

September
2022

POETRY

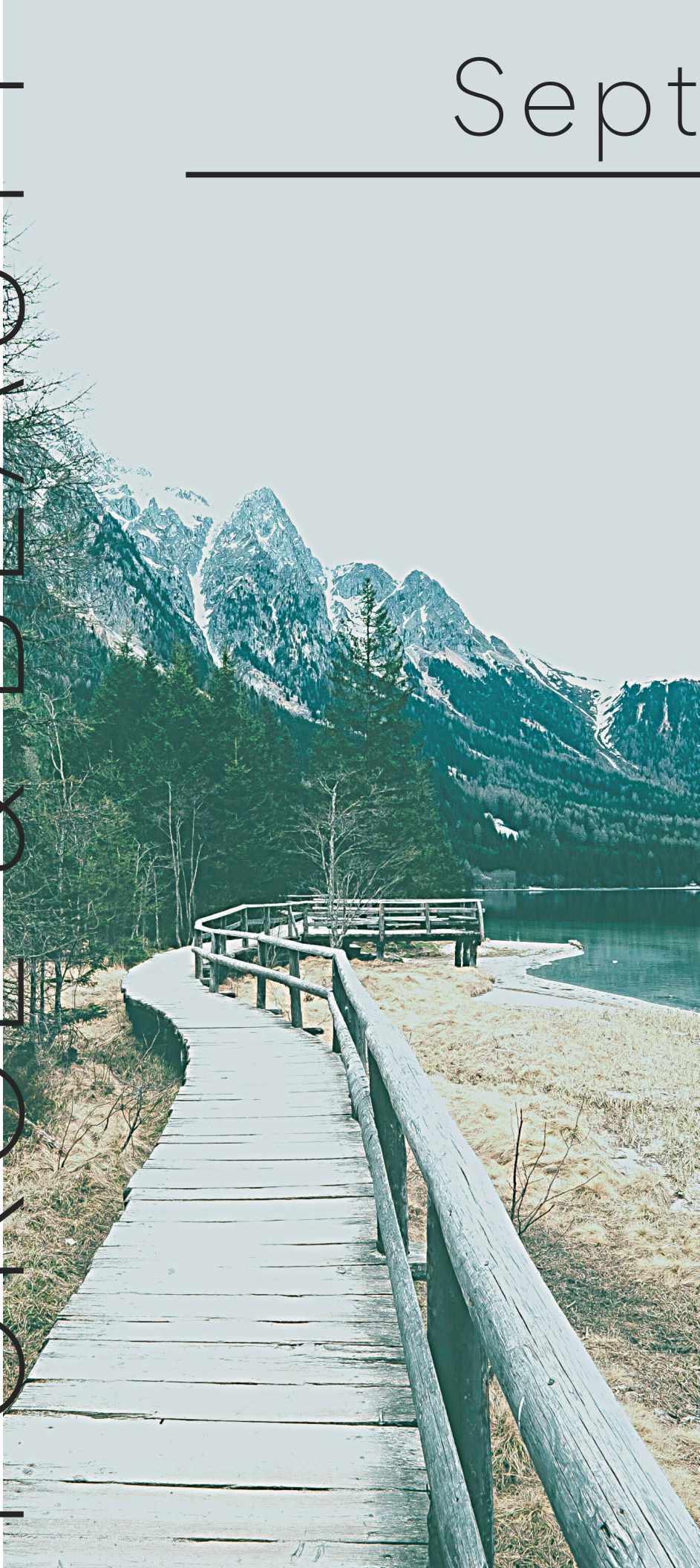
Four beautiful poems to
memorize written by
Longfellow

HYMNS & SONGS

A folk song about a
chivalrous shark, a hymn
for a good foundation,
and a historical trip to
Dixie's Land

OTHER

Catechism, quotes from
The Merchant of Venice,
Bible verses, citizenship
exam questions, and one
of Lincoln's best
speeches



***“The thing is, to keep your eye upon words
and wait to feel their force and beauty;***

*and, when words are so fit that no other words can be put in their
places, so few that none can be left out without spoiling the sense,
and so fresh and musical that they delight you,
then you may be sure that you are reading Literature,
whether in prose or poetry.”*

Charlotte Mason

*"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares -
the poets, who on earth have made us heirs
of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."*

Wordsworth

SEPTEMBER

OVERVIEW

POETRY | LONGFELLOW

The Arrow and the Song

The Castle Builder

The Village Blacksmith

The Ladder of St Augustine

HYMNS & SONG

How Firm A Foundation

The Rhyme of the Chivalrous Shark

Dixie's Land

OTHER

Shakespeare | Merchant of Venice Quotes

Bible | Deuteronomy 6

Heidelberg Catechism | Lord's Day 1

Civics Exam | Questions

Historical Speech | Gettysburg Address

PRAYER

Adapted from The Cadet Prayer by Rev. Albert S. Thomas

Almighty God, the source of light and strength,
we implore Thy blessing on this our time of learning,
that it may continue true to its high purposes.

Guide and strengthen those upon whom rests the
authority of government; enlighten with wisdom those
who teach and those who learn; and grant to all of us
that through sound learning and firm leadership, we may
prove ourselves worthy citizens of our country, devoted
to truth, given to unselfish service, loyal to every
obligation of life and above all to Thee.

Preserve us faithful to God, sincere in fellowship,
unswerving in duty, finding joy in purity and confidence
through a steadfast faith.

And grant to each one of us in our own lives, a humble
heart, a steadfast purpose, and a joyful hope, with a
readiness to endure hardship and suffer if need be, that
truth may prevail among us and Thy will be done on
earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By William Shakespeare

“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.”
— Antonio, 1.1.1

“Let me play the fool.”
— Gratiano, 1.1.83

“If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages princes’ palaces.”
— Portia, 1.2.9

“God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.”
— Portia, 1.2.59

“The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.”
— Antonio, 1.3.99

“It is a wise father who knows his own child.”
— Lancelot Gobbo, 2.1.83

“But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.”
— Jessica, 2.6.36

“The portrait of a blinking idiot.”
— Aragon, 2.9.54

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By William Shakespeare

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above tis sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And early power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

— Portia, 4.1.182-195

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed
with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject
to the same diseases, healed by the same means,
warmed and cooled by the same winter and
summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not
bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us
do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not
revenge?"

— Shylock, 3.1.60-70

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,--rejoicing,--sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

"Do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand." Is 41: 10

How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
to you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed;
for I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call you to go,
the rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
for I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
and sanctify to you your deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
my grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
the flame shall not hurt you I only design
your dross to consume and your gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
my sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
and when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
that soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

THE CASTLE BUILDER

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will; —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE RHYME OF THE CHIVALROUS SHARK

By Wallace Irwin

Most chivalrous fish of the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark,
is the man-eating shark,
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage,
And a fresh cabin boy
will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,
He'll gobble one any fine day,
But the ladies, God bless 'em
He'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way.

I can readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,
Who was tender and sweet
and delicious to eat
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water,
And signaled in vain for her bar,
And she'd surely been drowned
if she hadn't been found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished
Thus soothing her impulses wild.
"Don't be frightened," he said,
"I've been properly bred,
And will eat neither woman nor child."

Then her proffered his fin and she took it
Such gallantry none can dispute.
While the passengers cheered
as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,
When a life-saving dinghy was lowered
With the pick of the crew,
And her relatives too
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

So they took her aboard in a jiffy,
And the shark stood attention the while,
Then he raised on his flipper
and ate up the skipper
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mile,
Though his record be dark
Is the man-eating shark,
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

DEUTERONOMY 6: 4-9

"Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God, the LORD is one! You shall love the LORD your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your strength.

And these words which I command you today shall be in your heart. You shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up. You shall bind them as a sign on your hand, and they shall be as frontlets between your eyes. You shall write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates."

CIVICS QUESTIONS

Systems of Government

26. We elect a President for how many years?
 - four (4)
27. In what month do we vote for President?
 - November
28. What is the name of the President of the United States now?
 - Joe Biden
29. What is the name of the Vice President of the United States now?
 - Kamala Harris
30. If the President can no longer serve, who becomes President?
 - the Vice President
31. If both the President and the Vice President can no longer serve, who becomes President?
 - the Speaker of the House
32. Who is the Commander in Chief of the military?
 - the President
33. Who signs bills to become laws?
 - the President
34. Who vetoes bills?
 - the President
35. What does the President's Cabinet do?
 - advises the President

DIXIE'S LAND

By Daniel Decatur Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie's Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand
to live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will the weaver,"
Willium was a gay deceiver;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
And when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Now here's to the health to the next ole Missus
An' all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land
And if you want to drive away sorrow
Come and hear our song tomorrow
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

HEIDELBERG CATECHISM

Lord's Day 1

Q What is your only comfort in life and in death?

A. That I am not my own,
but belong -
body and soul,
in life and in death -
to my faithful Savior Jesus Christ.

He has fully paid for all my sins with his precious blood,
and has set me free from the tyranny of the devil.
He also watches over me in such a way
that not a hair can fall from my head
without the will of my Father in heaven:
in fact, all things must work together for my salvation.

Because I belong to him,
Christ, by his Holy Spirit,
assures me of eternal life
and makes me wholeheartedly willing and ready
from now on to live for him.

Q. What must you know to live and die in the joy of this comfort?

A. Three things:
first, how great my sin and misery are;
second, how I am set free from all my sins and misery;
third, how I am to thank God for such deliverance.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By Abraham Lincoln, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate-we can not consecrate-we can not hallow-this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us-that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion-that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain-that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom-and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.