance.  
It is a river, this language,  
Once in a thousand years  
Breaking a new course  
Changing its way to the ocean.  
It is mountain effluvia  
Moving to valleys  
And from nation to nation  
Crossing borders and mixing.  
Languages die like rivers.  
Words wrapped round your tongue today  
And broken to shape of thought  
Between your teeth and lips speaking  
Now and today  
Shall be faded hieroglyphics  
Ten thousand years from now.  
Sing—and singing—remember  
Your song dies and changes  
And is not here to-morrow  
Any more than the wind  
Blowing ten thousand years ago.

## *Jazz Fantasia*

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,  
sob on the long cool winding saxophones.  
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy  
tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-  
husha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome treetops,  
moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible, cry like a  
racing car slipping away from a motorcycle cop, bang-bang!  
you jazzmen, bang altogether drums, traps, banjos, horns,  
tin cans — make two people fight on the top of a stairway  
and scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down  
the stairs.

Can the rough stuff . . . now a Mississippi steamboat pushes  
up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . . and the green  
lanterns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon rides  
on the humps of the low river hills . . . go to it, O jazzmen.



## *Backyard*

Shine on, O moon of summer.  
Shine to the leaves of grass, catalpa and oak,  
All silver under your rain to-night.

An Italian boy is sending songs to you to-night from an accordion.  
A Polish boy is out with his best girl; they marry next month;  
to-night they are throwing you kisses.

An old man next door is dreaming over a sheen that sits in a  
cherry tree in his back yard.

The clocks say I must go—I stay here sitting on the back porch drinking  
white thoughts you rain down.

Shine on, O moon,  
Shake out more and more silver changes.

## *The Young Sea*

The sea is never still.  
It pounds on the shore  
Restless as a young heart,  
Hunting.

The sea speaks  
And only the stormy hearts  
Know what it says:  
It is the face  
of a rough mother speaking.

The sea is young.  
One storm cleans all the hoar  
And loosens the age of it.  
I hear it laughing, reckless.

They love the sea,  
Men who ride on it  
And know they will die  
Under the salt of it

Let only the young come,  
Says the sea.

Let them kiss my face  
And hear me.  
I am the last word  
And I tell  
Where storms and stars come from.





## *Arithmetic*

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?

## *Prayers of Steel*

Lay me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.

Let me pry loose old walls.

Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.

Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.

Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.

Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.





### *At a Window*

Give me hunger,  
O you gods that sit and give  
The world its orders.  
Give me hunger, pain and want,  
Shut me out with shame and failure  
From your doors of gold and fame,  
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

But leave me a little love,  
A voice to speak to me in the day end,  
A hand to touch me in the dark room  
Breaking the long loneliness.  
In the dusk of day-shapes  
Blurring the sunset,  
One little wandering, western star  
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.  
Let me go to the window,  
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk  
And wait and know the coming  
Of a little love.

### *Blue Island Intersection*

Six streets come together here.  
They feed people and wagons into the center.  
In and out all day horses with thoughts of nose-bags,  
Men with shovels, women with baskets and baby-buggies.  
Six ends of streets and no sleep for them all day.  
The people and wagons come and go, out and in.  
Triangles of banks and drug stores watch.  
The policemen whistle, the trolley cars bump:  
Wheels, wheels, feet, feet, all day.

In the false dawn when the chickens blink  
And the east shakes a lazy baby toe at tomorrow,  
And the east fixes a lazy pink half-eye this way,  
In the time when only one milk wagon crosses  
These three streets, these six street ends,  
It is the sleep time and they rest.  
The triangle banks and the drug stores rest.  
The policeman is gone, his star and gun sleep.  
The owl car blutters along in a sleep walk.





## *Buffalo Bill*

BOY heart of Johnny Jones-aching to-day?  
Aching, and Buffalo Bill in town?  
Buffalo Bill and ponies, cowboys, Indians?

Some of us know  
All about it, Johnny Jones.

Buffalo Bill is a slanting look of the eyes,  
A slanting look under a hat on a horse.  
He sits on a horse and a passing look is fixed  
On Johnny Jones, you and me, barelegged,  
A slanting, passing, careless look under a hat on a horse.

Go clickety-clack, O pony hoofs along the street.  
Come on and slant your eyes again, O Buffalo Bill.  
Give us again the ache of our boy hearts.  
Fill us again with the red love of prairies, dark nights,  
lonely wagons, and the crack-crack of rifles sputtering  
flashes into an ambush.

## *Fog*

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

## *Shenandoah*

In the Shenandoah Valley,  
one rider gray and one rider  
blue, and the sun on the  
riders wondering.

Piled in the Shenandoah,  
riders blue and riders gray,  
piled with shovels, one and  
another, dust in the  
Shenandoah taking them  
quicker than mothers take  
children done with play.

The blue nobody remembers,  
the gray nobody remembers,  
it's all old and old nowadays  
in the Shenandoah.

And all is young, a butter of  
dandelions slung on the turf,  
climbing blue flowers of the  
wishing woodlands  
wondering: a midnight purple  
violet claims the sun among  
old heads, among old dreams  
of repeating heads of a rider  
blue and a rider gray in the  
Shenandoah.



# MORNING TIME

## *Term 3*



TERM 3 MORNING TIME



# TERM 3

## BIBLE MEMORY PASSAGE

### *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."





# TERM 3 PLANS

BIBLE	WEEK 25	WEEK 26	WEEK 27	WEEK 28	WEEK 29	WEEK 30
<b>DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT</b>	Hebrews 4 and 5	Hebrews 6	Hebrews 7	Hebrews 9	Hebrews 10	Hebrews 11
<b>DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT</b>	Daniel 1:1-21	Daniel 2	Daniel 3	Daniel 6	Esther 1 *editing as needed	Esther 2 *editing as needed
<b>DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS</b>	Psalms 133	Psalms 134	Psalms 135	Psalms 136	Psalms 137	Psalms 138
<b>DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS</b>	Ecclesiastes 5:1-7	Ecclesiastes 5:8-20	Ecclesiastes 6	Ecclesiastes 7:1-14	Eccl 7:15-29	Ecclesiastes 8:1-10
<b>DAY 5 CHOICE</b>						
<b>BIBLE MEMORY</b>	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17
<b>OPTIONAL MIDDLE/HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING</b>	Isaiah 49-50 Galatians 1	Isaiah 52-55 Galatians 2	Isaiah 56-58 Galatians 3	Isaiah 59-61 Galatians 4	Isaiah 62-66 Galatians 5	Jer 1-4 Galatians 6
BEAUTY LOOP:	WEEK 25	WEEK 26	WEEK 27	WEEK 28	WEEK 29	WEEK 30
<b>HYMN STUDY</b>	Great is Thy Faithfulness	Great is Thy Faithfulness	Great is Thy Faithfulness	Great is Thy Faithfulness	Great is Thy Faithfulness	Great is Thy Faithfulness
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM I</b>	Primer Lesson Sandburg	Primer Lesson Sandburg	Primer Lesson Sandburg	Primer Lesson Sandburg	April (Teasdale)	April (Teasdale)
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM II</b>	We Thank Thee Emerson	We Thank Thee Emerson	We Thank Thee Emerson	We Thank Thee Emerson	Building a Skyscraper Tippet	Building a Skyscraper Tippet
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM III</b>	The Snow Man Wallace Stevens	The Snow Man Wallace Stevens	The Snow Man Wallace Stevens	The Snow Man Wallace Stevens	Women by Alice Walker	Women by Alice Walker
<b>SPEECH RECITATION FORM IV</b>	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches	We Shall Fight Them on the Beaches
<b>PICTURE/ COMPOSER STUDY</b>	Norman Rockwell Biography*	Ellington Biography*	Freedom From Want	Prelude to a Kiss	The Problem We All Live	It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing
<b>POET STUDY</b>	Robert Frost Biography*	The Butterfly	Going For Water	The Pea Bush	Telephone	The Need of Being Versed in Country Things
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM I</b>	Fables: The Crocodile in the Bedroom	Fables: The Ducks and The Fox	Fables: King Lion and the Beetle	Fables: The Lobster and the Crab	Fables: The Hen and the Apple Tree	Fables: The Baboon's Umbrella
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM II</b>	Stealing Home: Ch. 1	Stealing Home: Ch. 2	Stealing Home: Ch. 3	Stealing Home: Ch. 4	Stealing Home: Ch. 5	Stealing Home: Ch. 6
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM III</b>	God Smuggler: Ch.7	God Smuggler: Ch.8	God Smuggler: Ch.9	God Smuggler: Ch.10	God Smuggler: Ch.11	God Smuggler: Ch.12
<b>FABLES/ BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV</b>	I am Malala: Ch. 1-2	I am Malala: Ch. 3-4	I am Malala: Ch. 5-6	I am Malala: Ch. 7-8	I am Malala: Ch. 9-10	I am Malala: Ch. 11-12

\*see resources

# TERM 3 PLANS

BIBLE	WEEK 31	WEEK 32	WEEK 33	WEEK 34	WEEK 35	WEEK 36
<b>DAY 1 BIBLE READING NT</b>	Hebrews 12	Hebrews 13	1 John 4: 7-21	Rev 1	Rev 21	Rev 22
<b>DAY 2 BIBLE READING OT</b>	Esther 4 and 5	Esther 6 and 7	Ezra 1: 1-7, 3	Nehemiah 1	Nehemiah 2	Nehemiah 9
<b>DAY 3 BIBLE - PSALMS</b>	Psalms 139	Psalms 140	Psalms 141	Psalms 142	Psalms 143	Psalms 144
<b>DAY 4 BIBLE - PROVERBS</b>	Ecclesiastes 9	Ecclesiastes 10	Ecclesiastes 11	Ecclesiastes 12	-----	-----
<b>DAY 5 CHOICE</b>						
<b>BIBLE MEMORY</b>	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17	Exodus 20: 1-17
<b>OPTIONAL MIDDLE/ HIGH DEVOTIONAL READING</b>	Jer 5-8 Ephesians 1	Jer 9-12 Ephesians 2	Jer 13-15 Ephesians 3	Jer 16-18 Ephesians 4	Jer 19-21 Ephesians 5	Jer 22-25 Ephesians 6
BEAUTY LOOP:	WEEK 31	WEEK 32	WEEK 33	WEEK 34	WEEK 35	WEEK 36
<b>HYMN STUDY</b>	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM I</b>	April (Teasdale)	April (Teasdale)	May Night (Teasdale)	May Night (Teasdale)	May Night (Teasdale)	May Night (Teasdale)
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM II</b>	Building a Skyscraper	Building a Skyscraper	Trees	Trees	Trees	Trees
<b>POETRY RECITATION FORM III</b>	Women by Alice Walker	Women by Alice Walker	Goblin Feet	Goblin Feet	Goblin Feet	Goblin Feet
<b>SPEECH RECITATION FORM IV</b>	I Have A Dream	I Have A Dream	I Have A Dream	I Have A Dream	I Have A Dream	I Have A Dream
<b>PICTURE/ COMPOSER STUDY</b>	Freedom From Fear	Concerto for Cootie	Spirit of 1776	Cotton Tail	Triple Self Potrait	Satin Doll
<b>POET STUDY</b>	The Woodpile	To E.T.	An Exposed Nest	The Oven Bird	The Tuft of Flowers	After Apple Picking
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM I</b>	Fables: The Frogs at the Rainbow's End	Fables: The Bear and the Crow	Fables: The Cat and His Vision	Fables: The Ostrich in Love	Fables: The Camel Dances	Fables: The Poor Old Dog
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM II</b>	Stealing Home: Ch.7	Stealing Home: Ch.8	Stealing Home: Ch.9	Stealing Home: Ch.10	-----	-----
<b>FABLES/TALES FORM III</b>	God Smuggler: Ch.13-14	God Smuggler: Ch.15-16	God Smuggler: Ch.17-18	God Smuggler: Ch.19-20	God Smuggler: Ch.21	Exam Questions
<b>FABLES/ BIOGRAPHIES FORM IV</b>	I am Malala: Ch. 13-14	I am Malala: Ch. 15-16	I am Malala: Ch. 17-18	I am Malala: Ch. 19-20	I am Malala: Ch. 21-22	I am Malala: Ch. 23-24



## 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 growstrange - ly dim in the light of his glo - ry and grace.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Turn Your Eyes upon Jesus'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the lyrics 'Turn your eyes up-on Je - sus, look full in His won-der-ful face; \_\_\_\_\_ and the'. The second system includes the lyrics 'things of earth will growstrange - ly dim in the light of his glo - ry and grace.' The music is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (Bb).

**Great is Thy Faithfulness is not in the public domain.**

You can make copies for your family from Then Sings My Soul.

You can also find them here:

[https://www.opc.org/hymn.html?hymn\\_num=027](https://www.opc.org/hymn.html?hymn_num=027)

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](http://www.hymnary.org/text/o_soul_are_you_weary_and_troubled)

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit *Hymnary.org* as the source.

# RECITATION

## *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.





# RECITATION

## *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.

## *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

This not in the public domain. 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 flitter-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.



# SPEECHES

## *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.

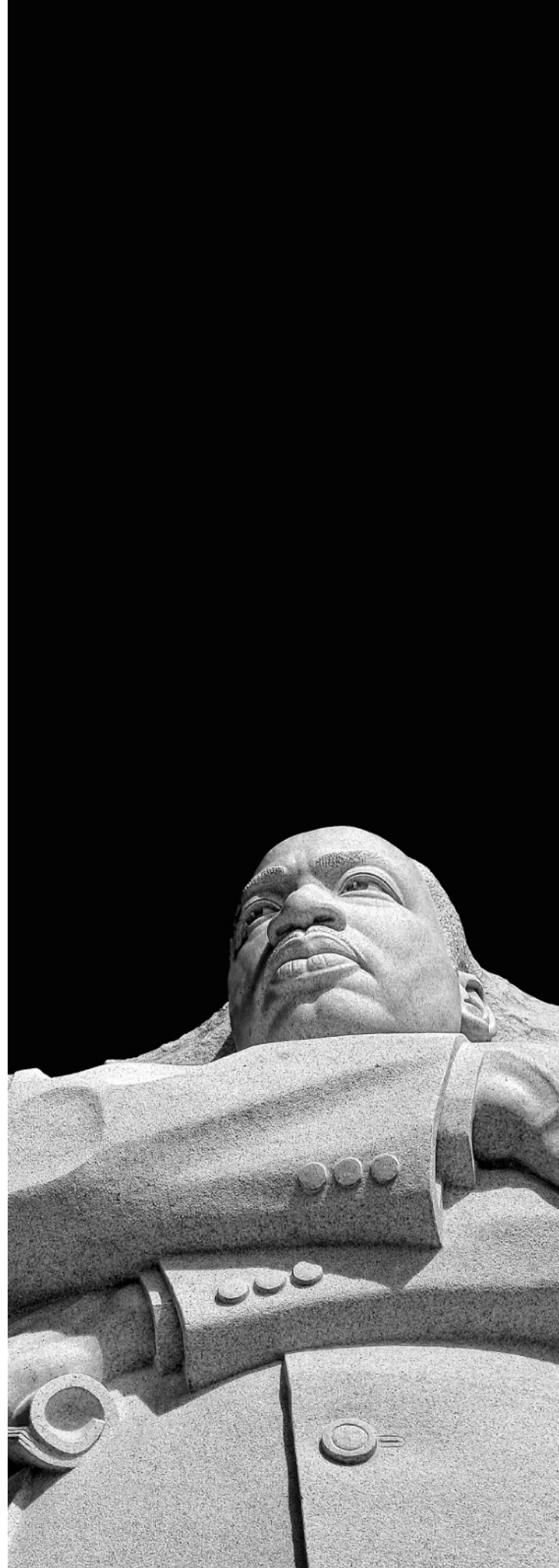
**This speech is not in the public domain.**

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:

<https://youtu.be/ARvrvJV4th4>



# COMPOSER STUDY

*Duke Ellington*



See online resources for biography and playlist.

# ARTIST PICTURE STUDY

*Norman Rockwell*



See online resources for biography.

\*Since Norman Rockwell's work is not in the public domain, the pictures are not included in this packet. You can find them online to print in your home or use the book, Norman Rockwell: Storyteller With A Brush by Beverly Gherman.



# POETRY BY ROBERT FROST

## *My Butterfly*

Thine emulous fond flowers are dead, too,  
And the daft sun-assaulter, he  
That frightened thee so oft, is fled or dead:  
Save only me  
(Nor is it sad to thee!)  
Save only me  
There is none left to mourn thee in the fields.  
The gray grass is not dappled with the snow;  
Its two banks have not shut upon the river;  
But it is long ago—  
It seems forever—  
Since first I saw thee flance,  
With all the dazzling other ones,  
In airy dalliance,  
Precipitate in love,  
Tossed, tangled, whirled and whirled above,  
Like a limp rose-wreath in a fairy dance.  
When that was, the soft mist  
Of my regret hung not on all the land,  
And I was glad for thee,  
And glad for me, I wist.  
Thou didst not know, who tottered, wandering on  
high,  
That fate had made thee for the pleasure of the wind,  
With those great careless wings,  
Nor yet did I.....  
And there were other things:  
It seemed God let thee flutter from his gentle clasp:  
Then fearful he had let thee win  
Too far beyond him to be gathered in,  
Snatched thee, o'er eager, with ungentle grasp.  
Ah! I remember me  
How once conspiracy was rife  
Against my life—  
The languor of it and the dreaming fond;  
Surging, the grasses dizzied me of thought,  
The breeze three odors brought,  
And a gem-flower waved in a wand!  
Then when I was distraught  
And could not speak,  
Sidelong, full on my cheek,

What should that reckless zephyr fling  
But the wild touch of thy dye-dusty wing!  
I found that wing broken to-day!  
For thou art dead, I said,  
And the strange birds say.  
I found it with the withered leaves  
Under the eaves.

## *Going For Water*

The well was dry beside the door,  
And so we went with pail and can  
Across the fields behind the house  
To seek the brook if still it ran;

Not loth to have excuse to go,  
Because the autumn eve was fair  
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,  
And by the brook our woods were there.

We ran as if to meet the moon  
That slowly dawned behind the trees,  
The barren boughs without the leaves,  
Without the birds, without the breeze.

But once within the wood, we paused  
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,  
Ready to run to hiding new  
With laughter when she found us soon.

Each laid on other a staying hand  
To listen ere we dared to look,  
And in the hush we joined to make  
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

A note as from a single place,  
A slender tinkling fall that made  
Now drops that floated on the pool  
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

## *Telephone*

“When I was just as far as I could walk  
From here to-day,  
There was an hour  
All still  
When leaning with my head against a flower  
I heard you talk.  
Don’t say I didn’t, for I heard you say—  
You spoke from that flower on the window sill—  
Do you remember what it was you said?”  
“First tell me what it was you thought you heard.”  
“Having found the flower and driven a bee away,  
I leaned my head,  
And holding by the stalk,  
I listened and I thought I caught the word—  
What was it? Did you call me by my name?  
Or did you say—  
Someone said ‘Come’—I heard it as I bowed.”  
“I may have thought as much, but not aloud.”  
“Well, so I came.”

## *The Need of Being Versed in Country Things*

The house had gone to bring again  
To the midnight sky a sunset glow.  
Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,  
Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed across the way,  
That would have joined the house in flame  
Had it been the will of the wind, was left  
To bear forsaken the place’s name.

No more it opened with all one end  
For teams that came by the stony road  
To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs  
And brush the mow with the summer load.

The birds that came to it through the air  
At broken windows flew out and in,  
Their murmur more like the sigh we sigh  
From too much dwelling on what has been.

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,  
And the aged elm, though touched with fire;  
And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;  
And the fence post carried a strand of wire.

For them there was really nothing sad.  
But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,  
One had to be versed in country things  
Not to believe the phoebes wept.







## *The Wood-pile*

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day  
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.  
No, I will go on farther—and we shall see."  
The hard snow held me, save where now and then  
One foot went down. The view was all in lines  
Straight up and down of tall slim trees  
Too much alike to mark or name a place by  
So as to say for certain I was here  
Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.  
A small bird flew before me. He was careful  
To put a tree between us when he lighted,  
And say no word to tell me who he was  
Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.  
He thought that I was after him for a feather—  
The white one in his tail; like one who takes  
Everything said as personal to himself.  
One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.  
And then there was a pile of wood for which  
I forgot him and let his little fear  
Carry him off the way I might have gone,  
Without so much as wishing him good-night.  
He went behind it to make his last stand.  
It was a cord of maple, cut and split  
And piled—and measured, four by four by eight.  
And not another like it could I see.  
No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.  
And it was older sure than this year's cutting,  
Or even last year's or the year's before.  
The wood was grey and the bark warping off it  
And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis  
Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.  
What held it though on one side was a tree  
Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,  
These latter about to fall. I thought that only  
Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks  
Could so forget his handiwork on which  
He spent himself, the labour of his axe,  
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace  
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could.



## *To E. T.*

I slumbered with your poems on my breast  
Spread open as I dropped them half-read through  
Like dove wings on a figure on a tomb  
To see, if in a dream they brought of you,

I might not have the chance I missed in life  
Through some delay, and call you to your face  
First soldier, and then poet, and then both,  
Who died a soldier-poet of your race.

I meant, you meant, that nothing should remain  
Unsaid between us, brother, and this remained—  
And one thing more that was not then to say:  
The Victory for what it lost and gained.

You went to meet the shell's embrace of fire  
On Vimy Ridge; and when you fell that day  
The war seemed over more for you than me,  
But now for me than you—the other way.

How over, though, for even me who knew  
The foe thrust back unsafe beyond the Rhine,  
If I was not to speak of it to you  
And see you pleased once more with words of mine?

## *Oven Bird*

There is a singer everyone has heard,  
Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,  
Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.  
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers  
Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.  
He says the early petal-fall is past  
When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers  
On sunny days a moment overcast;  
And comes that other fall we name the fall.  
He says the highway dust is over all.  
The bird would cease and be as other birds  
But that he knows in singing not to sing.  
The question that he frames in all but words  
Is what to make of a diminished thing.







## *The Tuft of Flowers*

I went to turn the grass once after one  
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen  
Before I came to view the leveled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;  
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,  
And I must be, as he had been,—alone,

‘As all must be,’ I said within my heart,  
‘Whether they work together or apart.’

But as I said it, swift there passed me by  
On noiseless wing a ‘wilderer butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o’er night  
Some resting flower of yesterday’s delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,  
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,  
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,  
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;.....

But he turned first, and led my eye to look  
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,  
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,  
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him.  
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,  
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,  
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;  
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,  
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech  
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

‘Men work together,’ I told him from the heart,  
‘Whether they work together or apart.’

## *After Apple-Picking*

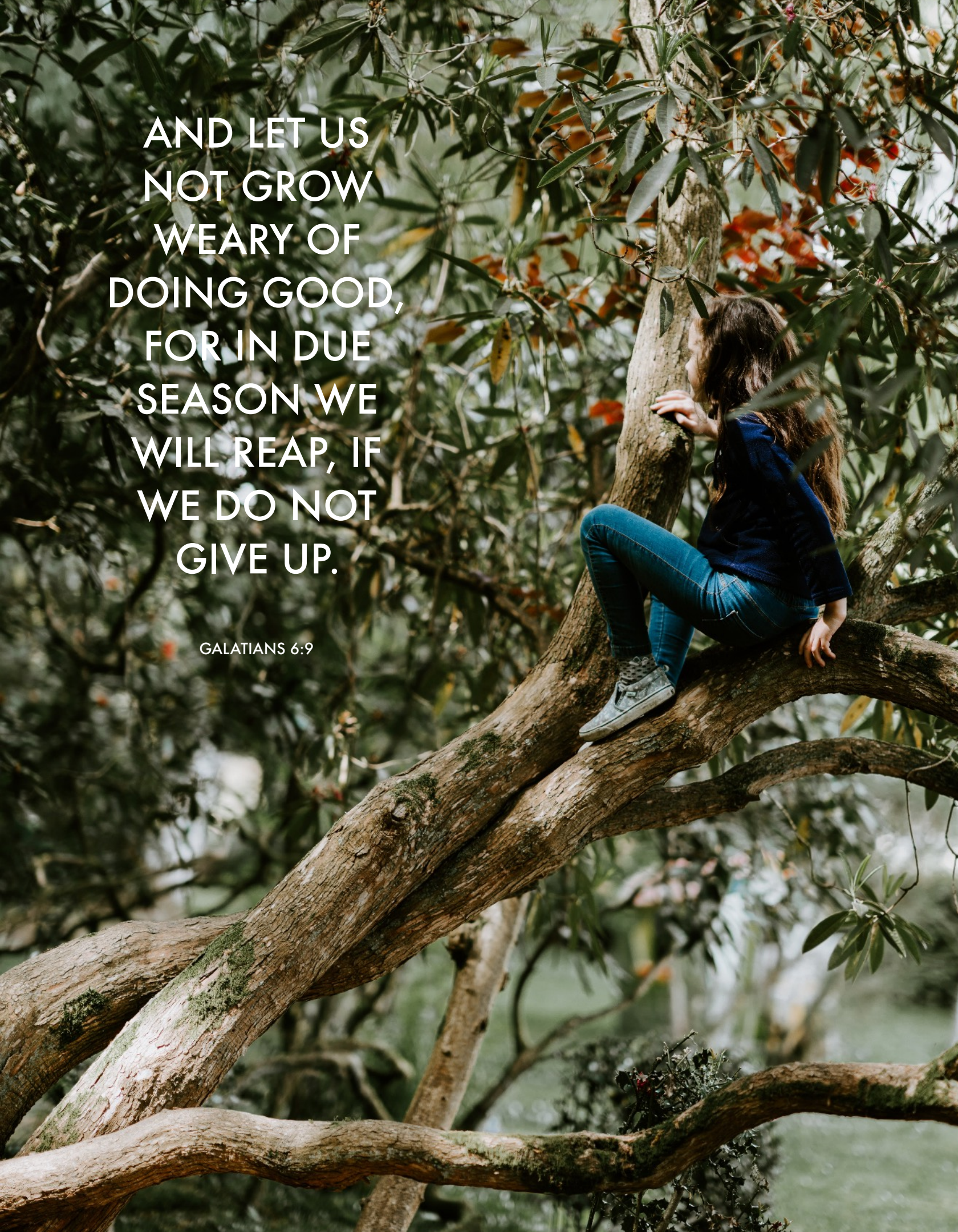
My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree  
Toward heaven still,  
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill  
Beside it, and there may be two or three  
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.  
But I am done with apple-picking now.  
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,  
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.  
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight  
I got from looking through a pane of glass  
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough  
And held against the world of hoary grass.  
It melted, and I let it fall and break.  
But I was well  
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,  
And I could tell  
What form my dreaming was about to take.  
Magnified apples appear and disappear,  
Stem end and blossom end,  
And every fleck of russet showing clear.  
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.  
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.  
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin  
The rumbling sound  
Of load on load of apples coming in.....  
For I have had too much  
Of apple-picking: I am overtired  
Of the great harvest I myself desired.  
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,  
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.  
For all  
That struck the earth,  
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,  
Went surely to the cider-apple heap  
As of no worth.  
One can see what will trouble  
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.  
Were he not gone,  
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his  
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,  
Or just some human sleep.





AND LET US  
NOT GROW  
WEARY OF  
DOING GOOD,  
FOR IN DUE  
SEASON WE  
WILL REAP, IF  
WE DO NOT  
GIVE UP.

GALATIANS 6:9





A GENTLE FEAST  
MORNING TIME