

FOR FORCE & BEAUTY



November 2022

POETRY

Poetry to read or
memorize by
Vachel Lindsay

HYMNS & SONGS

A hymn of thankfulness,
and folk songs about a
mischievous fox and
Lincoln's campaign

OTHER

The Merchant of Venice
quotes, the Nicene
creed, Old Testament
verses, civics 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

NOVEMBER

OVERVIEW

POETRY | LINDSAY

Crickets on Strike

Euclid

The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken

From the Litany of Heroes

The Dandelion

HYMN & FOLK SONG

Now Thank We All Our God

The Fox

Lincoln and Liberty

OTHER

Shakespeare | Merchant of Venice Quotes

Bible | Deuteronomy 30

The Nicene Creed

Civics Exam | Questions 48 - 55

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.

EUCLID

By Vachel Lindsay

Old Euclid drew a circle
On a sand-beach long ago.
He bounded and enclosed it
With angles thus and so.
His set of solemn greybeards
Nodded and argued much
Of arc and circumference,
Diameter and such.
A silent child stood by them
From morning until noon
Because they drew such charming
Round pictures of the moon.

CRICKETS ON A STRIKE

By Vachel Lindsay

The foolish queen of fairyland
From her milk-white throne in a lily-bell,
Gave command to her cricket-band
To play for her when the dew-drops fell.

But the cold dew spoiled their instruments
And they play for the foolish queen no more.
Instead those sturdy malcontents
Play sharps and flats in my kitchen floor.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Martin Rinkart, 1636

*"Now, our God, we give you thanks, and praise your glorious name."
1 Chronicles 29:13*

Now thank we all our God with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things hath done, in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms, hath blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
and keep us in his grace, and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given,
the Son, and him who reigns with them in highest heaven-
the one eternal God, whom earth and heav'n adore;
for thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

THE DANDELION

By Vachel Lindsay

O dandelion, rich and haughty,
King of village flowers!
Each day is coronation time,
You have no humble hours.
I like to see you bring a troop
To beat the blue-grass spears,
To scorn the lawn-mower that would be
Like fate's triumphant shears.
Your yellow heads are cut away,
It seems your reign is o'er.
By noon you raise a sea of stars
More golden than before.

THE BRONCHO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN

By Vachel Lindsay

A little colt — broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm,
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing...
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and olden
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.
In all the wide farm-place the person most human.
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,
With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed
"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you, with Hell in their speech and their faces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you — a pole for a lance —
And the giant mules bit at you — keeping their places.
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-warrant tracing.
And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper, to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

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 FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night
Prayed for the moon to give him light
For he had many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the
 town-o, town-o, town-o
Many a mile to go that night before he
 reached the town-o

He ran till he came to the farmer's pen
The ducks and the geese were kept therein
He said, "A couple of you are gonna grease my chin
Before I leave this
 town-o, town-o, town-o
A couple of you are gonna grease my chin
 before I leave this town-o!"

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck
He threw a duck across his back
And he didn't mind the "quack, quack"
And the legs all danglin'
 down-o, down-o, down-o
He didn't mind the "quack, quack" and
 the legs all danglin' down-o

Well the old gray woman jumped out of bed
Out of the window she popped her head
Cryin', "John, John, the great goose is gone
And the fox is on the
town-o, town-o, town-o
John! John! The grey goose is gone and
the fox is on the town-o!"

He ran till he came to his nice warm den
There were the little ones, 8,9,10,
Saying', "Daddy, daddy, better go back again
It must be a mighty fine
town-o, town-o, town-o
Daddy, Daddy, better go back again for it
must be a mighty fine town-o!"

The fox and his wife, without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife
And they never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the
bones-o, bones-o, bones-o
They never had such a supper in their life and
the little ones chewed on the bones!

CIVICS EXAM QUESTIONS

Rights and Responsibilities

48. There are four amendments to the Constitution about who can vote. Describe one of them.
- Citizens eighteen (18) and older (can vote).
 - You don't have to pay (a poll tax) to vote.
 - Any citizen can vote. (Women and men can vote.)
 - A male citizen of any race (can vote).
49. What is one responsibility that is only for United States citizens?
- serve on a jury
 - vote in a federal election
50. Name one right only for United States citizens.
- vote in a federal election
 - run for federal office
51. What are two rights of everyone living in the United States?
- freedom of expression
 - freedom of speech
 - freedom of assembly
 - freedom to petition the government
 - freedom of religion
 - the right to bear arms
52. What do we show loyalty to when we say the Pledge of Allegiance?
- the United States
 - the flag

CIVICS EXAM QUESTIONS

Rights and Responsibilities

53. What is one promise you make when you become a United States citizen?
- give up loyalty to other countries
 - defend the Constitution and laws of the United States
 - obey the laws of the United States
 - serve in the U.S. military (if needed)
 - serve (do important work for) the nation (if needed)
 - be loyal to the United States
54. How old do citizens have to be to vote for President?
- eighteen (18) and older
55. What are two ways that Americans can participate in their democracy?
- vote
 - join a political party
 - help with a campaign
 - join a civic group
 - join a community group
 - give an elected official your opinion on an issue
 - call Senators and Representatives
 - publicly support or oppose an issue or policy
 - run for office
 - write to a newspaper

FROM THE LITANY OF HEROES

On Bravery by Vachel Lindsay

Then let us raise that Egypt-nurtured youth,
Son of a Hebrew, with the dauntless scorn
And hate for bleating gods Egyptian-born,
Showing with signs to stubborn Mizraim
" God is one God, the God of Abraham, "
He who in the beginning made the Sun.
God send us Moses from his hidden grave,
God help us to be brave.

Would I might rouse the Caesar in you all
(That which men hail as king, and bow them down,
Till you are crowned, or you refuse the crown)
Would I might wake the valor and the pride
The eagle soul with which he soared and died
Entering grandly then the fearful grave
God help us build the world, like master-man,
God help us to be brave.

Would I might free St. Paul, singing in chains
In your deep hearts. New heavenly love shall fight
And slay the subtle gods of Greek delight
And dreadful Roman gods, and light the world
With words of flame, till those false powers are hurled
Burning to ashes in the avenging grave.
" St. Paul " our battle-cry, and faith our shield,
God help us to be brave.

Would I might wake St. Francis in you all,
Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor;
Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
Come, let us chant the canticle again
Of mother earth and the enduring sun.
God make each soul the lonely leper's slave;
God make us saints, and brave.

Would we were lean and grim, and shaken with hate
Like Dante, fugitive, o'er-wrought with cares,
And climbing bitterly the stranger's stairs,
Yet Love, Love, Love, divining: finding still
Beyond dark Hell the penitential hill,
And blessed Beatrice beyond the grave.
Jehovah lead us through the wilderness:
God make our wandering brave.

Would I might wake in you the whirlwind soul
Of Michelangelo, who hewed the stone
And Night and Day revealed, whose arm alone
Could draw the face of God, the titan high
Whose genius smote like lightning from the sky —
And shall he mold like dead leaves in the grave?
Nay, he is in us! Let us dare and dare.
God help us to be brave.

Would we were blind with Milton, and we sang
With him of uttermost Heaven in a new song,
That men might see again the angel-throng,
And newborn hopes, true to this age, would rise,
Pictures to make men weep for paradise,
All glorious things beyond the defeated grave.
God smite us blind, and give us bolder wings;
God help us to be brave.

DEUTERONOMY 30:15-20

ESV

“See, I have set before you today life and good, death and evil. If you obey the commandments of the LORD your God that I command you today, by loving the LORD your God, by walking in his ways, and by keeping his commandments and his statutes and his rules, then you shall live and multiply, and the LORD your God will bless you in the land that you are entering to take possession of it. But if your heart turns away, and you will not hear, but are drawn away to worship other gods and serve them, I declare to you today, that you shall surely perish. You shall not live long in the land that you are going over the Jordan to enter and possess. I call heaven and earth to witness against you today, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse. Therefore choose life, that you and your offspring may live, loving the LORD your God, obeying his voice and holding fast to him, for he is your life and length of days, that you may dwell in the land that the LORD swore to your fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give them.”

NICENE CREED

Council of Nicea (AD 325) and Council of Calcedon (AD 451)

We believe in one God, the Father almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth,
of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God,
begotten of his Father before all worlds,
God from God, Light of Light,
very God of very God,
begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father;
by him all things were made;
who for us and for our salvation
came down from heaven;
and was incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the virgin Mary,
and was made man.
and was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate;
he suffered and was buried;
and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures,
and ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father;
and he shall come again, with glory, to judge both the living and the dead;
whose kingdom shall have no end.

And we believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life,
who proceeds from the Father and the Son;
who with the Father and the Son together worshiped and glorified;
who spoke through the prophets;
and we believe in one holy catholic and apostolic church;
we acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins;
and we look for the resurrection of the dead,
and the life of the world to come. Amen.

LINCOLN AND LIBERTY

Hurrah for the choice of the nation!
Our chieftain so brave and so true;
We'll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

We'll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through;
The pride of the Suckers so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

They'll find what by felling and mauling,
Our rail-maker statesman can do;
For the people are everywhere calling,
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

Then up with our banner so glorious,
The star-spangled red, white and blue;
We'll fight till our banner is victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

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.