

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.

E'en the small violet feels

a future power

And waits 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 her 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 chillest

land —

And on the strangest Sea –

Yet – never – in Extremity,

It asked a crumb – of me.

O most loving Father, who

willest 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; Preserve 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 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

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline, repeated 15 times for practice.