

Hope is a tattered flag and a

dream of time.

Hope is a heartspun word,

the rainbow, the shadblow in white

The evening star inviolable over

the coal mines,

The shimmer of northern lights

across a bitter winter night,

The blue hills beyond the smoke

of the steel works,

The birds who go on singing to

their mates in peace, war, peace,

The ten-cent crocus bulb blooming

in a used-car salesroom,

The horseshoe over the door,

the luckpiece in the pocket,

The kiss and the comforting

laugh and resolve

Hope is an echo, hope ties itself

yonder, yonder.

The spring grass showing itself

where least expected,

The rolling fluff of white clouds

on a changeable sky,

The broadcast of strings from

Japan, bells from Moscow,

Of the voice of the prime minister

of Sweden carried

Across the sea in behalf of a world

family of nations

And children singing chorals of

the Christ child

And Bach being broadcast from

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

And tall skyscrapers practically

empty of tenants

And the hands of strong men

groping for handholds

And the Salvation Army

singing God loves us....

The Instinct of Hope,

by John Clare

Is there another world for this

frail dust

To warm with life and be itself

again?

Something about me daily speaks

there must,

And why should instinct

nourish hopes in vain?

'Tis nature's prophesy that such

will be,

And everything seems struggling

to explain

The close sealed volume of its

mystery.

Time wandering onward keeps its

usual pace

As seeming anxious of eternity,

To meet that calm and find a

resting place.

Even the small violet feels a future

power

And awaits each year renewing

blooms to bring,

And surely man is no inferior

flower

To die unworthy of a second

spring?

When by my solitary hearth I sit,

And hateful thoughts enwrap my

soul in gloom;

When no fair dreams before my

"mind's eye" flit,

And the bare heath of life presents

no bloom;

Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me

shed,

And wave thy silver pinions o'er

my head!

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of

night,

Where woven boughs shut out the

moon's bright ray,

Should sad Despondency my

musings fright,

And frown, to drive fair

Cheerfulness away,

Peep with the moonbeams through

the leafy roof,

And keep that fiend Despondence

far aloof!

Should Disappointment, parent

of Despair,

Strive for her son to seize my

careless heart;

When, like a cloud, he sits upon

the air,

Preparing on his spell-bound

prey to dart:

Chase him away, sweet Hope,

with visage bright,

And fright him as the morning

frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold

most dear

Tells to my fearful breast a tale

of sorrow,

O bright-eyed Hope, my

morbid fancy cheer;

Let me awhile thy sweetest

comforts borrow:

Thy heaven-born radiance

around me shed,

And wave thy silver pinions

o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my

bosom pain,

From cruel parents, or relentless

fair;

O let me think it is not quite in

vain

To sigh out sonnets to the

midnight air!

Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon

me shed,

And wave thy silver pinions

o'er my head!

In the long vista of the years

to roll,

Let me not see our country's

honour fade:

O let me see our land retain here

soul,

Her pride, her freedom; and not

freedom's shade.

From thy bright eyes unusual

brightness shed---

Beneath thy pinions canopy

my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high

bequest,

Great Liberty! how great in

plain attire!

With the base purple of a court

oppress'd,

Bowing her head, and ready to

expire:

But let me see thee stoop from

heaven on wings

That fill the skies with silver

glitterings!

And as, in sparkling majesty,

a star

Gilds the bright summit of some

gloomy cloud;

Brightening the half veil'd face

of heaven afar:

So, when dark thoughts my

boding spirit shroud,

Sweet Hope, celestial influence

round me shed,

Waving thy silver pinions o'er

my head!

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the

words -

And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is

heard -

And sore must be the storm -

That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -

And on the strangest Sea -

Yet - never - in Extremity,

It asked a crumb - of me.

O most loving Father, who wilt

us to give thanks for all things,

to dread nothing but the loss of

thee, and to cast all our care on

thee, who carest for us;

from faithless fears and worldly

anxieties, and grant that no

clouds of this mortal life may

hide from us the light of that love

which is immortal, and which

thou hast manifested unto us in

thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

1 To everything there is a season,

A time for every purpose under

heaven:

2 A time to be born,

And a time to die;

A time to plant,

And a time to pluck what is

planted;

3 A time to kill,

And a time to heal;

A time to break down,

And a time to build up;

4 A time to weep,

And a time to laugh;

A time to mourn,

And a time to dance;

5 A time to cast away stones,

And a time to gather stones;

A time to embrace,

And a time to refrain from

embracing;

6 A time to gain,

And a time to lose;

A time to keep,

And a time to throw away;

7 A time to tear,

And a time to sew,

A time to keep silence,

And a time to speak;

8 A time to love,

And a time to hate;

A time of war,

*And a time of peace.*

*Ecclesiastes*