

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 on the plaine,

Ycladd in mightie armes

and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe

wounds did remaine,

The cruel markes of

many'a bloody fielde;

Yet armes till that time

did he never wield:

His angry steede did

chide his foming bitt,

As much disdayning 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 solemne 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,

Which 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 stretch from

East to Western shore,

And all the world in their

subjection held;

Till that infernal fiend

with foul 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?

Ill can he rule the great,

that cannot reach

the small.

This royal throne of kings,

this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty,

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 II

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.

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

Thanks be to Thee,

my Lord Jesus Christ

For all the benefits Thou

hast given me,

For all the pains and insults

Thou hast borne for me.

O most merciful Redeemer,

friend and brother,

May I know Thee

more clearly,

Love Thee more dearly,

Follow Thee more nearly,

day by day.

Amen.

Abide in me, and I in you.

As the branch cannot bear

fruit of 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.