

[Supposed to be written by

one at the point of death]

Give me my scallop

shell of quiet,

My staff of faith

to walk upon,

My scrip of joy,

immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory,

hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take

my pilgrimage.

Blood must be

my body's balmer,

No other balm will

there be given,

Whilst my soul,

like a white palmer,

Travels to the land

of heaven;

Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the

nectar fountains;

And there I'll kiss

The bowl of bliss,

And drink my eternal fill

On every milken hill.

My soul will be

a-dry before,

But after it will

ne'er thirst more;

And by the happy

blissful way

More peaceful pilgrims

I shall see,

That have shook off their

gowns of clay,

And go apparelled

fresh like me.

I'll bring them first

To slake their thirst,

And then to taste

those nectar suckets,

At the clear wells

Where sweetness dwells,

Drawn up by saints

in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles

and all we

Are fill'd with immortality,

Then the holy paths

we'll travel,

Strew'd with rubies

thick as gravel,

Ceilings of diamonds,

sapphire floors,

High walls of coral,

and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's

bribeless hall

Where no corrupted

voices brawl,

No conscience molten

into gold,

Nor forg'd accusers

bought and sold,

No cause deferr'd,

nor vain-spent journey,

For there Christ is

the king's attorney,

Who pleads for all

without degrees,

And he hath angels,

but no fees.

When the grand

twelve million jury

Of our sins and sinful fury,

'Gainst our souls

black verdicts give,

Christ pleads his death,

and then we live.

Be thou my speaker,

taintless pleader,

Unblotted lawyer,

true proceeder,

Thou movest salvation

even for alms,

Not with a bribed

lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea

To him that made heaven,

earth, and sea,

Seeing my flesh must

die so soon,

And want a head

to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke when

my veins start and spread,

Set on my soul

an everlasting head.

Then am I ready,

like a palmer fit,

To tread those blest paths

which before I writ.

I was a Poet!

But I did not know it,

Neither did my Mother,

Nor my Sister

nor my Brother.

The Rich were not

aware of it;

The Poor took

no care of it.

The Reverend Mr. Drewitt

Never knew it.

The High did not

suspect it;

The Low could not

detect it.

Aunt Sue

Said it was

obviously untrue.

Uncle Ned

Said I was off my head:

(This from a Colonial

Was really a

good testimonial.)

Still everybody

seemed to think

That genius owes

a good deal to drink.

So that is how

I am not a poet now,

And why

My inspiration has run dry.

It is no sort of use

To cultivate the Muse

If vulgar people

Can't tell a village pump

from a church steeple.

I am merely apologizing

For the lack

of the surprising

In what I write

To-night.

I am quite well-meaning,

But a lot of things

are always intervening

Between

What I mean

And what it is said

I had in my head.

It is all very puzzling.

Uncle Ned

Says Poets need muzzling.

He might

Be right.

Good-night!

Rise, O my soul!

with thy desires to heaven,

And with divinest

contemplation use

Thy time, when time's

eternity is given,

And let vain thoughts no

more thy thoughts abuse;

But down in darkness

let them lie;

So live thy better,

let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul,

inspired with holy flame,

View and review

with most regardful eye

That holy cross whence

thy salvation came,

On which thy Saviour

and thy sin did die!

For in the sacred object

is much pleasure,

And in that Saviour

is my life treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu!

I direct mine eyes,

To Thee my hands,

to Thee my humble knees;

To Thee my heart

shall offer sacrifice;

To Thee my thoughts,

who thoughts only see;

To Thee myself,

myself and all I give;

To Thee I die,

to Thee I only live.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

Steer the ship of my life,

Lord, to your quiet harbor,

where I can be safe from

the storms of sin

and conflict.

Show me the course

I should take.

Renew in me the gift of

discernment, so that I can

see the right direction in

which I should go.

And give me the strength

and the courage to choose

the right course, even when

the sea is rough and the

waves are high, knowing

that through enduring

hardship and danger in your

name we shall find comfort

and peace. Amen.

And Jesus came and spoke

unto them, saying, All

power is given unto me in

heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach

all nations, baptizing them in

the name of the Father,

and of the Son, and of

the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe

all things whatsoever I

have commanded you: and,

lo, I am with you always,

even unto the end of the

world. Amen.

And he said unto them, Go

ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel

to every creature.

He that believeth and is

baptized shall be saved; but

he that believeth not

shall be damned.

And these signs shall follow

them that believe; In my

name shall they cast out

devils; they shall speak

with new tongues;

They shall take up serpents;

and if they drink any deadly

thing, it shall not hurt

them; they shall lay hands

on the sick,

and they shall recover.

So then after the Lord had

spoken unto them, he was

received up into heaven,

and sat on the right

hand of God.

And they went forth, and

preached every where, the

Lord working with them, and

confirming the word with

signs following. Amen.

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But ye shall receive power,

after that the Holy Ghost

is come upon you: and ye

shall be witnesses unto me

both in Jerusalem, and in

all Judaea, and in Samaria,

and unto the uttermost

part of the earth.