

Abide with me: fast falls

the eventide;

the darkness deepens; Lord,

with me abide.

When other helpers fail

and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless,

O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out

life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim,

its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all

around I see.

O thou who changest not,

abide with me.

I need thy presence

every passing hour.

What but thy grace can

foil the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my

guide and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine,

O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at

hand to bless,

ills have no weight,

and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still,

if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross

before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom

and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks

and earth's vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord,

abide with me.

A Gentle Knight was pricking

Ucladd in mightie armes

and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe wounds

did remaine,

The cruel markes of

many a bloudy fielde;

Yet armes till that time

did he never wield:

His angry steede did chide

his foming bitt,

As much disdainning

to the curbe to yield:

Full jolly knight he seemd,

and faire did sitt,

As one for knightly giusts

and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest

a bloudie Crosse he bore,

The deare remembrance

of his dying Lord,

For whose sweete sake

that glorious badge he wore,

And dead as living

ever him ador'd:

Upon his shield the like

was also scor'd,

For souveraine hope,

which in his helpe he had:

Right faithfull true he was

in deede and word,

But of his cheere did seeme

too solemn sad;

Yet nothing did he dread,

but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure

he was bond,

That greatest Gloriana

to him gave,

That greatest Glorious

Queene of Faerie lond,

To winne him worship,

and her grace to have,

Whick of all earthly things

he most did crave;

And ever as he rode,

his hart did earne

To prove his puissance

in battell brave

Upon his foe,

and his new force to learne;

Upon his foe,

a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him

faire beside,

Upon a lowly Asse more white

then snow,

Yet she much whiter,

but the same did hide

Under a veile,

that wimpled was full low,

And over all a blacke stole

she did throw,

As one that inly mournd:

so was she sad,

And heavie sat upon

her palfrey slow;

Seemed in heart some hidden

care she had,

And by her in a line a milke

white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent,

as that same lambe,

She was in life and every

vertuous lore,

And by descent from Royall

lynage came

Of ancient Kings and Queenes,

that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from East

to Westerne shore,

And all the world in their

subjection held;

Till that infernall fiend

with foule uprore

Forwasted all their land,

and them expeld:

Whom to avenge,

she had this Knight

from far compeld.

Of things vnseene how canst

thou deeme aright,

Then answered the

righteous Artegall,

Sith thou misdeem'st

so much of things in sight?

What though the sea

with waues continuall

Doe eate the earth,

it is no more at all:

Ne is the earth the lesse,

or loseth ought,

For whatsoeuer from

one place doth fall,

Is with the tide vnto

an other brought:

For there is nothing lost,

that may be found, if sought.

For take thy ballaunce,

if thou be so wise,

And weigh the winde,

that vnder heauen doth blow;

Or weigh the light,

that in the East doth rise;

Or weigh the thought,

that fro[m] mans mind

doth flow.

But if the weight of these thou

canst not show,

Weigh but one word which from

thy lips doth fall.

For how canst thou those

greater secrets know,

That doest not know the least

thing of them all?

All can he rule the great,

that cannot reach the small.

This royal throne of kings,

this scepter'd isle, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built

by Nature for herself

Against infection and the

hand of war,

This happy breed of men,

this little world,

This precious stone set

in the silver sea,

Which serves it in

the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less

happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth,

this realm, this England...

John of Gaunt, Richard III

William Shakespeare

Land of Hope and Glory,

Mother of the Free,

How shall we extol thee,

who are born of thee?

Wider still and wider shall

thy bounds be set;

God, who made thee mighty,

make thee mightier yet,

God, who made thee mighty,

make thee mightier yet!

God save our gracious King!

Long live our noble King!

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store

On him be pleased to pour,

Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause,

To sing with heart and voice,

God save the King.

Abide in me, and I in you.

As the branch cannot bear fruit

itself, except it abide in the vine;

no more can ye,

except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the

branches: He that abideth in me,

and I in him, the same bringeth

forth much fruit: for without me

ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me,

he is cast forth as a branch,

and is withered; and men gather

them, and cast them into the fire,

and they are burned.

If ye abide in me,

and my words abide in you,

ye shall ask what ye will,

and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified,

that ye bear much fruit;

so shall ye be my disciples.