

# Poetry – Grade 6 & Grade 7

Index	1
The Ant and the Cricket	2
At Breakfast Time	3
Barbara Frietchie (pronounced “Frichee”)	4, 5
Beowulf, an excerpt	6, 7
Birches	8, 9
The Blind Men and the Elephant	10, 11
Castor Oil	12
The Chambered Nautilus	13
The Children’s Hour	14
The Country Mouse and the City Mouse	15
The Creation	16, 17
The Cross Was His Own	18
Daniel Boone	19, 20
First Chorale Ode from Antigone	21
How Do You Tackle Your Work?	22
If	23
In Times Like These	24, 25
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	26
The Lost Purse	27
Marco Comes Late	28, 29
Mending Wall	30
Mother’s Ugly Hands	31, 32
My Mother Gives Me Her Recipe	33
Nathan Hale	34, 35
No Coward Soul Is Mine	36
One, Two, Three	37
Paradise Lost, an excerpt	38
Peace Hymn of the Republic	39
A Psalm of Life	40
The Real Successes	41
Rereading Frost	42
The Sandpiper	43
The Singer’s Revenge	44
Song	45
The Spider and the Fly	46
To a Waterfowl	47
Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night	48
The Village Blacksmith	49, 50

## The Ant and the Cricket

*\*Adapted from Aesop*

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing  
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,  
Began to complain when he found that, at home,  
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found  
On the snow-covered ground;  
Not a flower could he see,  
Not a leaf on a tree.

“Oh, what will become,” says the cricket, “of me?”

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,  
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,  
Away he set off to a miserly ant,  
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain,  
And a mouthful of grain.  
He wished only to borrow;  
He'd repay it tomorrow;

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, “I'm your servant and friend,  
But we ants never borrow; we ants never lend,  
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by  
When the weather was warm?” Quoth the cricket, “Not I!

My heart was so light  
That I sang day and night,  
For all nature looked gay,”  
“You sang, sir, you say?”

Go, then,” says the ant, “and dance winter away!”

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,  
And out of the door he turned the poor cricket.

Folks call this a fable, I'll warrant it true:

Some crickets have four legs, and some have but two. ❁

## At Breakfast Time

*Edgar A. Guest*

My Pa he eats his breakfast in a funny sort of way:  
 We hardly ever see him at the first meal of the day.  
 Ma puts his food before him and he settles in his place  
 An' then he props the paper up and we can't see his face;  
 We hear him blow his coffee and we hear him chew his toast,  
 But it's for the morning paper that he seems to care the most.

Ma says that little children mighty grateful ought to be  
 To the folks that fixed the evening as the proper time for tea.  
 She says if meals were only served to people once a day,  
 An' that was in the morning just before Pa goes away,  
 We'd never know how father looked when he was in his place,  
 'Coz he'd always have the morning paper stuck before his face.

He drinks his coffee steamin' hot, an' passes Ma his cup  
 To have it filled a second time, an' never once looks up.  
 He never has a word to say, but just sits there an' reads,  
 An' when she sees his hand stuck out Ma gives him what he needs.  
 She guesses what it is he wants, 'coz it's no use to ask:  
 Pa's got to read his paper an' sometimes that's quite a task.

One morning we had breakfast an' his features we could see,  
 But his face was long an' solemn an' he didn't speak to me,  
 An' we couldn't get him laughin' an' we couldn't make him smile,  
 An' he said the toast was soggy an' the coffee simply vile.  
 Then Ma said: "What's the matter? Why are you so cross an' glum?"  
 An' Pa 'most took her head off 'coz the paper didn't come. ❀

**Barbara Frietchie** (pronounced Fritchee)

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountain, winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,

And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came,

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the head of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,  
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town! ❁

**Beowulf**, an excerpt*Translation by Seamus Heaney*

In off the moors,  
 down through the mist bands  
 the God-cursed Grendel came  
 greedily loping. The bane of the race of men  
 roamed forth, hunting  
 for a prey in the high hall.

Handsomely structured,  
 a sturdy frame braced with the best  
 of blacksmith's work inside and out.  
 No shielding elder believed  
 there was any power or person upon earth  
 capable of wrecking their horn-rigged hall.

Under the cloud-murk Grendel moved  
 towards it until it shone above him, a sheer keep  
 of fortified gold.

Spurned and joyless, he journeyed on ahead  
 and arrived at the bawn. The iron-braced door  
 turned on its hinge when his hands touched it.  
 Then his rage boiled over, he ripped open  
 the mouth of the building, maddening for blood, pacing  
 the length of the patterned floor  
 with his loathsome tread, while a baleful light,  
 flame more than light, flared  
 from his eyes. He saw many men in the mansion,  
 sleeping, a ranked company of kinsman and warriors  
 quartered together. And his glee was demonic,  
 picturing the mayhem:  
 Before morning he would rip  
 life from limb and devour them, feed on their flesh;  
 but his fate that night was due to change,  
 his days of ravening had come to an end.

For mighty and canny,  
 Hygelac's kinsman was keenly watching  
 for the first move the monster would make.  
 Nor did the creature keep him waiting  
 but struck suddenly and started in;  
 he grabbed and mauled a man on his bench,  
 bit into his bone-lappings, bolted down his blood  
 and gorged on him in lumps, leaving the body  
 utterly lifeless,  
 eaten up  
 hand and foot.  
 Venturing closer, his talon was raised to attack Beowulf  
 where he lay on the bed; he was bearing in  
 with open claw when the alert hero's  
 comeback and armlock forestalled him utterly.

The captain of evil discovered himself  
 in a handgrip harder than anything  
 he had ever encountered in any man  
 on the face of the earth. Every bone in his body  
 quailed and recoiled, but he could not escape.  
 He was desperate to flee to his den and hide  
 with the devil's litter, for in all his days  
 he had never been clamped or cornered like this.

Then Beowulf sprang to his feet  
 and got a firm hold. Fingers were bursting,  
 the monster back-tracking, the man overpowering.  
 The dread of the land was desperate to escape,  
 to take a roundabout road and flee  
 to his lair in the fens. The latching power  
 in his fingers weakened; it was the worst trip  
 the terror-monger had taken to Heorot.  
 And now the timbers trembled and sang,  
 a hall-session that harrowed every Dane inside the stockade.

Then an extraordinary wail arose, and bewildering fear  
 came over the Danes. Everyone *felt* it  
 who heard that cry as it echoed off the wall,  
 a God-cursed scream and strain of catastrophe.  
 The howl of the loser, the lament of the hell-serf  
 keening his wound.

Grendel:  
 overwhelmed and manacled tight  
 by Beowulf who of all men  
 was foremost  
 and strongest  
 in the days of this life. ❁

**Birches***Robert Frost*

When I see birches bend to left and right  
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.  
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed  
So low for long, they never right themselves:  
You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground,  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,  
I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
As he went out and in to fetch the cows--  
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,  
Whose only play was what he found himself,  
Summer or winter, and could play alone.  
One by one he subdued his father's trees  
By riding them down over and over again  
Until he took the stiffness out of them,  
And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
To learn about not launching out too soon  
And so not carrying the tree away  
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise  
To the top branches, climbing carefully  
With the same pains you use to fill a cup  
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.  
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
And so I dream of going back to be.  
It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
And life is too much like a pathless wood  
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
From a twig's having lashed across it open.  
I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
And then come back to it and begin over.

May no fate willfully misunderstand me  
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree  
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk  
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
But dipped its top and set me down again.  
That would be good both going and coming back.  
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches. ❄️

## The Blind Men and the Elephant

*John Godfrey Sax*

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind)  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant  
And happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
"God bless me! But the Elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried "Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake;  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand  
And felt about the knee.  
"What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: "E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most;  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right  
And all were in the wrong!

**Moral**

So oft in theologic wars,  
The disputants, I ween,  
Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what each other mean,  
And prate about an Elephant  
Not one of them has seen! ❁

## Castor Oil

*Edgar A. Guest*

I don't mind lickin's, now an'then,  
 An' I can even stand it when  
 My mother calls me in from play  
 To run some errand right away.  
 There's things 'bout bein' just a boy  
 That ain't all happiness an' joy,  
 But I suppose I've got to stand  
 My share o' trouble in this land,  
 An' I ain't kickin' much—but, say,  
 The worst of parents is that they  
 Don't realize just how they spoil  
 A feller's life with castor oil.

Of all the awful stuff, Gee Whiz!  
 That is the very worst there is.  
 An' every time if I complain,  
 Or say I've got a little pain,  
 There's nothing else that they can think  
 'Cept castor oil for me to drink.  
 I notice, though, when Pa is ill,  
 That he gets fixed up with a pill,  
 An' Pa don't handle Mother rough  
 An' make her swallow nasty stuff;  
 But when I've got a little ache,  
 It's castor oil I've got to take.

I don't mind goin' up to bed  
 Afore I get the chapter read;  
 I don't mind bein' scolded, too,  
 For lots of things I didn't do;  
 But, Gee! I hate it when they say,  
 "Come! Swallow this—an' right away!"  
 Let poets sing about the joy  
 It is to be a little boy,  
 I'll tell the truth about my case:  
 The poets here can have my place,  
 An' I will take their life of toil  
 If they will take my castor oil. ❀

## The Chambered Nautilus

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! ❁

## The Children's Hour

*Henry Wadsworth. Longfellow*

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away! ❀

## The Country Mouse and the City Mouse

*Richard Scrafton Sharpe*

In a snug little cot lived a fat little mouse,  
Who enjoyed, unmolested, the range of the house;  
With plain food content, she would breakfast on cheese,  
She dined upon bacon, and supped on grey peas.

A friend from the town to the cottage did stray,  
And he said he was come a short visit to pay;  
So the mouse spread her table as gay as you please,  
And brought the nice bacon and charming grey peas.

The visitor frowned, and he thought to be witty:  
Cried he, "You must know, I am come from the city,  
Where we all should be shocked at provisions like these,  
For we never eat bacon and horrid grey peas.

"To town come with me, I will give you a treat:  
Some excellent food, most delightful to eat.  
With me shall you feast just as long as you please;  
Come, leave this fat bacon and shocking grey peas."

This kind invitation she could not refuse,  
And the city mouse wished not a moment to lose;  
Reluctant she quitted the fields and the trees,  
The delicious fat bacon and charming grey peas.

They slyly crept under a gay parlor door,  
Where a feast had been given the evening before;  
And it must be confessed they on dainties did seize,  
Far better than bacon, or even grey peas.

Here were custard and trifle, and cheesecakes good store,  
Nice sweetmeats and jellies, and twenty things more;  
All that art had invented the palate to please,  
Except some fat bacon and smoking grey peas.

They were nicely regaling, when into the room  
Came the dog and the cat, and the maid with a broom:  
They jumped in a custard both up to their knees;  
The country mouse sighed for her bacon and peas.

Cried she to her friend, "Get me safely away,  
I can venture no longer in London to stay;  
For if oft you receive interruptions like these,  
Give me my nice bacon and charming grey peas." ❁

## The Creation

*James Weldon Johnson*

And God stepped out on space,  
And He looked around and said,  
"I'm lonely --  
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see  
Darkness covered everything,  
Blacker than a hundred midnights  
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,  
And the light broke,  
And the darkness rolled up on one side,  
And the light stood shining on the other,  
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,  
And God rolled the light around in His hands  
Until He made the sun;  
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.  
And the light that was left from making the sun  
God gathered it up in a shining ball  
And flung it against the darkness,  
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.  
Then down between  
The darkness and the light  
He hurled the world;  
And God said, "That's good!"

Then God himself stepped down --  
And the sun was on His right hand,  
And the moon was on His left;  
The stars were clustered about His head,  
And the earth was under His feet.  
And God walked, and where He trod  
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out  
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw  
That the earth was hot and barren.  
So God stepped over to the edge of the world  
And He spat out the seven seas;  
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;  
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;  
And the waters above the earth came down,  
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,  
And the little red flowers blossomed,

The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,  
 And the oak spread out his arms,  
 The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,  
 And the rivers ran down to the sea;  
 And God smiled again,  
 And the rainbow appeared,  
 And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand  
 Over the sea and over the land,  
 And He said, "Bring forth! Bring forth!"  
 And quicker than God could drop His hand.  
 Fishes and fowls  
 And beasts and birds  
 Swam the rivers and the seas,  
 Roamed the forests and the woods,  
 And split the air with their wings.  
 And God said, "That's good!"

Then God walked around,  
 And God looked around  
 On all that He had made.  
 He looked at His sun,  
 And He looked at His moon,  
 And He looked at His little stars;  
 He looked on His world  
 With all its living things,  
 And God said, "I'm lonely still."

Then God sat down  
 On the side of a hill where He could think;  
 By a deep, wide river He sat down;  
 With His head in His hands,  
 God thought and thought,  
 Till He thought, "I'll make me a man!"

Up from the bed of the river  
 God scooped the clay;  
 And by the bank of the river  
 He kneeled Him down;  
 And there the great God Almighty  
 Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,  
 Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,  
 Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;  
 This Great God,  
 Like a mammy bending over her baby,  
 Kneeled down in the dust  
 Toiling over a lump of clay  
 Till He shaped it in His own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,  
 And man became a living soul.  
 Amen. Amen. ❀

## The Cross Was His Own

*Author Unknown*

They borrowed a bed to lay His head,  
The Christ the Lord came down;  
They borrowed a donkey in the mountain pass  
For Him to ride to town.

But the crown that He wore  
And the cross that He bore  
were His own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd he fed  
On the grassy mountain side;  
He borrowed the dish of broken fish  
With which He satisfied.

But the crown that He wore  
And the cross that He bore  
were His own.

He borrowed the ship in which to sit  
To teach the multitude;  
He borrowed the nest in which to rest.  
He had never a home as crude;

But the crown that He wore  
And the cross that He bore  
were His own.

He borrowed a room on the way to the tomb.  
The passover lamb to eat.  
They borrowed a cave, for Him a grave,  
They borrowed a winding sheet.

But the crown that He wore  
And the cross that He bore  
were His own.

The thorns on His head were worn in my stead.  
For me the Savior died.  
For guilt of my sin the nails drove in  
When Him they crucified.

Though the crown that He wore  
And the cross that He bore  
were His own.

They rightly were mine—instead. ❁

**Daniel Boone***Arthur Guiterman*

Daniel Boone at twenty-one  
 Came with his tomahawk, knife, and gun  
 Home from the French and Indian War  
 To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.  
 He married his maid with a golden band,  
 Builided his house and cleared his land;  
 But the deep woods claimed their son again  
 And he turned his face from the homes of men.  
 Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,  
 The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,  
 Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,  
 He made his way on the Warrior's Path.  
 Alone he trod the shadowed trails;  
 But he was lord of a thousand vales  
 As he roved Kentucky, far and near,  
 Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer.  
 What joy to see, what joy to win  
 So fair a land for his kith and kin,  
 Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!  
 "Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axinen made  
 The settlers flocked to the first stockade;  
 The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps  
 Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;  
 And hearts were high in the fateful spring  
 When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king.  
 While the men of the East of farm and town  
 Strove with the troops of the British Crown,  
 Daniel Boone from a surge of hate  
 Guarded a nation's westward gate.  
 Down in the fort in a wave of flame  
 The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,  
 And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;  
 But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.  
 Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,  
 The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;  
 But Daniel Boone was ill at ease  
 When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.  
 "There'll be no game in the country soon.  
 Elbow room!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—  
 Time enough for a man to thrive—  
 He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast  
 And his heart was glad as he oared it west;  
 There was kindly folk and his own true blood  
 Where great Missouri rolls his flood;  
 New woods, new streams, and room to spare,

And Daniel Boone found comfort there.  
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,  
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,  
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;  
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.  
But ever he dreamed of new domains  
With vaster woods and wider plains;  
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be  
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.  
At fourscore-five, still stout and hale,  
He heard a call to a farther trail;  
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;  
"Elbow room!" sighed Daniel Boone. ✨

**First Chorale Ode from Antigone***Sophocles*

Creation is a marvel  
 And man its masterpiece:  
 He scuds before the southern wind  
 Between the loud white-piling swell.  
 He drives his thoroughbreds  
 Through Earth (perpetual  
 Great goddess inexhaustible)  
 Exhausting her each year.

The light-balanced light-headed birds  
 He snares; wild beasts according to their kind.  
 In his nets the deep sea fish are caught—  
 O master mind of Man!  
 The free forest animal he herds,  
 The roaming upland deer.  
 The shaggy horse he breaks to yoke  
 The mountain-powered bull.

He's trained his agile thoughts  
 (Volatile as air)  
 To civilizing words.  
 He's roofed against the sky  
 The javelin crystal frosts  
 The arrow-lancing rains.  
 All fertile in resource  
 He's provident for all  
 (Not beaten by disease)  
 All but death, and death—  
 He never cures.

Beyond imagining he's wise  
 Through labyrinthine ways both good and bad:  
 He is law-abiding, pious;  
 But displaced when he promotes  
 Unsavory ambition.  
 And then, I want no part with him,  
 No parcel of his thoughts. ❀

## How Do You Tackle Your Work?

*Edgar A. Guest*

How do you tackle your work each day?  
 Are you scared of the job you find?  
 Do you grapple the task that comes your way  
 With a confident, easy mind?  
 Do you stand right up to the work ahead  
 Or fearfully pause to view it?  
 Do you start to toil with a sense of dread  
 Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,  
 But you'll never accomplish more;  
 If you're afraid of yourself, young man,  
 There's little for you in store.  
 For failure comes from the inside first,  
 It's there if we only knew it,  
 And you can win, though you face the worst,  
 If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,  
 And not in the realm of luck!  
 The world will furnish the work to do,  
 But you must provide the pluck.  
 You can do whatever you think you can,  
 It's all in the way you view it.  
 It's all in the start that you make, young man:  
 You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?  
 With confidence clear, or dread?  
 What to yourself do you stop and say  
 When a new task lies ahead?  
 What is the thought that is in your mind?  
 Is fear ever running through it?  
 If so, just tackle the next you find  
 By thinking you're going to do it. ✨

## If

*Rudyard Kipling*

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give away to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
If you can dream and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop to build 'em up with wornout tools;  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which say to them: "Hold on!"  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son! ❀

## In Times Like These

*Helen Steiner Rice*

We read the headlines daily  
 and listen to the news,  
 We shake our heads despairingly  
 and glumly sing the blues—  
 We are restless and dissatisfied  
 and we do not feel secure,  
 We are vaguely discontented  
 with the things we must endure ...

This violent age we live in  
 is filled with nameless fears  
 As we listen to the newscasts  
 that come daily to our ears,  
 And we view the threatening future  
 with sad sobriety  
 As we're surrounded daily  
 by increased anxiety ...

How can we find security  
 or stand on solid ground  
 When there's violence and dissension  
 and confusion all around;  
 Where can we go for refuge  
 from the rising tides of hate,  
 Where can we find a haven  
 to escape this shameful fate...

So instead of reading headlines  
 that disturb the heart and mind,  
 Let us open up the BIBLE  
 and in doing so we'll find  
 That this age is no different  
 from the millions gone before,  
 But in every hour of crisis  
 God has opened up a door  
 For all who seek His guidance  
 and trust His all-wise plan,  
 For God provides protection  
 beyond that devised by man...

And we learn that each TOMORROW  
 is not ours to understand,  
 But lies safely in the keeping  
 of the great Creator's Hand,  
 And to have the steadfast knowledge  
 that WE NEVER WALK ALONE  
 And to rest in the assurance  
 that our EVERY NEED IS KNOWN  
 Will help dispel our worries,

our anxieties and care,  
For doubt and fear are vanquished  
in THE PEACEFULNESS OF PRAYER ✨