

April/May
2023

POETRY

Poetry to read or
memorize by
John Milton

HYMNS & SONGS

Two hymns to sing about
our love for Jesus and
the church's foundation,
along with a few fun folk
songs for the spring.

OTHER

A historical prayer , a
review of Philippians 2,
and

***“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

FEBRUARY

OVERVIEW

POETRY | MILTON

On His Blindness

Song on May Morning

Selections from Paradise Lost

HYMN & FOLK SONG

My Jesus I Love Thee

The Church's One Foundation

Wayfaring Stranger

Crawdad Hole

OTHER

Bible | Philippians 2

Historical Prayer | Thomas Becon

Historical Speech | John F. Kennedy

Historical Speech | George S. Patton

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.

MY JESUS I LOVE THEE

William R. Featherstone, 1864

"We love because he first loved us." 1 John 4:19

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
for thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
and purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death;
and praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
and say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:
if every I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

"Christ Jesus himself as the chief cornerstone." Ephesians 2:20

The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
she is his new creation by water and the Word:
from heav'n he came and sought her to be his holy bride;
with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet on o're all the earth,
her charter of salvation one Lord, on faith, one birth;
one holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed,
by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed,
yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

The church shall never perish! Her dear Lord to defend,
to guide, sustain, and cherish, is with her to the end;
though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale,
against or foe or traitor she every shall prevail.

'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her way,
she waits the consummation of peace forevermore;
till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest,
and the great church victorious shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One,
and mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we,
like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee.

PHILIPPIANS 2:1-16

ESV

So if there is any encouragement in Christ, any comfort from love, any participation in the Spirit, any affection and sympathy, complete my joy by being of the same mind, having the same love, being in full accord and of one mind.

Do nothing from selfish ambition or conceit, but in humility count others more significant than yourselves.

Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others.

Have this mind among yourselves, which is yours in Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, by taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men.

And being found in human form, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross.

Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name that is above every name, so that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Therefore, my beloved, as you have always obeyed, so now, not only as in my presence but much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who works in you, both to will and to work for his good pleasure.

Do all things without grumbling or disputing, that you may be blameless and innocent, children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and twisted generation, among whom you shine as lights in the world, holding fast to the word of life, so that in the day of Christ I may be proud that I did not run in vain or labor in vain.

CRAWDAD HOLE

You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe
You get a line and I'll get a pole
We'll go down to the crawdad hole
Honey, Baby mine

Well, yonder comes a man with a sack on his back, Honey
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back, Babe
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back
Got all the crawdads he can pack
Honey, Baby mine

Well the man fell down and he broke that sack, Honey
The man fell down and he broke that sack, Babe
The man fell down and he broke that sack
See those crawdads backing back
Honey, Baby mine

Now you get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe
You get a line and I'll get a pole
We'll go down to the crawdad hole
Honey, Baby mine

CRAWDAD HOLE

(MORE VERSES)

Well get up now, you slept too late, Honey
Get up now, you slept too late, Babe
Get up now, you slept too late
The crawdad man done passed your gate
Honey, Baby mine

What ya gonna do when the lake runs dry, Honey
What ya gonna do when the lake runs dry, Babe
What ya gonna do when the lake runs dry
Sit on the bank, watch the crawdads die
Honey, Baby mine

Well, I heard a duck say to a drake, Honey
I heard a duck say to a drake, Babe
I heard a duck say to a drake
There ain't no crawdads in this lake
Honey, Baby mine

Well I sell crawdads three for a dime, Honey
I sell crawdads three for a dime, Babe
I sell crawdads three for a dime
And your crawdads ain't as good as mine
Honey, Baby mine

WAYFARING STRANGER

By Albert E. Brumley

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger,
While traveling through this world of woe.
Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor danger
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,
I know my way is rough and steep.
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.
I'm going there to see my Mother,
She said she'd meet me when I go.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.
I want to shout Salvation's story,
In concert with the blood-washed band.
I'm going there to meet my Saviour,
To sing His praise forevermore.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

By John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

By John Milton

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
(Book I, Lines 1-26)

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

...Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
(Book I)

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
(Book IV)

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell.
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth
Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from Himself, can fly
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!
(Book IV)

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

What better can we do, than to place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the
Air Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?
So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the
Air Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
(Book X)

PARADISE LOST SELECTIONS

By John Milton

This having learnt, thou hast attained the sum
Of Wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all riches of this World enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one Empire: only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add Virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt though not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.
(Book XII)

They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
(Book XII)

HISTORICAL PRAYER

Thomas Becon

O Lord, take away that which is mine, which is all naught,
and give me that which is yours, which is all good.

You are called Christ: anoint me therefore with your Holy
Spirit.

You are called a physician: according therefore to your
name, heal me.

You are called the Son of the living God: according
therefore to your power, deliver me from the devil,
the world, the flesh.

You are called the resurrection: lift me up therefore from
the damnable state wherein I most miserable lie.

You are called the life: quicken me up therefore out of
this death, wherewith through sin I am most
grievously detained.

You are called the way: lead me therefore from the vanities
of this world, and from the filthy pleasure of the flesh,
unto heavenly and spiritual things.

You are called the truth: suffer me not therefore to walk in
the way of error, but to tread the path of truth in all
my doings.

You are called the light: put away therefore from me the
works of darkness, that I may walk as the child of light
all goodness, righteousness, and truth.

You are called a Savior: save me therefor from my sins,
according to your name.

You are called Alpha and Omega, that is, both the
beginning and the end of goodness: begin therefore a
good life in me, and finish the same unto the glory
of your blessed name.

Amen.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

By John F. Kennedy

“In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country. My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God’s work must truly be our own.”

BLOOD AND GUTS (EXCERPT)

by George S. Patton, 1944

Americans love to fight, traditionally. All real Americans love the sting and clash of battle. You are here today for three reasons. First, because you are here to defend your homes and your loved ones. Second, you are here for your own self respect, because you would not want to be anywhere else. Third, you are here because you are real men and all real men like to fight. When you, here, everyone of you, were kids, you all admired the champion marble player, the fastest runner, the toughest boxer, the big league ball players, and the All-American football players. Americans love a winner. Americans will not tolerate a loser. Americans despise cowards. Americans play to win all of the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost nor will ever lose a war; for the very idea of losing is hateful to an American.

You are not all going to die, Only two percent of you right here today would die in a major battle. Death must not be feared. Death, in time, comes to all men. Yes, every man is scared in his first battle. If he says he's not, he's a liar. Some men are cowards but they fight the same as the brave men or they get the hell slammed out of them watching men fight who are just as scared as they are. The real hero is the man who fights even though he is scared. Some men get over their fright in a minute under fire. For some, it takes an hour. For some, it takes days. But a real man will never let his fear of death overpower his honor, his sense of duty to his country, and his innate manhood. Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best and it removes all that is base. Americans pride themselves on being He Men and they ARE He Men. Remember that the enemy is just as frightened as you are, and probably more so. They are not supermen.