

Renaissance

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



The Renaissance

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 1	Acts 2	Acts 3	Acts 4	Acts 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 1: Ginevra de' Bencik, Read: Leonardo Da Vinci bio	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Missa Pange lingua, Read: Josquin des Prez bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	The Story of Mankind Ch. 39		The Story of Mankind Ch. 40		
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Luther's Morning Prayer Copywork	Poetry: To Celia	Luther's Morning Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Chs. 1 & 2	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 3	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 4	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 5	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 6
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Pumpkin Torte, Read: Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 6	Acts 7	Acts 8	Acts 9	Acts 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 2: Virgin of the Rocks, Review: Leonardo Da Vinci bio	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Miserere mei, Deus, Review: Josquin des Prez bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	The Story of Mankind Ch. 41		The Story of Mankind Ch. 42		
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Psalm 46 Copywork	Poetry: On Life and Death	Psalm 46 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Chs. 7 & 8	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 9	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 10	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 11	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 12
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Fruit and Nut Pie, Read: The Hare and the Tortoise				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 11	Acts 12	Acts 13	Acts 14	Acts 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 3: Lady with an Ermine, Narrate: Leonardo Da Vinci bio	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Ave Maria, Virgo Serena, Narrate: Josquin des Prez	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	The Story of Mankind Ch. 43				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		On Life and Death Copywork	Poetry: On a Robbery	On Life and Death Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Chs. 13 & 14	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 15	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 16	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 17	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 18
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Rose Water Bread, Read: Rapunzel			Art Lesson: The Birth of Venus	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 16	Acts 17	Acts 18	Acts 19	Acts 20
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 4: The Last Supper, Review/Narrate: Leonardo Da Vinci bio	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Missa l'Homme Armé Super Voces Musicales, Review/Narrate: Josquin des Prez	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Book of Marvels: The Occident, Ch. 23		Book of Marvels: The Occident, Ch. 26		Enter notes into Geography Notebook
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		On a Robbery Copywork	Poetry: A Fit of Rhyme Against Rhyme	On a Robbery Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 19	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 20	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 21	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 22	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 23
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Fruit-Filled Cinnamon Twists, Read: The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 21	Acts 22	Acts 23	Acts 24	Acts 25
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 5: Salvator Mundi, Review/Narrate: Leonardo Da Vinci bio	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Missa Hercules dux Ferrariae, Review/Narrate: Josquin des Prez	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Book of Marvels: The Occident, Ch. 30		Northern and Southern Renaissance Map		Renaissance Map: Largest Cities
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		A Hymn to God the Father Copywork	Poetry: Hymn to the Belly	A Hymn to God the Father Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 24	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 25	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 26	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 27	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 28
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Mostaccioli a la Romana, Read: Hansel and Grettel				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Luther's Morning Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Acts 26	Acts 27	Acts 28		
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine	Art Selection 6: Mona Lisa, Discuss: Leonardo Da Vinci	Folk Song: Scarborough Fair	Listen to: Missa de Beata Virgine, Discuss: Discuss: Josquin des Prez	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Queen Elizabeth's Tilbury Speech Copywork		Queen Elizabeth's Tilbury Speech Copywork		Review/write notes in your Geography Notebook.
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Come Down, O Love Divine Copywork	Poetry: A Hymn to God the Father	Come Down, O Love Divine Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 29	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 30	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 31	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 32	*The Prince & The Pauper Ch. 33
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Castagnaccio Read: The Lion and the Mouse			Handicraft: Gilded Frame	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

The Renaissance Recommended Reading

Picture Books

Who Was Leonardo da Vinci? by Roberta Edwards

Leonardo: Beautiful Dreamer, by Robert Byrd

Leonardo and the Flying Boy, by Laurence Anholt

Leonardo da Vinci, by Diane Stanley

Michelangelo, by Diane Stanley

Joan of Arc, by Diane Stanley

Bard of Avon: The Story of William Shakespeare, by Diane Stanley

Will's Words: How William Shakespeare Changed the Way You Talk, by Jane Sutcliffe

Good Queen Bess: The Story of Elizabeth I of England, by Diane Stanley

Along Came Galileo, by Jeanne Bendick

Martin Luther: A Man Who Changed The World, by Paul L. Maier

Fine Print: A Story about Johann Gutenberg, by Joann Johansen Burch

Johann Gutenberg and the Printing Press, by Kay Melchisedech Olson

Elementary

The Shakespeare Stealer, by Gary Blackwood

Little Pilgrim's Progress, by Helen L. Taylor

High School

A Midsummer Night's Dream, by William Shakespeare

Much Ado About Nothing, by William Shakespeare

Twelfth Night, by William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet, by William Shakespeare

Macbeth, by William Shakespeare

Hamlet, by William Shakespeare

The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan

The Divine Comedy, by Dante

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **Luther's Morning Prayer** and focus on writing and memorizing **Psalm 46**.

Luther's Morning Prayer

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have kept me this night from all harm and danger; and I pray that You would keep me this day also from sin and every evil, that all my doings and life may please You. For into Your hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.

Psalm 46 (KJV)

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; 3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. 6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted. 7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. 8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. 9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire. 10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. 11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

In the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the
the Holy Spirit. Amen.

I thank you, my heavenly

Father, through Jesus

Christ, Your dear Son,

that You have kept me this

night from all harm and

danger; and I pray that

You would keep me this day

also from sin and every evil,

that all my doings and life

may please You.

For into Your hands I

commend myself, my body

and soul, and all things.

Let Your holy angel be

with me, that the evil foe

may have no power over me.

Amen.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and

of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus

Christ, Your dear Son, that You have kept me

this night from all harm and danger;

and I pray that You would keep me this day

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For into Your hands I commend myself, my body

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Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil

foe may have no power over me. Amen.

In the name of the Father and
of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

I thank you, my heavenly

Father, through Jesus Christ,

Your dear Son, that You have

kept me this night from all harm

and danger; and I pray that

You would keep me this day also

from sin and every evil, that all

my doings and life may please

You. For into Your hands I

commend myself, my body and

soul, and all things.

Let Your holy angel be with me,

that the evil foe may have no

power over me. Amen.

God is our refuge and

strength, a very present

help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear,

though the earth be

removed, and though the

mountains be carried into

the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof

roar and be troubled,

the mountains shake with

the swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river,

the streams whereof shall

make glad the city of God,

the holy place of the

tabernacles of the

most High.

God is in the midst of her;

she shall not be moved:

God shall help her,

and that right early.

The heathen raged,

the kingdoms were moved:

he uttered his voice,

the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is

with us;

the God of Jacob is

our refuge. Selah.

Come, behold the works of

the Lord, what desolations

he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease

unto the end of the earth;

he breaketh the bow,

and cutteth the spear

in sunder; he burneth the

chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I

am God: I will be exalted

among the heathen, I will

be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with

us; the God of Jacob is

our refuge. Selah.

God is our refuge and strength, a very

present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth

be removed, and though the mountains be carried

into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

though the mountains shake with the

swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall

make glad the city of God, the holy place of

the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be

moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:

he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of

Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

Come, behold the works of the Lord,

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He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the

earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the

spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot

in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be

exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted

in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of

Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

God is our refuge and strength,

a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear,

though the earth be removed,

and though the mountains be

carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar

and be troubled, though the

mountains shake with the
swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river, the streams
whereof shall make glad the city
of God, the holy place of the
tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her;

she shall not be moved: God shall

help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms

were moved: he uttered his voice,

the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us;

the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selah.

Come, behold the works of the

Lord, what desolations he hath
made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the
bow, and cutteth the spear in
sunder; he burneth the chariot in
the fire. Be still, and know that
I am God: I will be exalted

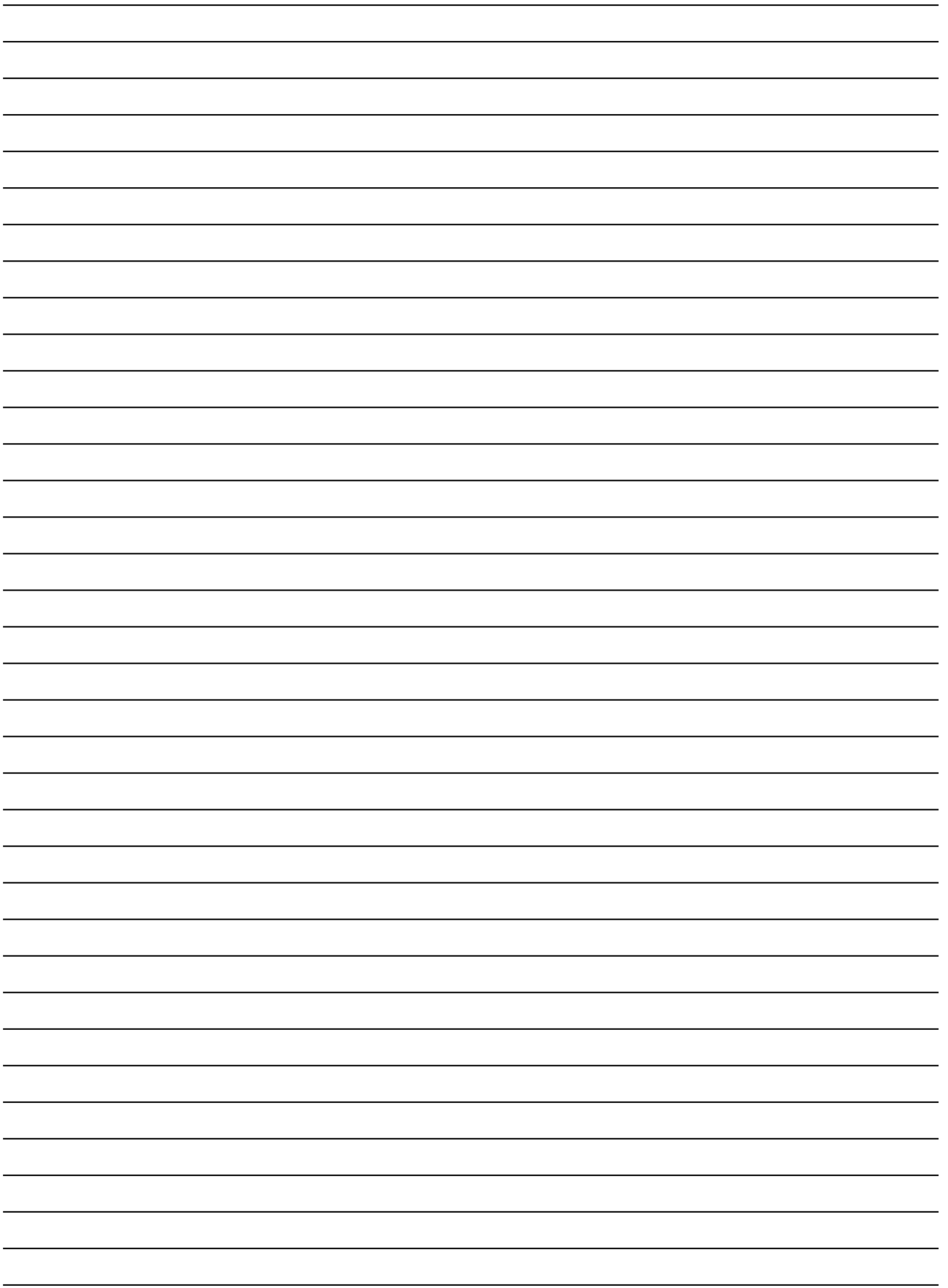
among the heathen, I will be

exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us;

the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selah.





Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Leonardo Da Vinci. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Ginevra de' Bencik*, 1478
- *Virgin of the Rocks*, 1483- 1486 (Louvre Version)
- *Lady with an Ermine*, 1489
- *The Last Supper*, 1498
- *Salvator Mundi*, 1500
- *Mona Lisa*, 1503-1517

This session's featured composer is Josquin des Prez. We have included six of his pieces for music study. They are:

- Missa Pange lingua
- Miserere mei, Deus
- Ave Maria, Virgo Serena
- Missa l'Homme Armé Super Voces Musicales
- Missa Hercules dux Ferrariae
- Missa de Beata Virgine

“Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.”

~ Leonardo Da Vinci

Artist & Composer Study



Leonardo Da Vinci

April 15, 1452- May 2, 1519

Leonardo da Vinci was born on April 15, 1452 in the village of Vinci, just outside of Florence in the region of Tuscany, Italy.

From an early age, he proved to be quite the artist, and at the age of 14, he was apprenticed to the master painter, Andrea del Verrochio. It is said that Leonardo soon surpassed his master and Verrochio became so ashamed of his own talents that he swore never to paint again.

Despite his training as a painter, Da Vinci was also a sculptor, a musician, a writer, an architect, a scientist, a botanist, a mathematician, an engineer, and an inventor.

In fact, he invented earlier versions of many items we have today, such as the armored tank, the hang glider, scissors, the life preserver, diving equipment, the catapult, a movable bridge, a robot, the machine gun, a submarine, the parachute, the helicopter, and much, much more! He is considered the epitome of the Renaissance Man because he possessed an "unquenchable curiosity" and a "feverishly inventive imagination."

He researched the workings of the human body by spending time among corpses, studying them, and sketching out anatomical details.

He studied birds and flight, and even invented a flying machine. Being fascinated to the point of obsession, he tried countless ways to fly himself, although as far as we know, he never quite achieved it.

Leonardo left thousands of notes illustrated with his sketches in what have now been put into notebooks or codices.

But out of all his drawings, paintings, experiments, and inventions, his most famous work is the *Mona Lisa*.

Did you know that out of all the paintings Da Vinci began, he only finished 6 of them? Because he was an absolute genius and incredibly inquisitive about the world around him, he had a very short attention span and was easily distracted. So, unfortunately, he found it difficult to finish an art project before turning his attention elsewhere. This got him in trouble more than once.

Unlike many other artists, Da Vinci actually achieved fame and success while he was still alive, but he has become world famous since his death in 1519.

Giorgio Vasari said of him, "Leonardo da Vinci was a man of regal spirit and tremendous breadth of mind; and his name became so famous that not only was he esteemed during his lifetime, but his reputation endured and became even greater after his death."

How true this is! In fact, over 500 years after he lived, he is still considered a genius and one of the most gifted men to have ever lived.



Ginevra de' Bencik, 1478



Virgin of the Rocks, 1483–1486 (Louvre Version)



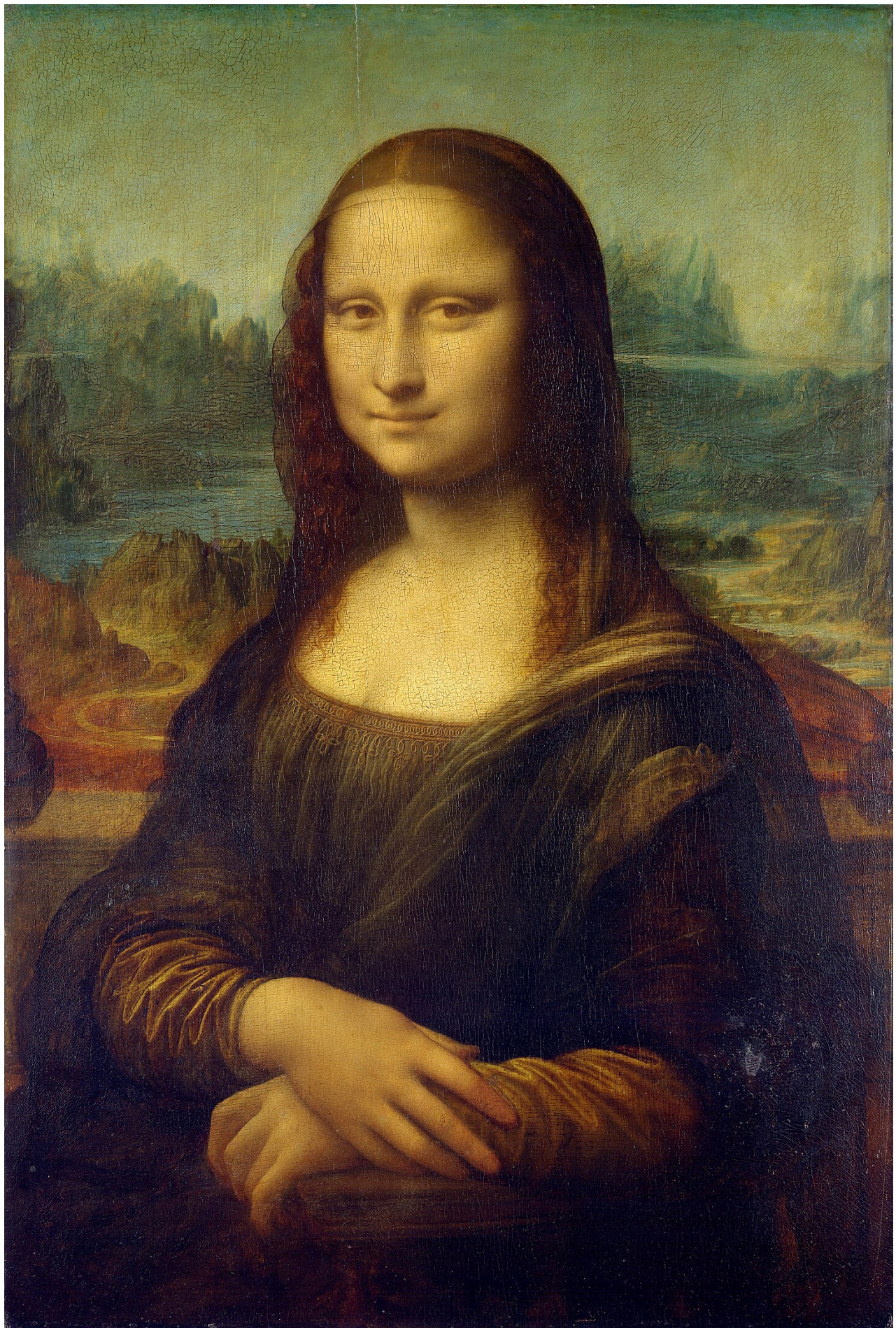
Lady with an Ermine, 1489



The Last Supper, 1498



Salvator Mundi, 1500



Mona Lisa, 1503-1517

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.





Josquin des Prez

circa 1450–1455 – August 27, 1521

Josquin Lebloitte dit des Prez (or Josquin des Prez as he would come to be known) was one of the most famous composers of the Renaissance, a time of great change and creativity in Europe. He was born around 1450 in Flanders (then part of the Kingdom of France). Records about his early life are scarce, but we do know that Josquin grew up surrounded by church music, which shaped his future as a composer.

As a young man, Josquin may have served as an altar or choirboy, which likely influenced his music. He later worked for powerful rulers and churches across Europe, including several kings and popes.

Part of his career was spent in Italy, where he worked for the Duke of Ferrara, and he later served in the papal choir in Rome, which was a high honor. His signature is etched on the choir gallery wall of the Sistine Chapel, where it can still be seen today. The various positions he took allowed him to travel widely, learn from other musicians, and share his own musical ideas.

Josquin became well-known because of his talent for writing music that was both beautiful and expressive. He used techniques such as imitation, where one voice would echo another, and he often matched the mood of the music to the words being sung, a technique known as word painting. His style was innovative and unique, and he helped popularize these new techniques, which spread like wildfire and shaped much of the music of the Renaissance.

He wrote many different types of music, including sacred works for the church, like masses and motets, as well as secular songs. His compositions spread across Europe, and people admired him so much that later composers tried to copy his style, causing many works to be mistakenly attributed to him after his death. This led to a well-known saying at the time, "Now that Josquin is dead, he is producing more compositions than when he was still alive." This influence is evidence of how greatly esteemed he was both during and after his lifetime.

Josquin's influence was so strong that his music continued to be sung long after his death in 1521, which was unusual at the time. He is considered the first Western composer to remain famous after his lifetime. Martin Luther, the leader of the Protestant Reformation, even called Josquin "the master of the notes," showing how important his work was considered by his contemporaries. He left behind a legacy that greatly influenced future generations of musicians and still inspires people to this day.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Missa Pange lingua

Week 2 - Miserere mei, Deus

Week 3 - Ave Maria, Virgo Serena

Week 4 - Missa l'Homme Armé Super Voces Musicales

Week 5 - Missa Hercules dux Ferrariae

Week 6 - Missa de Beata Virgine

Hymn Study: Come Down, O Love Divine

The hymn “Come Down, O Love Divine” is one of those songs that feels both timeless and deeply moving. The words of this hymn were first written in the 14th century by an Italian poet named Bianco da Siena. He was part of a religious group called the “Order of the Jesuates,” who dedicated their lives to prayer, penitence, and caring for the sick. His verses were written in Italian and were simple prayers asking for the Holy Spirit to fill the believer’s heart with love.

During the Renaissance, people across Europe were rediscovering beauty, creativity, and spirituality in new ways. The Renaissance was not just about art and science- it was also a time when sacred poetry and music blossomed. Bianco da Siena’s poetry fits into this Renaissance spirit because it expressed faith in such a heartfelt and beautiful way. His words were not heavy or complicated; they were full of deep longing for God’s presence, something many people of the Renaissance longed for, too.

The hymn became even more well-known in the 19th century when the English priest Richard Frederick Littledale translated Bianco’s Italian poem into English. Later, the musical accompaniment known today was written by Ralph Vaughan Williams, a famous English composer in the early 20th century, who loved to restore old melodies. Vaughan Williams gave the hymn a tune called “Down Ampney,” named after the village where he was born. The result is the hymn we sing today: a Renaissance poem set to a beautiful modern melody.

In many ways, “*Come Down, O Love Divine*” carries the heart of the Renaissance into our time. It reminds us of the beauty of poetry, the richness of music, and the longing for God’s Spirit that people felt then and still feel today. It shows how words written centuries ago, during a time of rediscovery and renewal, can still touch hearts and bring comfort in worship today.

Come Down, O Love Divine Lyrics

Come Down, O Love Divine

Come down, O Love divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
and kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming:
And let Thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become my inner clothing,
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

Veni, veni Emmanuel (Latin Version)

Veni, veni Emmanuel!
Captivum solve Israel!
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei Filio.

Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
nascetur pro te, Israel.

Veni o Jesse virgula!
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos tartari
Educ, et antro barathri.

Veni, veni o Oriens!
Solare nos adveniens,
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.

Veni clavis Davidica!
Regna reclude coelica,
Fac iter Tutum superum,
Et claude vias Inferum.

Veni, veni Adonai!
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice,
In maiestate gloriae.

Come Down, O Love Divine

Bianco da Siena

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Come down, O Love di - vine, seek Thou this soul_ of
O let it free - ly burn, till earth - ly pas - sions
Let ho - ly char - i - ty mine out - ward ves - true
And so the yearn - ing strong, with which the soul_ will

mine, and vis - it it with Thine own ar - dor_ glow - ing;
turn to dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;
be, and low - li - ness be - come mine in - ner_ cloth - ing;
long, shall far out - pass the pow'r of hu - man_ tell - ing;

O Com - fort - er, draw near, with - in my heart ap -
and let Thy glo - rious light shine ev - er on my
true low - li - ness of heart, which takes the hum - bler
no soul can guess its grace, till he be - come the

pear, and kin - dle it, Thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
sight, and clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
part, and o'er its own short - com ings weeps with loath - ing.
place where - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes His_ dwell - ing.

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Wherein the Holy Spirit

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Folk Song: Scarborough Fair

“Scarborough Fair” is a traditional English ballad whose earliest known versions date to the late medieval and early Renaissance periods. It tells of a young man sending a list of impossible tasks—such as making a shirt without seams or washing it in a dry well—to a former lover as a condition for reconciliation. This structure of poetic riddles and “impossible tasks” is common in European folk songs of the time. The haunting, modal melody gives it a distinctly old-world sound, echoing the music heard in 16th-century England.

The song takes its name from Scarborough Fair, a famous trade fair held annually in the coastal town of Scarborough, Yorkshire. First granted a royal charter by King Henry III in 1253, the fair lasted an impressive 45 days each summer. By the Renaissance, it had become one of the largest and most cosmopolitan gatherings in England, attracting merchants, entertainers, and visitors from all over Europe. Stalls sold everything from fine cloth to spices, and the fair was renowned for its music, dancing, and storytelling.

Scarborough Fair Lyrics

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lived there.
She once was a true love of mine.

Have her make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seams, nor fine needle work.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Gather it up in a basket of flowers
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and over the sand.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then sow some seeds from north of the dam.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have her reap it with a sickle of leather.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Gather it up in a bunch of heather.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

If she tells me she can't, then I'll reply.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Let me know, that at least she will try.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Though not more than any heart asks.
And I must know she's true love of mine.

When thou has finished thy task.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Come to me my hand for to ask.
For then you'll be a true love of mine.

Scarborough Fair

English Folk Song, Ballad

Traditional

Musical notation for measures 1-8. The score is in 3/4 time. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with a slur over measures 1-4 and another slur over measures 5-8. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the beginning.

Musical notation for measures 9-16. The score continues in 3/4 time. The right hand has a slur over measures 9-12 and another slur over measures 13-16. The left hand continues with quarter notes. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the start, *mp* (mezzo-piano) at measure 13, and *p* (piano) at the end.

Musical notation for measures 17-24. The score continues in 3/4 time. The right hand has a slur over measures 17-20 and another slur over measures 21-24. The left hand continues with quarter notes.

Musical notation for measures 25-32. The score continues in 3/4 time. The right hand has a slur over measures 25-28 and another slur over measures 29-32. The left hand continues with quarter notes.

33

Musical notation for measures 33-37. The right hand features a melodic line with a long slur over measures 33-37. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

38

Musical notation for measures 38-42. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 38-42. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment.

43

Musical notation for measures 43-48. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 43-48. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment.

49

Musical notation for measures 49-54. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 49-54. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The instruction *p legato* is written in the right hand, and *con Ped.* is written below the left hand.

55

Musical notation for measures 55-60. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 55-60. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The instruction *mf* is written in the right hand.

61

Musical notation for measures 61-65. The right hand has a melodic line with a slur over measures 61-65. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The instruction *p* is written in the right hand.

67

Musical score for measures 67-72. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a slur over measures 67-70, followed by a *rit.* marking and a final note with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a slur over measures 67-70, followed by a *p.* marking and a final note with a fermata. A *pp* marking is present at the end of the system.

73

Musical score for measures 73-79. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various chords and intervals. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with various chords and intervals.

81

Musical score for measures 81-86. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various chords and intervals. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with various chords and intervals.

Musical score for measures 87-92. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various chords and intervals. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with various chords and intervals.

11

Musical score for measures 93-98. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various chords and intervals. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with various chords and intervals.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Our featured poet for this session is Ben Jonson, a famous Renaissance writer. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- X: Song: To Celia
- Of Life and Death
- On a Robbery
- A Fit of Rhyme Against Rhyme
- Hymn to the Belly
- A Hymn to God the Father

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. We have chosen three poems, as well as a historical speech to copy, listed below:

- Of Life and Death
- On a Robbery
- A Hymn to God the Father
- (History copywork) Queen Elizabeth's Tilbury Speech

"Language most shows a man: Speak, that I may see thee."

~ Ben Jonson



Benjamin Jonson

circa June 11, 1572 - August 18, 1637

Benjamin Jonson, or Ben Jonson as he became known (1572-1637), was one of the most important poets and playwrights of the English Renaissance, a time when art, theater, and literature were flourishing in England. He lived during the same period as William Shakespeare and even knew him personally. While Shakespeare is the most famous writer of the time, Jonson's work also left a lasting mark on English literature.

Jonson was born in London in 1572. His father died before he was born, so he grew up in a family that struggled financially. As a boy, Jonson attended school, where he showed a

talent for reading, writing, and especially for classical Greek and Roman authors who deeply influenced his later writing. For a short time, he worked as a bricklayer, helping build houses, before joining the army. As a soldier, Jonson traveled to the Netherlands, where he gained experience and courage that shaped his bold personality.

When Jonson returned to London, he began acting in plays, but he soon discovered his true gift was in writing them. His plays often mixed comedy with sharp observations about people and society. One of his most famous plays, *Volpone* (1605-1606), satirized greed and selfishness, showing how easily people could be tricked by their own desires. Another play, *The Alchemist* (1610), poked fun at those who were gullible enough to believe in get-rich-quick schemes. Jonson's clever humor and skillful use of language made his plays popular with audiences.

In addition to plays, Jonson wrote poetry. His poems were admired for their careful structure and thoughtful ideas. One of his most famous poems is *To Celia*, which includes the well-known line "Drink to me only with thine eyes." He also wrote touching elegies, or poems of mourning, such as the one he wrote after the death of his young son. These works reveal a softer, more personal side of Jonson.

Jonson's personality was strong and sometimes fiery. He got into quarrels and even spent time in prison more than once for offending authorities with his sharp words. Yet, he was also admired and respected by many, including King James I, who gave him a yearly salary, earning him the title of the first "Poet Laureate" of England. This meant Jonson was paid to compose poetry and plays for important events, and he became officially recognized as one of the nation's leading poets.

Ben Jonson's influence lasted long after he died in 1637. His plays and poems were widely read, and future writers looked up to him as a master of language and wit. While Shakespeare may be better remembered today, Jonson's work offers an important window into the life, humor, and concerns of the Renaissance. He influenced a generation of writers, and his plays are still remembered (and even performed) to this day, ensuring that his memory lives on.

Poetry Selections

IX: Song: To Celia

Drink to me, only, with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
And Ile not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,
Doth aske a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's Nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st onely breathe,
And sent'st it back to mee:
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of it selfe, but thee.

On Life and Death

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds:
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,
And hath it in his powers to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

On a Robbery

RIDWAY robb'd DUNCOTE of three hundred pound,
Ridway was ta'en, arraign'd, condemn'd to die;
But, for this money, was a courtier found,
Begg'd Ridway's pardon: Duncote now doth cry,
Robb'd both of money, and the law's relief,
'The courtier is become the greater thief.'

Poetry Selections

A Fit of Rhyme Against Rhyme

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight;
Wresting words from their true calling,
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground;
Jointing syllables, drowning letters,
Fast'ning vowels as with fetters
They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And art banish'd.
For a thousand years together
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage;
Not a poet in an age
Worth crowning;
Not a work deserving bays,
Not a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;

Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek by this protection
Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish
To restore
Phœbus to his crown again,
And the Muses to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cæsure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd forever.
Still may syllables jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never.
May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unsunder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder.

Poetry Selections

Hymn to the Belly

ROOM! room! make room for the bouncing Belly,
First father of sauce and deviser of jelly;
Prime master of arts and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent engine, the spit,
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,
The hutch and the boulder, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the bavin, the mawkin, the peel,
The hearth and the range, the dog and the wheel.
He, he first invented the hogshead and tun,
The gimlet and vice too, and taught 'em to run;
And since, with the funnel and hippocras bag,
He's made of himself that now he cries swag;
Which shows, though the pleasure be but of four inches,
Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from his back
Whatever to make of the belly a sack.
Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder of taste,
For fresh meats or powdered, or pickle or paste!
Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted or sod!
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd!
All which have now made thee so wide i' the waist,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced;
But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles and break'st forth a god.

Poetry Selections

A Hymn to God the Father

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part.
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill-bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son,
To free a slave,
First made of nought;
With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell
His glorious name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebel
And slight the same.

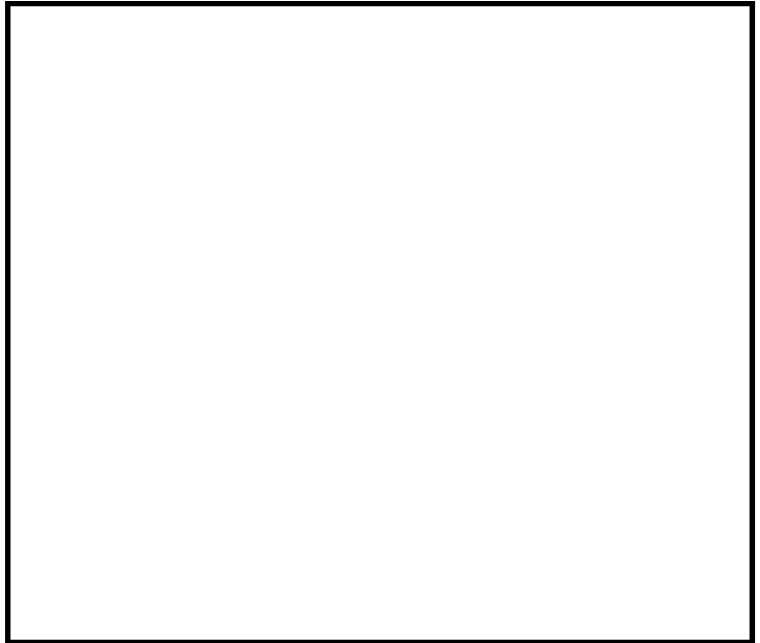
But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

Hear me, O God!

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Is my best part.

Use still thy rod,

That I may prove

Therein thy Love.

If thou hadst not

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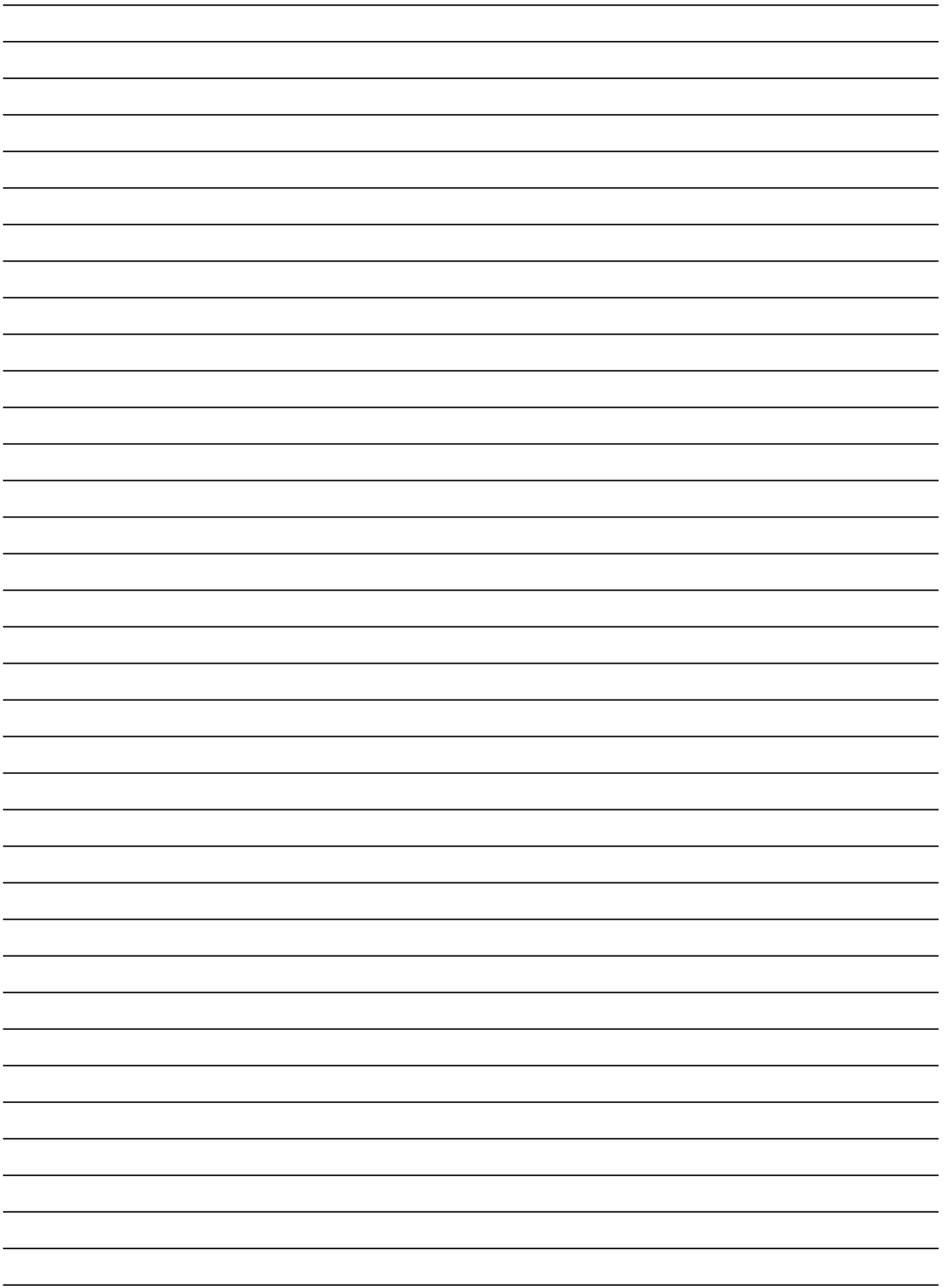
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Before my loss

Me farther toss,

As sure to win

Under His cross.



The ports of death are

sins; of life, good deeds:

Through which our merit

leads us to our meeds.

How wilful blind is he, then,

that would stray,

And hath it in his powers

to make his way!

This world death's region is,

the other life's:

And here it should be one

of our first strifes,

So to front death, as men

might judge us past it:

For good men but see

death, the wicked taste it.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds:

Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.

How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,

And hath it in his powers to make his way!

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For good men but see death,

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RIDWAY robb'd DUNCOTE

of three hundred pound,

Ridway was ta'en, arraign'd,

condemn'd to die;

But, for this money,

was a courtier found,

Begg'd Ridway's pardon:

Duncote now doth cry,

Robb'd both of money,

and the law's relief,

'The courtier is become

the greater thief.'

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Robb'd both of money,

and the law's relief,

'The courtier is become the

greater thief.'

My loving people, we have

been persuaded by some

that we are careful of our

safety, to take heed how

we commit ourselves to

armed multitudes for fear

of treachery; but, I do

assure you, I do not desire

to live to distrust my

faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear, I have

always so behaved myself,

that under God I have

placed my chiefest strength

and safeguard in the loyal

hearts and goodwill of my

subjects; and, therefore, I

am come amongst you as

you see at this time, not

for my recreation and

disport, but being resolved,

in the midst and heat of

battle, to live or die

amongst you all - to lay

down for my God, and for

my kingdoms, and for my

people, my honour and my

blood even in the dust.

I know I have the body of

a weak, feeble woman; but

I have the heart and

stomach of a king - and of

a king of England too, and

think foul scorn that Parma

or Spain, or any prince of

Europe, should dare to

invade the borders of my

realm; to which, rather than

any dishonour should grow

by me, I myself will take

up arms - I myself will be

your general, judge, and

rewarder of every one of

your virtues in the field.

I know already, for your

forwardness, you have

deserved rewards and

crowns, and, we do assure

you, on the word of a

prince, they shall be duly

paid you. For the meantime,

my Lieutenant-General

Leicester shall be in my

stead, than whom never

prince commanded a more

noble or worthy subject;

not doubting but by your

obedience to my General,

by your concord in the

camp, and your valour in

the field, we shall shortly

have a famous victory over

these enemies of my God,

of my kingdom and

of my people.”

"My loving people, we have been persuaded

by some that we are careful of our safety, to

take heed how we commit ourselves to armed

multitudes for fear of treachery; but, I do

assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust

my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear,

I have always so behaved myself, that under

God I have placed my chiefest strength and

safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of

my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst

you as you see at this time, not for my

recreation and disport, but being resolved, in

the midst and heat of battle, to live or die

amongst you all – to lay down for my God, and

for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour

and my blood even in the dust. I know I have

the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have

the heart and stomach of a king – and of a king

of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma

or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare

to invade the borders of my realm; to which,

rather than any dishonour should grow by me,

I myself will take up arms – I myself will be

your general, judge, and rewarder of every one

of your virtues in the field. I know already,

for your forwardness, you have deserved

rewards and crowns, and, we do assure you,

on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid

you. For the meantime, my Lieutenant-General

Leicester shall be in my stead, than whom never

prince commanded a more noble or worthy

subject; not doubting but by your obedience to

my General, by your concord in the camp, and

your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a

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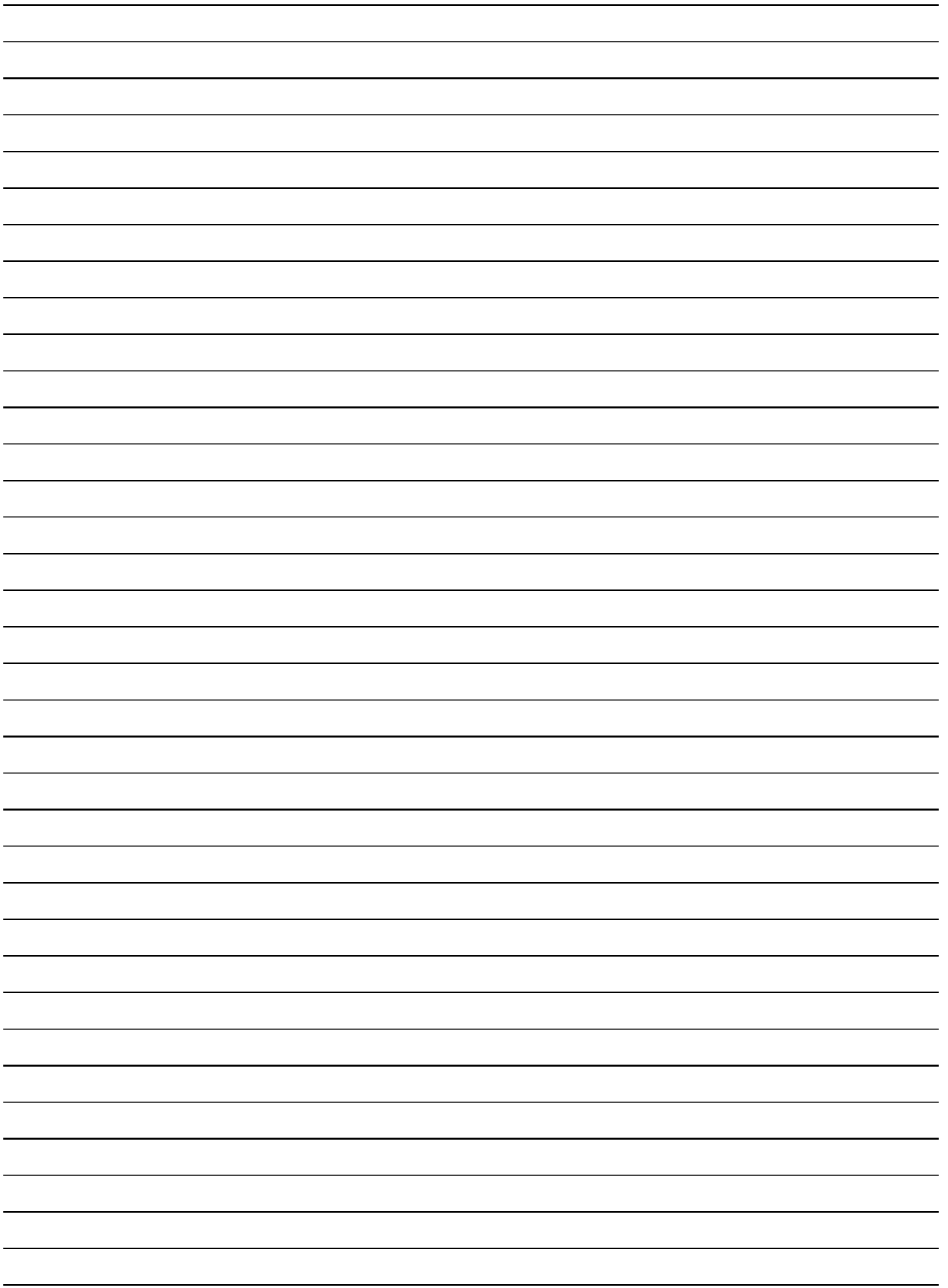
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Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six Renaissance recipes for our tea time: Pumpkin Torte, Fruit and Nut Pie, Rose Water Bread, Fruit-Filled Cinammon Twists, Mostaccioli a la Romana (Almond Cakes), and Castagnaccio (Italian Chestnut Cake).

Additionally, we have included a short biography of a famous Renaissance-era chef below.

We will also have six storytime teas:

Fairy Tale Tea 1: *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper*, by Andrew Lang

Fable Tea 2: *The Hare and the Tortoise*, by Aesop

Fairy Tale Tea 3: *Rapunzel*, by the Brothers Grimm

Fable Tea 4: *The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf*, by Aesop

Fairy Tale Tea 5: *Hansel and Grettel*, by Andrew Lang

Fable Tea 6: *The Lion and the Mouse*, by Aesop

“For a man to write well, there are required three necessities—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style.”

~ Ben Jonson

Tea Times

Bartolomeo Scappi

circa 1500 – April 13, 1577



Bartolomeo Scappi, often called “the Michelangelo of cooking,” was one of the most celebrated chefs of the Renaissance.

Born around 1500 in northern Italy, he rose to fame serving in the kitchens of powerful cardinals and eventually became the personal cook to Pope Pius V.

His reputation came from both his skill and his ability to blend elegance with practicality, making him a master of the art of dining in Renaissance Italy.

In 1570, Scappi published *Opera dell’arte del cucinare* (“The Art and Craft of a Master Cook”), a massive cookbook with over 1,000 recipes. More than just recipes, it included instructions and illustrations on kitchen tools, techniques, and proper service, giving us a vivid picture of Renaissance food culture. His work influenced European cooking for generations, preserving the tastes and traditions of his time while also showing just how much creativity and artistry could be found in the kitchen.

Many of our recipes below are modern adaptations of Scappi’s Renaissance-era recipes, bringing history to life and ensuring his legacy lives on.

Pumpkin Torte



Ingredients:

2 c pumpkin puree
1 c ricotta cheese
1 c cream cheese
7 medium eggs, beaten
1 ¼ c light brown sugar
2 T cinnamon
4 tsp ginger
1 c heavy whipping cream
5 T butter, softened
1/4 c butter, melted
Cinnamon sugar (for topping)

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 350°F. In a large bowl, mix the pumpkin puree, ricotta, and cream cheese until smooth. Beat in the eggs. Add the brown sugar.

Mix in the cinnamon and ginger, then mix in the cream and unsalted butter until smooth.

Pour the melted butter into a cake or pie pan. You really just need it to cover the bottom of the pan, so you don't have to use all of it.

Pour the batter into the pan. Bake for 1 hour 15 minutes, or until it's puffed up and just a little wobbly in the center. Sprinkle the top with cinnamon sugar. Turn off the oven and leave the cheesecake in to cool for 45 minutes.

Remove from the oven and let it finish cooling until it isn't liquidy anymore.

Fruit and Nut Pie



Ingredients:

- 1 ¼ c raw almonds
- ¾ c pinenuts
- 10-12 pitted dates
- 12-14 dried figs
- ½ c raisins
- 8 egg yolks
- ¾ c granulated sugar
- 1T cinnamon
- ¼ c ground biscotti cookies
- ¼ c rosewater
- 4 T butter
- 1 pie shell

Directions:

Preheat oven to 400° F. Using a food processor, grind together the almonds, pine nuts, dates, figs, and raisins. (Work in batches if it becomes too dense and sticky.) Add the egg yolks, sugar, cinnamon, ground cookies, rosewater, and butter, and mix until it forms a thick paste.

Fill the pie crust with the mixture. Bake for 15 minutes, then lower the temperature to 325° F and bake for another 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Store in the refrigerator.

Rose Water Bread



Ingredients:

6 T breadcrumbs
1 + ½ c warm water (divided)
4 c bread flour
2 tsp salt
1 tsp yeast
1 pound (4 sticks) unsalted butter, cut into pieces
2 T melted butter
1 tsp sugar
1 tsp rose water

Directions:

Combine 1 c of the warm water with the breadcrumbs and let them soak until they've absorbed most of the water.

Whisk the flour and salt together. Add the yeast and the soaked breadcrumbs and mix until well incorporated.

Add the ½ c warm water a little at a time while mixing. You may not need all of the water- only add enough to make the dough come together.

Turn the dough out and knead until it starts to become smooth. Put it in a lightly greased bowl and cover it. Let the dough rise in a warm place until doubled in size. Depending on your biga or yeast, this could take 2 to 4 hours.

When the dough has doubled, punch it down and turn it out onto a lightly floured surface. Stretch it into a square or rectangle. Scatter some of the butter pieces on top, then fold the dough over to cover the butter and knead until the butter is fully incorporated. Repeat the process until all of the butter is incorporated. As you add more butter, the dough will become stickier. Add flour a couple of T at a time if it becomes unworkable, just enough to bring it back together. If you have a stand mixer, you can use it for this part.

Once all of the butter is incorporated and the dough is silky smooth, divide it into 3 pieces. Cover and let it rest, preferably in the refrigerator, for 30 minutes. Preheat the oven to 350°F and butter the bottom and sides of a 10-inch cake pan. If you have a springform pan, it will make getting the bread out easier.

Directions (continued):

After the dough has rested, roll each piece out to match the diameter of the pan. Layer the pieces in the pan on top of each other. Brush the top with the melted butter. Using a sharp knife, poke holes all over the top to keep it from puffing up too much.

Set the pan on a lined baking sheet and bake for 1 hour 15 minutes.

After 1 hour 15 minutes, quickly brush the rose water on top of the bread and sprinkle the sugar on it. Bake for another 15 minutes, or until it's baked all the way through. Let it cool before cutting.

Fruit-Filled Cinnamon Twists



Filling:

1 c dried currants or golden raisins
1 c raisins
1 c pitted chopped dates
1 c red wine or grape juice
¼ c raw sugar or light brown sugar
1 tsp cinnamon
½ tsp nutmeg
¼ tsp cloves

Dough:

¼ c sourdough starter	3 T rosewater
discard	1 stick butter, softened
⅔ c warm water	½ tsp salt
3.5 c flour	1 beaten egg
3 egg yolks	

Directions:

Cook sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and dried fruits in red wine/grape juice until soft. (Be sure the sugar doesn't caramelize.) Allow to cool.

In a standing mixer, mix sourdough discard with warm water until the starter is mostly dissolved. Add flour, egg yolks, rosewater, butter, and salt until incorporated into a dough. Add to a standing mixer with a dough hook and let it knead for 6-7 minutes. (If mixing by hand, knead for 15-20 minutes.) You should have a very supple dough that easily slides off the dough hook without residue. You should also be able to shape and roll it without using additional flour.

Spray a sheet pan with oil and set aside. Heat oven to 375°F.

Cut the dough into four even pieces. (When not rolling out a piece of dough, keep the others in the refrigerator.) Roll the first piece of dough into a thin rectangular piece. If desired, cut the edges with a pastry cutter so that you have an even rectangle. Cut this rectangle in half the long way through the rectangle.

Take 1.5 T of the cooled fruit filling and spread it across the bottom of the rectangle. Carefully fold over the dough until it's a long roll. Then roll this up so it's shaped like a cinnamon roll and tuck the end underneath. Set the twists onto the oiled sheet pan. Repeat with the other three pieces of dough.

Cover with a towel and let rise for 30 minutes, then brush the twists with the beaten egg. Cook for 40-60 minutes, or until the crust is browned.

Mostaccioli a la Romana (Almond Cakes)



Ingredients:

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups almond flour
3 egg yolks
6 tbsp raisins
2 tsp cinnamon

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 350°F and grease a 9x9 cake pan. Mix the sugar, flour, almond flour, and cinnamon. Add egg yolks, raisins, and an additional T or two of water if needed to create a batter-like consistency. Pour the batter into the pan and bake for 20 minutes. Allow to cool completely before cutting into small squares.

Castagnaccio (Italian Chestnut Cake)

Ingredients:

25 g raisins
200 g chestnut flour
Pinch sea salt
225 g water
40 g olive oil
2 tbsp honey
30 g chopped walnuts
20 g pine nuts
Pinch of rosemary

Directions:

Cover the raisins with warm water and leave to soak for at least ten minutes.
Preheat the oven to 325°F.

In a medium sized mixing bowl, mix chestnut flour with salt until there aren't any lumps. Add water and mix until smooth. Add the olive oil and honey. Drain and add the raisins, stirring until combined. Pour into a shallow pie pan and level with a spatula. Sprinkle walnuts, pine nuts, and rosemary over the top, then press them down gently with the spatula until set in the batter.

Bake for 30 to 35 minutes, or until the top is firm and just starting to crack. Allow to cool for fifteen minutes, then turn out onto a serving plate and cut into eight slices. Serve warm with a drizzle of honey.



Cinderella, Or the Little Glass Slipper

by Andrew Lang

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the mother-in-law began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl, and the less because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house: she scoured the dishes, tables, etc., and scrubbed madam's chamber, and those of misses, her daughters; she lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large that they might see themselves at their full length from head to foot.

The poor girl bore all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have rattled her off; for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go into the chimney-corner, and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly be called Cinderwench; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the King's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles; they talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimming."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered manteau, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

They sent for the best tire-woman they could get to make up their head-dresses and adjust their double pinders, and they had their red brushes and patches from Mademoiselle de la Poche.

Cinderella was likewise called up to them to be consulted in all these matters, for she had excellent notions, and advised them always for the best, nay, and offered her services to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this, they said to her:

“Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the ball?”

“Alas!” said she, “you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go thither.”

“Thou art in the right of it,” replied they; “it would make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball.”

Anyone but Cinderella would have dressed their heads awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two days without eating, so much were they transported with joy. They broke above a dozen laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking-glass. At last the happy day came; they went to Court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them, she fell a-crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter.

“I wish I could—I wish I could—”; she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, “Thou wishest thou couldst go to the ball; is it not so?”

“Y—es,” cried Cinderella, with a great sigh.

“Well,” said her godmother, “be but a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go.” Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, “Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin.”

Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could make her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trapdoor, when, giving each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, the mouse was that moment turned into a fine horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-colored dapple-gray. Being at a loss for a coachman,

“I will go and see,” says Cinderella, “if there is never a rat in the rat-trap—we may make a coachman of him.”

"Thou art in the right," replied her godmother; "go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of one of the three which had the largest beard, and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers eyes ever beheld. After that, she said to her:

"Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot, bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so but her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The Fairy then said to Cinderella:

"Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh! yes," cried she; "but must I go thither as I am, in these nasty rags?"

Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world. Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her, at the same time, that if she stayed one moment longer, the coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight; and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for joy. The King's son who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she alighted out of the coach, and led her into the ball, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence, they left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was everyone to contemplate the singular beauties of the unknown new-comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of:

"Ha! how handsome she is! Ha! how handsome she is!"

The King himself, old as he was, could not help watching her, and telling the Queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature.

All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and headdress, that they might have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could meet with such fine material and as able hands to make them.

The King's son conducted her to the most honorable seat, and afterward took her out to dance with him; she danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her. A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her.

She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the Prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company and hasted away as fast as she could.

When she got home she ran to seek out her godmother, and, after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the King's son had desired her.

As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened.

"How long you have stayed!" cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes and stretching herself as if she had been just waked out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home.

"If thou hadst been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "thou wouldst not have been tired with it. There came thither the finest princess, the most beautiful ever was seen with mortal eyes; she showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter; indeed, she asked them the name of that princess; but they told her they did not know it, and that the King's son was very uneasy on her account and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderella, smiling, replied:

"She must, then, be very beautiful indeed; how happy you have been! Could not I see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes which you wear every day."

"Ay, to be sure!" cried Miss Charlotte; "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as thou art! I should be a fool."

Cinderella, indeed, expected well such answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed more magnificently than before. The King's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and kind speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her; so that she, at last, counted the clock striking twelve when she took it to be no more than eleven; she then rose up and fled, as nimble as a deer. The Prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the Prince took up most carefully. She got home but quite out of breath, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing left her of all her finery but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she dropped.

The guards at the palace gate were asked: If they had not seen a princess go out.

Who said: They had seen nobody go out but a young girl, very meanly dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball Cinderella asked them: If they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there.

They told her: Yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the King's son had taken up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time at the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the glass slipper.

What they said was very true; for a few days after the King's son caused it to be proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot the slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it upon the princesses, then the duchesses and all the Court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the slipper, but they could not effect it. Cinderella, who saw all this, and knew her slipper, said to them, laughing:

"Let me see if it will not fit me."

Her sisters burst out a-laughing, and began to banter her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and, finding her very handsome, said: It was but just that she should try, and that he had orders to let everyone make trial.

He obliged Cinderella to sit down, and, putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went on very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her foot. Thereupon, in came her godmother, who, having touched with her wand Cinderella's clothes, made them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine, beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill-treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and, as she embraced them, cried: That she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her.

She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was; he thought her more charming than ever, and, a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the Court.



The Hare and the Tortoise

from Aesop for Children

A Hare was making fun of the Tortoise one day for being so slow.

"Do you ever get anywhere?" he asked with a mocking laugh.

"Yes," replied the Tortoise, "and I get there sooner than you think. I'll run you a race and prove it."

The Hare was much amused at the idea of running a race with the Tortoise, but for the fun of the thing he agreed. So the Fox, who had consented to act as judge, marked the distance and started the runners off.

The Hare was soon far out of sight, and to make the Tortoise feel very deeply how ridiculous it was for him to try a race with a Hare, he lay down beside the course to take a nap until the Tortoise should catch up.

The Tortoise meanwhile kept going slowly but steadily, and, after a time, passed the place where the Hare was sleeping. But the Hare slept on very peacefully; and when at last he did wake up, the Tortoise was near the goal. The Hare now ran his swiftest, but he could not overtake the Tortoise in time.

The race is not always to the swift.

Rapunzel

by The Brothers Grimm

There were once a man and a woman who had long in vain wished for a child. At length the woman hoped that God was about to grant her desire. These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen, which was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go into it because it belonged to an enchantress, who had great power and was dreaded by all the world. One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden, when she saw a bed which was planted with the most beautiful rampion (rapunzel), and it looked so fresh and green that she longed for it, she quite pined away, and began to look pale and miserable. Then her husband was alarmed, and asked: 'What ails you, dear wife?' 'Ah,' she replied, 'if I can't eat some of the rampion, which is in the garden behind our house, I shall die.' The man, who loved her, thought: 'Sooner than let your wife die, bring her some of the rampion yourself, let it cost what it will.' At twilight, he clambered down over the wall into the garden of the enchantress, hastily clutched a handful of rampion, and took it to his wife. She at once made herself a salad of it, and ate it greedily. It tasted so good to her—so very good, that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before. If he was to have any rest, her husband must once more descend into the garden. In the gloom of evening therefore, he let himself down again; but when he had clambered down the wall he was terribly afraid, for he saw the enchantress standing before him. 'How can you dare,' said she with angry look, 'descend into my garden and steal my rampion like a thief? You shall suffer for it!' 'Ah,' answered he, 'let mercy take the place of justice, I only made up my mind to do it out of necessity. My wife saw your rampion from the window, and felt such a longing for it that she would have died if she had not got some to eat.' Then the enchantress allowed her anger to be softened, and said to him: 'If the case be as you say, I will allow you to take away with you as much rampion as you will, only I make one condition, you must give me the child which your wife will bring into the world; it shall be well treated, and I will care for it like a mother.' The man in his terror consented to everything, and when the woman was brought to bed, the enchantress appeared at once, gave the child the name of Rapunzel, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the enchantress shut her into a tower, which lay in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, but quite at the top was a little window. When the enchantress wanted to go in, she placed herself beneath it and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the enchantress she unfastened her braided tresses, wound them round one of the hooks of the window above, and then the hair fell twenty ells down, and the enchantress climbed up by it.

After a year or two, it came to pass that the king's son rode through the forest and passed by the tower. Then he heard a song, which was so charming that he stood still and listened. This was Rapunzel, who in her solitude passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound. The king's son wanted to climb up to her, and looked for the door of the tower, but none was to be found. He rode home, but the singing had so deeply touched his heart, that every day he went out into the forest and listened to it. Once when he was thus standing behind a tree, he saw that an enchantress came there, and he heard how she cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Then Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair, and the enchantress climbed up to her. 'If that is the ladder by which one mounts, I too will try my fortune,' said he, and the next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Immediately the hair fell down and the king's son climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man, such as her eyes had never yet beheld, came to her; but the king's son began to talk to her quite like a friend, and told her that his heart had been so stirred that it had let him have no rest, and he had been forced to see her. Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought: 'He will love me more than old Dame Gothel does'; and she said yes, and laid her hand in his. She said: 'I will willingly go away with you, but I do not know how to get down. Bring with you a skein of silk every time that you come, and I will weave a ladder with it, and when that is ready I will descend, and you will take me on your horse.' They agreed that until that time he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day. The enchantress remarked nothing of this, until once Rapunzel said to her: 'Tell me, Dame Gothel, how it happens that you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the young king's son—he is with me in a moment.' 'Ah! you wicked child,' cried the enchantress. 'What do I hear you say! I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me!' In her anger she clutched Rapunzel's beautiful tresses, wrapped them twice round her left hand, seized a pair of scissors with the right, and snip, snap, they were cut off, and the lovely braids lay on the ground. And she was so pitiless that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert where she had to live in great grief and misery.

On the same day that she cast out Rapunzel, however, the enchantress fastened the braids of hair, which she had cut off, to the hook of the window, and when the king's son came and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.' she let the hair down.

The king's son ascended, but instead of finding his dearest Rapunzel, he found the enchantress, who gazed at him with wicked and venomous looks. 'Aha!' she cried mockingly, 'you would fetch your dearest, but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing in the nest; the cat has got it, and will scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again.' The king's son was beside himself with pain, and in his despair he leapt down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell pierced his eyes. Then he wandered quite blind about the forest, ate nothing but roots and berries, and did naught but lament and weep over the loss of his dearest wife. Thus he roamed about in misery for some years, and at length came to the desert where Rapunzel, with the twins to which she had given birth, a boy and a girl, lived in wretchedness. He heard a voice, and it seemed so familiar to him that he went towards it, and when he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears wetted his eyes and they grew clear again, and he could see with them as before. He led her to his kingdom where he was joyfully received, and they lived for a long time afterwards, happy and contented.



The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf

from Aesop for Children

A Shepherd Boy tended his master's Sheep near a dark forest not far from the village. Soon he found life in the pasture very dull. All he could do to amuse himself was to talk to his dog or play on his shepherd's pipe.

One day as he sat watching the Sheep and the quiet forest, and thinking what he would do should he see a Wolf, he thought of a plan to amuse himself.

His Master had told him to call for help should a Wolf attack the flock, and the Villagers would drive it away. So now, though he had not seen anything that even looked like a Wolf, he ran toward the village shouting at the top of his voice, "Wolf! Wolf!"

As he expected, the Villagers who heard the cry dropped their work and ran in great excitement to the pasture.

But when they got there they found the Boy doubled up with laughter at the trick he had played on them.

A few days later the Shepherd Boy again shouted, "Wolf! Wolf!" Again the Villagers ran to help him, only to be laughed at again.

Then one evening as the sun was setting behind the forest and the shadows were creeping out over the pasture, a Wolf really did spring from the underbrush and fall upon the Sheep.

In terror the Boy ran toward the village shouting "Wolf! Wolf!" But though the Villagers heard the cry, they did not run to help him as they had before. "He cannot fool us again," they said.

The Wolf killed a great many of the Boy's sheep and then slipped away into the forest.

Liar's are not believed even when they speak the truth.

Hansel and Grettel

by Andrew Lang

Once upon a time there dwelt on the outskirts of a large forest a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children; the boy was called Hansel and the girl Grettel. He had always little enough to live on, and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he couldn't even provide them with daily bread. One night, as he was tossing about in bed, full of cares and worry, he sighed and said to his wife: "What's to become of us? how are we to support our poor children, now that we have nothing more for ourselves?" "I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman; "early to-morrow morning we'll take the children out into the thickest part of the wood; there we shall light a fire for them and give them each a piece of bread; then we'll go on to our work and leave them alone. They won't be able to find their way home, and we shall thus be rid of them." "No, wife," said her husband, "that I won't do; how could I find it in my heart to leave my children alone in the wood? The wild beasts would soon come and tear them to pieces." "Oh! you fool," said she, "then we must all four die of hunger, and you may just as well go and plane the boards for our coffins"; and she left him no peace till he consented. "But I can't help feeling sorry for the poor children," added the husband.

The children, too, had not been able to sleep for hunger, and had heard what their step-mother had said to their father. Grettel wept bitterly and spoke to Hansel: "Now it's all up with us." "No, no, Grettel," said Hansel, "don't fret yourself; I'll be able to find a way to escape, no fear." And when the old people had fallen asleep he got up, slipped on his little coat, opened the back door and stole out. The moon was shining clearly, and the white pebbles which lay in front of the house glittered like bits of silver. Hansel bent down and filled his pocket with as many of them as he could cram in. Then he went back and said to Grettel: "Be comforted, my dear little sister, and go to sleep: God will not desert us"; and he lay down in bed again.

At daybreak, even before the sun was up, the woman came and woke the two children: "Get up, you lie-abeds, we're all going to the forest to fetch wood." She gave them each a bit of bread and said: "There's something for your luncheon, but don't you eat it up before, for it's all you'll get." Grettel took the bread under her apron, as Hansel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together on the way to the forest. After they had walked for a little, Hansel stood still and looked back at the house, and this maneuver he repeated again and again. His father observed him, and said: "Hansel, what are you gazing at there, and why do you always remain behind? Take care, and don't lose your footing." "Oh! father," said Hansel, "I am looking back at my white kitten, which is sitting on the roof, waving me a farewell." The woman exclaimed: "What a donkey you are! that isn't your kitten, that's the morning sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel had not looked back at his kitten, but had always dropped one of the white pebbles out of his pocket on to the path.

When they had reached the middle of the forest the father said: "Now, children, go and fetch a lot of wood, and I'll light a fire that you may not feel cold." Hansel and Grettel heaped up brushwood till they had made a pile nearly the size of a small hill. The brushwood was set fire to, and when the flames leaped high the woman said: "Now lie down at the fire, children, and rest yourselves: we are going into the forest to cut down wood; when we've finished we'll come back and fetch you." Hansel and Grettel sat down beside the fire, and at midday ate their little bits of bread. They heard the strokes of the axe, so they thought their father was quite near. But it was no axe they heard, but a bough he had tied on a dead tree, and that was blown about by the wind. And when they had sat for a long time their eyes closed with fatigue, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke at last it was pitch dark. Grettel began to cry, and said: "How are we ever to get out of the wood?" But Hansel comforted her. "Wait a bit," he said, "till the moon is up, and then we'll find our way sure enough." And when the full moon had risen he took his sister by the hand and followed the pebbles, which shone like new threepenny bits, and showed them the path. They walked on through the night, and at daybreak reached their father's house again. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it she exclaimed: "You naughty children, what a time you've slept in the wood! we thought you were never going to come back." But the father rejoiced, for his conscience had reproached him for leaving his children behind by themselves.

Not long afterward there was again great dearth in the land, and the children heard their mother address their father thus in bed one night: "Everything is eaten up once more; we have only half a loaf in the house, and when that's done it's all up with us. The children must be got rid of; we'll lead them deeper into the wood this time, so that they won't be able to find their way out again. There is no other way of saving ourselves." The man's heart smote him heavily, and he thought: "Surely it would be better to share the last bite with one's children!" But his wife wouldn't listen to his arguments, and did nothing but scold and reproach him. If a man yields once he's done for, and so, because he had given in the first time, he was forced to do so the second.

But the children were awake, and had heard the conversation. When the old people were asleep Hansel got up, and wanted to go out and pick up pebbles again, as he had done the first time; but the woman had barred the door, and Hansel couldn't get out. But he consoled his little sister, and said: "Don't cry, Grettel, and sleep peacefully, for God is sure to help us."

At early dawn the woman came and made the children get up. They received their bit of bread, but it was even smaller than the time before. On the way to the wood Hansel crumbled it in his pocket, and every few minutes he stood still and dropped a crumb on the ground. "Hansel, what are you stopping and looking about you for?" said the father. "I'm looking back at my little pigeon, which is sitting on the roof waving me a farewell," answered Hansel. "Fool!" said the wife; "that isn't your pigeon, it's the morning sun glittering on the chimney." But Hansel gradually threw all his crumbs on the path. The woman led the children still deeper into the forest farther than they had ever been in their lives before. Then a big fire was lit again, and the mother said: "Just sit down there, children, and if you're tired you can sleep a bit; we're going into the forest to cut down wood, and in the evening when we're finished we'll come back to fetch you."

At midday Grettel divided her bread with Hansel, for he had strewn his all along their path. Then they fell asleep, and evening passed away, but nobody came to the poor children. They didn't awake till it was pitch dark, and Hansel comforted his sister, saying: "Only wait, Grettel, till the moon rises, then we shall see the bread-crumbs I scattered along the path; they will show us the way back to the house."

When the moon appeared they got up, but they found no crumbs, for the thousands of birds that fly about the woods and fields had picked them all up. "Never mind," said Hansel to Grettel; "you'll see we'll find a way out"; but all the same they did not. They wandered about the whole night, and the next day, from morning till evening, but they could not find a path out of the wood. They were very hungry, too, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries they found growing on the ground. And at last they were so tired that their legs refused to carry them any longer, so they lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep.

On the third morning after they had left their father's house they set about their wandering again, but only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and now they felt that if help did not come to them soon they must perish. At midday they saw a beautiful little snow-white bird sitting on a branch, which sang so sweetly that they stopped still and listened to it. And when its song was finished it flapped its wings and flew on in front of them. They followed it and came to a little house, on the roof of which it perched; and when they came quite near they saw that the cottage was made of bread and roofed with cakes, while the window was made of transparent sugar. "Now we'll set to," said Hansel, "and have a regular blow-out. I'll eat a bit of the roof, and you, Grettel, can eat some of the window, which you'll find a sweet morsel." Hansel stretched up his hand and broke off a little bit of the roof to see what it was like, and Grettel went to the casement and began to nibble at it. Thereupon a shrill voice called out from the room inside:

"Nibble, nibble, little mouse,
Who's nibbling my house?"

The children answered:

"Tis Heaven's own child,
The tempest wild,"

and went on eating, without putting themselves about. Hansel, who thoroughly appreciated the roof, tore down a big bit of it, while Grettel pushed out a whole round window-pane, and sat down the better to enjoy it. Suddenly the door opened, and an ancient dame leaning on a staff hobbled out. Hansel and Grettel were so terrified that they let what they had in their hands fall. But the old woman shook her head and said: "Oh, ho! you dear children, who led you here? Just come in and stay with me, no ill shall befall you." She took them both by the hand and let them into the house, and laid a most sumptuous dinner before them—milk and sugared pancakes, with apples and nuts. After they had finished, two beautiful little white beds were prepared for them, and when Hansel and Grettel lay down in them they felt as if they had got into heaven.

The old woman had appeared to be most friendly, but she was really an old witch who had waylaid the children, and had only built the little bread house in order to lure them in. When anyone came into her power she killed, cooked, and ate him, and held a regular feast-day for the occasion. Now witches have red eyes, and cannot see far, but, like beasts, they have a keen sense of smell, and know when human beings pass by. When Hansel and Grettel fell into her hands she laughed maliciously, and said jeeringly: "I've got them now; they sha'n't escape me."

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she rose up, and when she saw them both sleeping so peacefully, with their round rosy cheeks, she muttered to herself: "That'll be a dainty bite." Then she seized Hansel with her bony hand and carried him into a little stable, and barred the door on him; he might scream as much as he liked, it did him no good. Then she went to Grettel, shook her till she awoke, and cried: "Get up, you lazy-bones, fetch water and cook something for your brother. When he's fat I'll eat him up." Grettel began to cry bitterly, but it was of no use; she had to do what the wicked witch bade her.

So the best food was cooked for poor Hansel, but Grettel got nothing but crab-shells. Every morning the old woman hobbled out to the stable and cried: "Hansel, put out your finger, that I may feel if you are getting fat." But Hansel always stretched out a bone, and the old dame, whose eyes were dim, couldn't see it, and thinking always it was Hansel's finger, wondered why he fattened so slowly. When four weeks had passed and Hansel still remained thin, she lost patience and determined to wait no longer. "Hi, Grettel," she called to the girl, "be quick and get some water. Hansel may be fat or thin, I'm going to kill him to-morrow and cook him." Oh! how the poor little sister sobbed as she carried the water, and how the tears rolled down her cheeks! "Kind heaven help us now!" she cried; "if only the wild beasts in the wood had eaten us, then at least we should have died together." "Just hold your peace," said the old hag; "it won't help you."

Early in the morning Grettel had to go out and hang up the kettle full of water, and light the fire. "First we'll bake," said the old dame; "I've heated the oven already and kneaded the dough." She pushed Grettel out to the oven, from which fiery flames were already issuing. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it's properly heated, so that we can shove in the bread." For when she had got Grettel in she meant to close the oven and let the girl bake, that she might eat her up too. But Grettel perceived her intention, and said: "I don't know how I'm to do it; how do I get in?" "You silly goose!" said the hag, "the opening is big enough; see, I could get in myself," and she crawled toward it, and poked her head into the oven. Then Grettel gave her a shove that sent her right in, shut the iron door, and drew the bolt. Gracious! how she yelled, it was quite horrible; but Grettel fled, and the wretched old woman was left to perish miserably.

Grettel flew straight to Hansel, opened the little stable-door, and cried: "Hansel, we are free; the old witch is dead." Then Hansel sprang like a bird out of a cage when the door is opened. How they rejoiced, and fell on each other's necks, and jumped for joy, and kissed one another! And as they had no longer any cause for fear, they went in the old hag's house, and here they found, in every corner of the room, boxes with pearls and precious stones.

"These are even better than pebbles," said Hansel, and crammed his pockets full of them; and Grettel said: "I too will bring something home," and she filled her apron full. "But now," said Hansel, "let's go and get well away from the witch's wood." When they had wandered about for some hours they came to a big lake. "We can't get over," said Hansel; "I see no bridge of any sort or kind." "Yes, and there's no ferry-boat either," answered Grettel; "but look, there swims a white duck; if I ask her she'll help us over," and she called out:

"Here are two children, mournful very,
Seeing neither bridge nor ferry;
Take us upon your white back,
And row us over, quack, quack!"

The duck swam toward them, and Hansel got on her back and bade his little sister sit beside him. "No," answered Grettel, "we should be too heavy a load for the duck: she shall carry us across separately." The good bird did this, and when they were landed safely on the other side, and had gone for a while, the wood became more and more familiar to them, and at length they saw their father's house in the distance. Then they set off to run, and bounding into the room fell on their father's neck. The man had not passed a happy hour since he left them in the wood, but the woman had died. Grettel shook out her apron so that the pearls and precious stones rolled about the room, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Thus all their troubles were ended, and they lived happily ever afterward.

My story is done. See! there runs a little mouse; anyone who catches it may make himself a large fur cap out of it.



The Lion and the Mouse from Aesop for Children

A Lion lay asleep in the forest, his great head resting on his paws. A timid little Mouse came upon him unexpectedly, and in her fright and haste to get away, ran across the Lion's nose. Roused from his nap, the Lion laid his huge paw angrily on the tiny creature to kill her.

"Spare me!" begged the poor Mouse. "Please let me go and some day I will surely repay you."

The Lion was much amused to think that a Mouse could ever help him. But he was generous and finally let the Mouse go.

Some days later, while stalking his prey in the forest, the Lion was caught in the toils of a hunter's net. Unable to free himself, he filled the forest with his angry roaring. The Mouse knew the voice and quickly found the Lion struggling in the net. Running to one of the great ropes that bound him, she gnawed it until it parted, and soon the Lion was free.

"You laughed when I said I would repay you," said the Mouse. "Now you see that even a Mouse can help a Lion."

A kindness is never wasted.



Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "The Man Who Made Athens Beautiful," a study of Pericles from *The Children's Plutarch: Stories of the Greeks*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

If your children are 6th grade or older, we recommend spending a full 12-week term studying Pericles with the edited (for length and content) study guide from Ambleside here:

<https://amblesideonline.org/plutarch-pericles>

You can also purchase the guide by Anne White on Amazon. (This is in place of *The Children's Plutarch*, not in addition to.)

Plutarch

The Man Who Made Athens Beautiful

The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks, by F. J. Gould

"YOUR head is like an onion!"

No answer.

"You brute, you scamp, your head is too big for your body."

No answer.

The man who did not answer was Pericles (Per-i-kleez), ruler of the State of Athens. Why the fellow was shouting at him along the street in this way I do not know. Pericles quietly kept on his road till he reached the door of his house. It was getting dusk, but through the darkness the voice behind still bawled. Pericles called to one of his servants:

"Bring a lighted torch," he said, 'and show this person the way home."

That was all the reply that Pericles gave to the rude Athenian. You see, he was a man of self-command, he did not break into a fury when he was insulted. This was not because he was weak or timid. When Athens was at war, Pericles joined the army, or sailed with the fleet.

He was a great favorite with the people; and you will not wonder at it when I tell you what he did for them. Any poor Athenian was allowed money to pay for admission to the open-air theatre. Soldiers were paid wages; and every year sixty galleys cruised about the sea for eight months, and the men who were trained in these ships as sailors were paid all the time. Corn was sold to poor persons very cheap. And parties of two hundred and fifty, and even one thousand, persons were sent across the water to settle in foreign cities where they would still be protected by the power of Athens. And if you had walked about the city in the days of Pericles, you would have seen large numbers of men at work building walls, archways, and temples, and using vast loads of stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony-wood, cypress-wood, and so on. You would have seen carpenters, masons, braziers (or brass-workers), goldsmiths, painters, rope-makers, leather-cutters, paviors (those who laid pavement down in the roads), wagoners, and porters. Handsome statues of gods and goddesses were set up in the temples and streets. One statue was that of the lady Athene (Ath-ee-nee), made of shining gold and polished white ivory; she wore a tunic that reached down to her feet; a spear was in her hand, a dragon lay on the ground before her, and two sharp-beaked griffins grew out of her helmet. Where did the money come from to pay for these things? Well, I am afraid it mostly came from taxes (or tribute), which the city of Athens forced out of other people in the lands and islands round about. So, though the galleys sailed proudly, and the statues looked splendid, and the people enjoyed the plays at the free theatres, the glory could not last, because it was got by spoil from other people. Pericles had the rule for forty years.

The heart of Pericles was generous, and he was ever ready to aid a man who was in want. An old philosopher (or teacher of wisdom) had become so poor that he wished to die, and he lay down in despair, and covered up his head. Some people ran to the ruler.

'Sir," they cried, "your old friend, the philosopher, has covered up his head!"

Pericles knew at once what that meant. In ancient Greece it was a sign that a man would put an end to his life. The old philosopher meant to starve himself.

In great haste Pericles went to the house where his friend lay.

"My dear friend," he cried, "do not die like this. We cannot lose you; you are a man whom we love."

"Ah," groaned the old man, who was a wit in his way. "Ah, Pericles! those who want a lamp to burn always take care to keep it filled with oil."

He meant that if people cared for him they ought to keep him supplied with the food, etc., which he needed; and you may be sure that Pericles did not let his friend die.

Two years before his death a war broke out between Athens on the one side and Sparta and her allies (friends) on the other, and this war lasted thirty years; but Pericles only saw the beginning of it. Sad indeed he would have felt if he could have looked on to the close of the war and seen his beloved city defeated and its walls thrown down. He had fitted out a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships, and had just gone on board his own galley when the sky became dull and the earth took on a strange, gray color. Can you guess what had happened? The moon was passing between the sun and the earth, and so casting a shadow. It was an eclipse (or hiding) of the sun. The Greeks were in much fear, and the pilot of the commander's ship trembled exceedingly. Then Pericles took off his cloak, and placed it over the man's eyes, and said:

"Are you frightened at my cloak eclipsing you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, why are you frightened at the eclipse of the sun, which happens to be caused by something bigger than my cloak?"

The pilot regained his nerve, and the story was told from mouth to mouth, and there was no more terror in the fleet.

However, the ships returned to Athens without having done anything very remarkable, and the citizens were angry, and made Pericles pay a heavy fine of money. Before long they changed their minds, restored him his money, and chose him again for leader of the State. But the days of Pericles were soon to end. At this time a dire plague began in the city, and many thousands of the folk died.

Some say it was caused by so many people flocking into Athens to escape from the Spartan foe, and these strangers were mostly country persons who were used to the pure air of the fields, and who fell ill when they breathed the close air of the crowded houses of Athens. The sons of Pericles died, and one of these was specially beloved, and as the father laid a garland of flowers on the head of his dead son he burst into tears. And not long afterward he took the fever himself, and lay dying.

One day his friends were standing about his bed, and he was so still they thought him asleep or in a faint, and they spoke one to another of his life and deeds.

"How beautiful a city he has made Athens; and men from foreign lands come to admire it."

"The temple on the hill—how fine a piece of work is that; and we should never have had it if Pericles had not carried out the plan."

"And how the people took delight in going to the theatres free."

"The isles of the sea paid tribute to Athens because they feared the power of our ruler."

"Ah, my dear fellows," said Pericles, who had been listening, "other men have done such deeds as these. You have left out the one thing of which I am proud."

"What is that, sir?"

"It is the fact that no Athenian has ever put on mourning because of me, for I have caused the death of no dweller in this city."

And thus Pericles died.

Just a few words about the Maiden's Chamber before I finish. This was the temple on the hill that was mentioned by one of the friends of the dying ruler. In the Greek tongue the Maiden's Chamber was called the Parthenon (Parth-e-non). It was built of marble, and was about twice as long as it was broad. Instead of walls all round it there were tall pillars, eight at each end and fifteen at each side, so that whichever way you entered you would pass in between marble pillars. Inside the first rows of pillars was a second row, all the way round. And over the tops of the pillars, and all round the temple, were pictures in stone—I mean carvings. These carvings showed the battles of the gods and the wicked giants; the battle of the Athenian warriors with the fierce women of the North, called Amazons; and a procession of men on horses. If ever you would like to see any of these sculptured horses and men and women soldiers, you need not go to Greece. You can find plaster casts of them in the art museums of New York, Chicago, and other cities, though I am sorry to say they show that the originals, now in the British Museum, are very much battered and broken.

When the power of the Greeks had passed the temple was used as a church, and was named after the Virgin Mary. This was in what we called the Middle Ages (from about the year 400 to 1300 or 1400). Afterward the Turks were its masters, and made it into a mosque (mosk). In the year 1587 a war took place between the Turks and the people of Venice. And one day—what was that?

Boom!

A store of gunpowder which had been placed in the temple by the Turkish soldiers had exploded, and the building was almost destroyed.

War is a hateful thing. It brings to ruin the lovely carvings of the Maiden's Chamber, and it slays men who were once pretty babes nestling at the breasts of their mothers.



History & Geography

In this session, we have included two books to read for history and geography. The links to download or purchase these books are included in the history and geography section online. We have also included two maps for you to study and use for map drills.

- History: *The Story of Mankind* (TSOM) Chapters 38-43. This book is linked for free on our site. For a well-rounded overview of the Renaissance and Reformation, we also recommend *The World of Columbus and Sons*, by Genevieve Foster.
- Geography: *Book of Marvels: The Occident*, Ch. 23 "St. Peter's," Ch. 26 "The Heart of Russia," and Ch. 30 "The Mother of All Churches" The link to purchase this book is available on our site, as it is not in the public domain.
- Maps: "Northern & Southern Renaissance Map," "Renaissance Map: Largest Cities (c. 1500)"

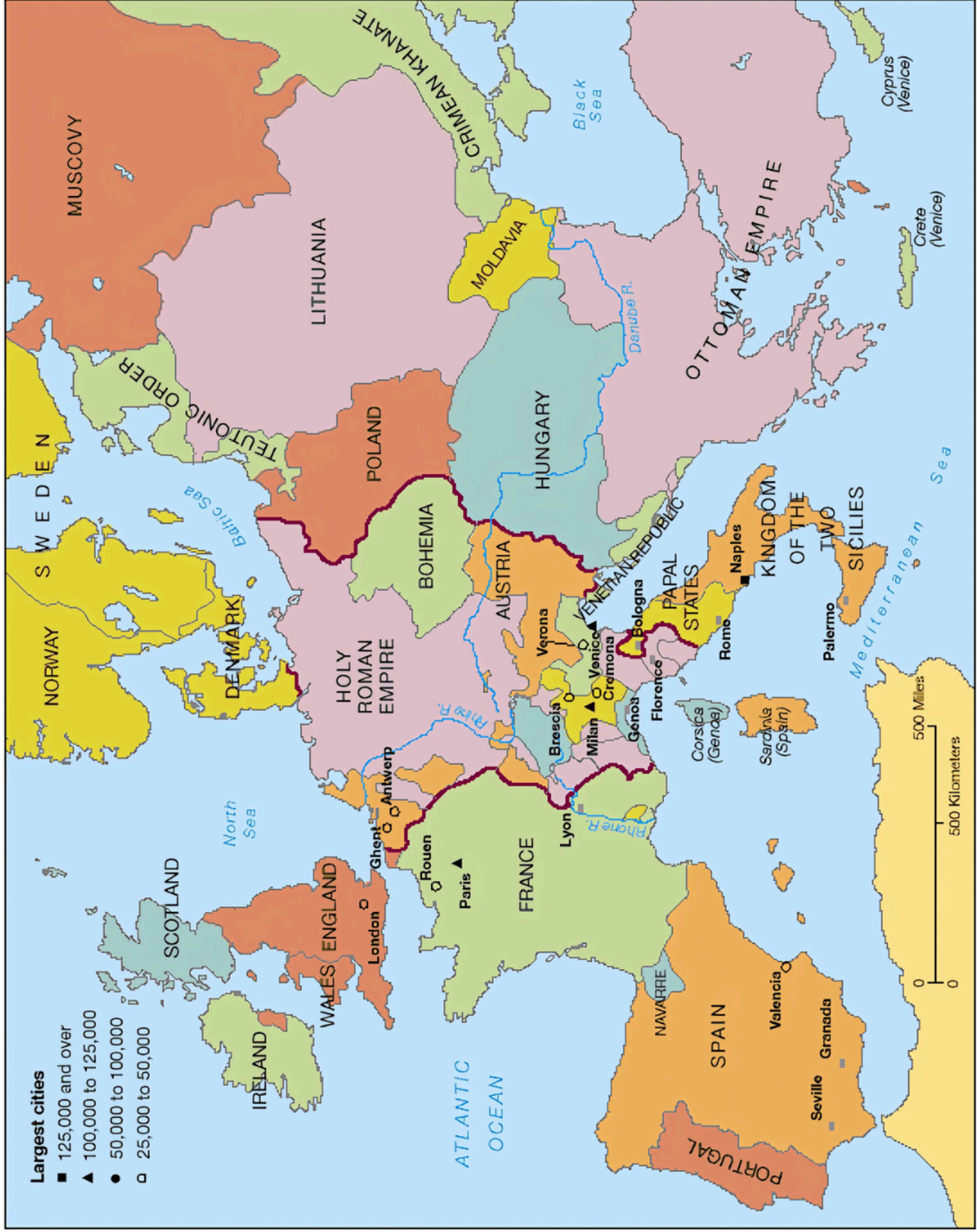
Additionally, we recommend these biographies by Diane Stanley for further study: *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Michelangelo*, *Good Queen Bess: The Story of Elizabeth I of England*, and *Bard of Avon: The Story of William Shakespeare*.

*"Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages
wherein they live, and illustrate the times."*

~ Ben Jonson

History & Geography





Largest Cities in Western Europe, ca. 1500. There were as many large cities in the Italian peninsula as in all of the rest of western Europe.



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Lapis Lazuli 1

- Lapis lazuli is a rock made up of mostly four minerals: lazurite, pyrite, calcite, and diopside.
- During the tail end of the Middle Ages, Europe began importing lapis lazuli after discovering its use as a pigment to make paint.

- Lapis lazuli rocks would be ground down into a fine powder and mixed with other materials, creating a deep blue paint known as “ultramarine.”
- This paint became incredibly popular during the Renaissance and was used by many artists from this era.
- Ultramarine was an incredibly valuable paint and was primarily used to paint important subjects, like the Virgin Mary.



Cinnabar 1

- Cinnabar is a red mineral that contains mercury sulfide. It has been mined by humans for centuries and is still mined in modern times to extract and refine its mercury, a toxic substance.
- In ancient times, cinnabar was hazardous and often deadly to those mining it because of the mercury found within, and as

a result, it was expensive to buy and highly sought after.

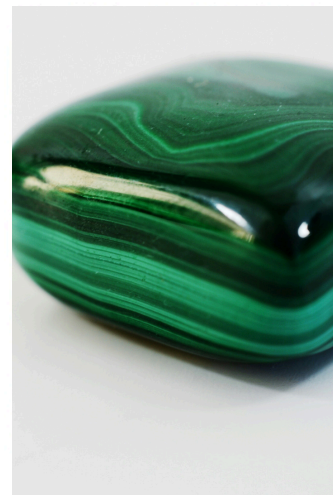
- Cinnabar is known for its distinctive red-orange tint and was used in some Mesoamerican cultures as rouge. In Ancient Rome, it was used to paint walls, and in Ancient China, it was used to tint pottery. This red pigment is known as vermilion.
- Vermillion extracted from cinnabar was the most commonly used red paint in early European painting. It quickly gained popularity in the Renaissance, where it was used by famous painters like Titian, and its use continued well into the 20th century.



Ochre 2

- Ochre (or ocher, as it is also known) is a pigment made up of clay, sand, and ferric oxide (a compound found in rust and in the mineral hematite).
- Ochre has been used to tint or paint objects for centuries. It comes in many different shades, such as red, yellow, purple, brown, sienna, and umber.

- Ochre paint has a storied history. Many prehistoric cave paintings have been discovered that used red, yellow, and umber ochre. Later, Ancient Egyptians used yellow ochre in their tomb paintings, and in Ancient Rome, yellow ochre was a popular choice to paint murals and walls.
- During the Renaissance, red and yellow ochre were widely used in painting, especially in decorating frescoes and panels. Umber was also commonly used and was a favorite of Leonardo Da Vinci, who included it in both *The Mona Lisa* and *The Last Supper*.



Malachite 2

- Malachite is a copper mineral that is known for its bright green color.
- Malachite was used to tint paints green for centuries, and is thought to be the oldest green paint pigment in the world.

- Malachite paint was used in Ancient Egypt: Cleopatra is said to have used it to tint her eyelids (reminiscent of how people use eyeshadow today).
- In Ancient China, malachite paint was also widely popular, and it was used to paint landscapes as well as to make green inks.
- Malachite was also used during the Renaissance, often to paint landscapes as well as green fabrics. It was used by prominent artists such as Raphael in the *Sistine Madonna*, and by Giovanni Bellini in *Agony in the Garden*.



Lead White 3

- Lead white is a white pigment that is made up of basic lead carbonate, a toxic substance. It was the most common white pigment in the world for hundreds of years, until it began to be replaced by less toxic materials in the 1800s.
- Lead white was commonly used in the Renaissance

paintings, and figures like Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, and Vermeer all used it in various works.

- Lead white paint was useful for underpaintings (the bottom layers of a painting), creating highlights, blending with other colors, and painting over canvases to create a blank slate. This led it to be considered one of the most important paints.
- Unfortunately, the common usage of this lead-based paint led to many cases of “painter’s colic,” which would later be discovered to be lead poisoning, a type of sickness that came from ingesting or inhaling lead.



Carbon Black 3

- Carbon black is a pigment produced using partially burned material like coal, soot, and plant matter.
- Carbon black is still used today to color many different items, such as tires, plastics, and inks.

- Carbon black was historically used to make inks and deep black paint. It has been in use since prehistoric times and was often used during the Renaissance because of how simple it was to access.
- There were three types of carbon black: vine black (made from burnt plant vines), lamp black (made from soot found in lamps), and ivory black (made from burnt bones or ivory).
- Famous artists like Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Vermeer, Manet, Picasso, and Cezanne have all used it in their works.



Kermes 4

- Kermes are small insects native to the Mediterranean that live in trees and eat their sap.
- Kermes insects have been used to make dye throughout human history in many different cultures. They were especially prized for kermes scarlet: a bright red dye.

- Kermes dyestuffs were known as “grain” or “grana” because of the way the crushed shells of the insect resembled grains of wheat.
- Grana was very popular in Europe during medieval times and in the early Renaissance, and was often used to make expensive dye for the clothing of the wealthy. During the 14th and 15th centuries, kermes scarlet was considered the finest luxury color for fabrics in Italy, England, France, and Spain.
- Kermes was eventually replaced by carmine dye after carmine was imported from the Americas.

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Cochineal 4

- Cochineals are small red insects native to the North and South Americas. They feed primarily on cacti, using their beak-shaped mouths to extract the juices from the plants.
- Cochineals are collected by being brushed off of cacti, then are dried and used to

make carmine, a red dye that has been around for centuries.

- Once carmine was imported to Europe, it quickly grew to be one of their most valuable goods. It was used primarily as a clothing dye worn by officials, kings, and nobility. During the Renaissance, the cardinals of the Catholic church even began to wear red robes dyed using carmine.
- Carmine was also sometimes used to make paints, though the red coloring would turn brown when exposed to sunlight. It can be found in many Middle Age manuscripts, and even in three of Vermeer’s paintings, including *The Girl with the Pearl Earring*.

Chalk

5



- Chalk is a soft, white rock that crumbles easily and is classified as a type of limestone.
- Chalk has various uses and can be mined to create bricks, quicklime, and writing chalk, which is often used to decorate sidewalks and blackboards.

- Chalk was also historically used to make gesso, a white paint mixture often used as a base coat to prepare canvases, sculptures, and wood panels to be painted over. Gesso was made with a binder (a glue-like substance), chalk or gypsum, and a white pigment.
- Gesso was used to prime a surface for painting, helping the other paints to adhere to it and making paint colors more vivid against the white surface. It also served as a protective barrier, helping to prevent damage to the paint caused by light or moisture, which made many historical paintings last longer.

Egg Yolk

5



- An egg yolk is the portion of an egg that has the most nutrients. Typically yellow in color, it is used to supply nutrients to the baby in the egg.
- The egg yolk of a chicken has about half of the protein contained in the entire egg, as well as all of the egg's fat and cholesterol.

- Egg tempera is a substance typically made from egg yolks. The egg yolks are used as a binder (a glue-like substance that holds everything together), and then pigment is added to it to create paint.
- During the early Renaissance, tempera painting was very popular, particularly when painting over wood panels. The egg yolk would be combined with pigments such as ochre, lead white, vermillion, or ultramarine, and then used to create masterpieces, such as Michelangelo's panel paintings, most of which were done in egg tempera.

Linseed Oil

6



- Linseed oil, also known as flaxseed oil, is an oil that comes from the pressed seeds of the flaxseed plant.
- Linseed oil has been used throughout history as a way to bind pigments together in oil paints, as a glaze for paints, and also as a varnish for wood.

- During the early Renaissance, tempera paints using egg yolks were the common medium for painting. A Renaissance painter, Jan van Eyck, changed everything when he popularized linseed oil-based oil paints. It is considered one of the biggest artistic breakthroughs of the Renaissance.
- Cloth soaked in linseed oil can spontaneously catch fire if the proper safety precautions are not taken. When rags used to varnish wood are left crumpled up and exposed to air, heat builds and can quickly start a fire. This means that painters and woodworkers using the material must store it carefully in airtight containers.

*Image Source: [Handwerker](#), [WikiMedia Commons](#), cropped

Linen

6



- Linen is a cloth made by weaving together the fibers of the flax plant. It is a light and breathable, yet durable material.
- Linen has been used in clothing for thousands of years, including in Ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, and it is even mentioned in the Bible.
- Because of linen's durability, it was a popular choice for artists' canvases. The fabric would be stretched out over a wooden frame known as a stretcher, then coated with gesso to prevent the fabric from decaying when it came in contact with the paint.
- Linen canvas was a particularly good support for oil paints, and became popularized when oil paints came into fashion during the Renaissance, though the more traditional wood paintings still lived on.



Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be gilding a picture frame. Working with gold leaf is an intricate and sometimes tedious process that requires a great deal of patience. We suggest practicing on a smaller frame or object, and not one as ornate as the frame we used in this project.

For younger students wanting to learn, simply use a canvas or watercolor paper. Let them “paint” a design on it with glue or ModPodge. Then, as it begins to feel tacky, lay the gold leaf over it to produce their gilded design. The same process of brushing found in the following instructions will apply.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Gilded Frame



A Brief History of Gilding

Gilding is the art of decorating objects with thin sheets of real gold, called “gold leaf.” Artists could press this delicate gold onto wood, stone, metal, or even paper to make things look rich and glowing. Because gold doesn’t tarnish, it always looked fresh and full of light—perfect for religious art and fancy decorations.

Gilding wasn’t new in the Renaissance Era. People had used it in ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and all through the Middle Ages. In medieval Europe, churches were filled with gold-covered statues, altarpieces, and even handwritten books with glowing golden letters (illuminated manuscripts). Gold symbolized heavenly light and God’s eternal presence.

However, during the Renaissance, artists began painting more realistic scenes with perspective and natural backgrounds, so huge golden backdrops faded out of style. But gilding didn't disappear. Instead, it was used for halos, highlights, fancy frames, wedding chests, and even palace ceilings.

Renaissance craftsmen had strict training in guilds, learning techniques like water gilding (polished shine) and oil gilding (softer glow). In fact, in workshops of that time, gilders had to train for years before they were allowed to touch real gold leaf. Mistakes were costly since gold was one of the most expensive materials.

Gold continued to represent both the divine and worldly power, especially for wealthy patrons like the Medici family and the popes, who wanted art that showed their importance.

By the High Renaissance, artists such as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo used less gold, relying on natural light and shadow instead. But gilding stayed popular for frames, furniture, and interior decoration, leading to the dramatic golden designs of the Baroque era.

In short, gilding in the Renaissance shifted from dominating paintings to enhancing details, balancing sacred symbolism with displays of wealth and beauty.

Supplies Needed:

- Small object (frame, craft box, etc.) **NOTE:** We do *not* recommend a frame as ornate as this one for beginners.
- Imitation Gold Leaf sheets
- Adhesive Size (water-based)
- Clear Acrylic Sealer
- Paint brushes in various sizes and stiffness
- Tweezers
- Paper towel or baby wipes
- Cover for work surface



Instructions:

1. Using a medium-sized paint brush, apply a thin, even coat of the adhesive size to your piece. Make sure to absorb any puddles of the adhesive left with a paper towel.
2. Allow the size to dry for at least 30 minutes to an hour (follow the instructions on the brand you use). The size is ready when it is clear and no longer milky in appearance. It should feel tacky to the touch, but not leave a residue. (**TIP:** Keep baby wipes handy.)



3. Using tweezers, gently lift a sheet of gold leaf along with the tissue paper protecting it. The leaf is fragile and can easily rip, crumble, or crinkle up.
4. Carefully, "float" each sheet of gold leaf over your frame until it is completely covered, slightly overlapping the sheets.



5. Use a soft mop/makeup brush or flat brush to press the leaf into crevices and along edges. Lightly tamp, but don't scrub.
6. Use small scraps, called "skewings," to fill bare spots while the size is still tacky.
7. After a few minutes, use a clean, soft brush to whisk away excess and loose bits. The design will look crisp and shiny.



8. Allow the leaf to set per your adhesive size's instructions (often 1-2 hours for water-based; longer for oil-based). Don't handle the surface yet.
9. Apply a clear acrylic sealer to protect your beautiful gilded piece.



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