

4 I thank my God always

concerning you for the grace of

God which was given to you by

Christ Jesus, 5 that you were

enriched in everything by Him in

all utterance and all knowledge,

6 even as the testimony of Christ

was confirmed in you, 7 so that

you come short in no gift,

eagerly waiting for the revelation

of our Lord Jesus Christ, & who

will also confirm you to the end,

that you may be blameless in the

day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

9 God is faithful, by whom you

were called into the fellowship of

*His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.*

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

4 Love suffers long and is kind;

love does not envy; love does not

parade itself, is not puffed up;

5 does not behave rudely,

does not seek its own, is not

provoked, thinks no evil;

6 does not rejoice in iniquity,

but rejoices in the truth;

7 bears all things, believes all

things, hopes all things, endures

all things. 8 Love never fails.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

By John Keats

Thou still unravish'd bride of

quietness,

Thou foster-child of silence and

slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst

thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than

our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts

about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these?

What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle

to escape?

What pipes and timbrels?

What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet,

but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,

play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but,

more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees,

thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees

be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst

thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal

yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou

hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love,

and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs!

that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the

Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy,

happy love!

For ever warm and still to be

enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever

young;

All breathing human passion far

above,

That leaves a heart

high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a

parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the

sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious

priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at

the skies,

And all her silken flanks with

garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea

shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful

citadel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious

morn?

And, little town, thy streets for

evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to

tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er

return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude!

with brede

Of marble men and maidens

overwrought,

With forest branches and the

trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us

out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation

waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of

other woe

Than ours, a friend to man,

to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,-

that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye

need to know."

"In that fair clime the lonely

herdsman, stretched

On the soft grass through half a

summer's day,

With music lulled his indolent

repose;

And, in some fit of weariness,

if he,

When his own breath was silent,

chanced to hear

A distant strain far sweeter than

the sounds

Which his poor skill could make,

his fancy fetched

Even from the blazing chariot of

the Sun

A beardless youth who touched a

golden lute,

And filled the illumined groves

with ravishment.

The mighty hunter, lifting up

his eyes

Toward the crescent Moon,

with grateful heart

Called on the lovely Wanderer who

bestowed

That timely light to share his

joyous sport;

And hence a beaming goddess with

her nymphs

Across the lawn and through the

darksome grove

(Not unaccompanied with

tuneful notes

By echo multiplied from rock or

cave)

Swept in the storm of chase,

as moon and stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded

heaven

When winds are blowing strong.

The Traveller slaked

His thirst from rill or gushing

fount, and thanked

The Naiad. Sunbeams upon

distant hills

Gliding apace with shadows in

their train,

Might with small help from

fancy, be transformed

Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.

The zephyrs, fanning, as they

passed, their wings,

Lacked not for love fair objects

whom they wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered

boughs grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and

twigs by hoary age,

From depth of shaggy covert

peeping forth

In the low vale, or on steep

mountain side;

And sometimes intermixed with

stirring horns

Of the live deer, or goat's

depending beard;

These were the lurking Satyrs,

wild brood

Of gamesome deities; or Pan

himself,

That simple shepherd's

*awe-inspiring god."*

Ulysses, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these

barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife,

mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed,

and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel:

I will drink

Life to the lees: All times

I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly,

both with those

That loved me, and alone,

on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy

Hyades

Next the dim sea: I am become a

name;

For always roaming with a

hungry heart

Much have I seen and known;

*cities of men*

*And manners, climates, councils,*

*governments,*

*Myself not least, but honour'd*

*of them all;*

*And drunk delight of battle*

*with my peers,*

*Far on the ringing plains of*

windy Troy.

I am a part of all that

I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch

wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world

whose margin fades

For ever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause,

to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd,

not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life!

Life piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every

hour is saved

From that eternal silence,

something more,

A bringer of new things;

and vile it were

For some three suns to store and

hoard myself,

And this gray spirit yearning

in desire

To follow knowledge like a

sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of

human thought.

This is my son, mine own

Telemachus,

To whom I leave the sceptre

and the isle,-

Well-loved of me, discerning to

fulfil

This labour, by slow prudence to

make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft

degrees

Subdue them to the useful and

the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in

the sphere

Of common duties, decent not

to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my

household gods,

When I am gone. He works his

work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs

her sail:

There gloom the dark, broad seas.

My mariners,

Souls that have toil'd, and

wrought, and thought with me-

That ever with a frolic

welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine,

and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads-

you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and

his toil;

Death closes all: but something ere

the end,

Some work of noble note,

may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove

with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from

the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow

moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices.

Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer  
world.

Push off, and sitting well in

order smite

The sounding furrows; for my  
purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset,  
and the baths

Of all the western stars,  
until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will  
wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the

Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles,

whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides;

and tho'

We are not now that strength

which in old days

Moved earth and heaven,

which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate,

but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find,

and not to yield.

A Portion of "The Lotos-eaters"

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Courage!" he said, and pointed

toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us

shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto

a land

In which it seemed always

afternoon.

All round the coast the languid

air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a

weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood

the moon;

And like a downward smoke,

the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause

and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some,

like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest

lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights

and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of

foam below.

They saw the gleaming river

seaward flow

From the inner land: far off,

three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged

snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd: and,

dew'd with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above

the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low

adown

In the red West: thro' mountain

clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the

yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many

a winding vale

And meadow, set with slender

galingale;

A land where all things always

seem'd the same!

And round about the keel with

faces pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy

flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy

Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that

enchanted stem,

Laden with flower and fruit,

whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive

of them,

And taste, to him the gushing

of the wave

Far far away did seem to mourn

and rave

On alien shores; and if his

fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as voices from

the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd,

yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating

heart did make.

They sat them down upon the

yellow sand,

Between the sun and moon

upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of

Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and slave;

but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea,

weary the oar,

Wearied the wandering fields of

barren foam.

Then some one said,

"We will return no more";

And all at once they sang,

"Our island home

Is far beyond the wave;

we will no longer roam."