

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, 8 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.

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,

I 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

where thro'

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,

'T is 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,

that 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,

wearied 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."