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#### 1 Paracelsus

For God is glorified in man,  
And to man's glory vowed I soul and limb.  
Yet, constituted thus, and thus endowed, I failed.  
I gazed on power till I grew blind...  
What wonder if I saw no way to shun despair?  
The power I sought seemed God's...  
I learned my own deep error;  
And what proportion love should hold  
with power in man's right constitution;  
Always preceding power,  
And with much power, always, always much more love...  
- Robert Browning (1812-1889)

#### 4 Pictures

The ripe corn bends low  
When the wind blows fair,  
Like curtsying maidens, curts'ying maidens  
With golden hair.  
Dark billows reflect  
The gath'ring clouds;  
The white foam is frothing  
Like tossing shrouds.  
Winds are sobbing  
In pinetree wood.  
The moor is a king's robe  
Stained with blood.  
The wildrose sleeps above the pool,  
Round her sleepeth every leaf;  
The night air, soft and cool,  
Cradles them all above the pool,  
And all their shadows sleep beneath.  
- M.P. Turnbull (ca. 1892)

#### 5 Premonitions

There's a shadow on the grass  
That was never there before;  
And the ripples as they pass  
Whisper of an unseen oar;  
And the song we knew by rote  
Seems to falter in the throat;  
A footfall, scarcely noted,  
lingers near the open door.  
Omens that were once but jest  
Now are messengers of fate;  
And the blessing held the best  
Cometh not or comes too late.  
Yet, whatever life may lack,  
Not a blown leaf beckons back,  
"Forward!" is the summons.  
"Forward! where new horizons wait."  
- Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937)

#### 7 The Rainbow (So May It Be!)

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.  
- William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

#### 8 Religion

There is no unbelief.  
And day by day and night by night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by faith the lips deny;  
God knoweth why.  
- Elizabeth York Case (1840?-1911)

#### 10 Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig a grave and let me lie;  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

- Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

#### 12 Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to the cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, else I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

- A.M. Toplady (1740-1778)

**14 Rosamunde**

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn -  
Wie hab ich dich vermißt!  
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,  
Wenn treu die Treue küßt.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?  
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!  
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir  
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,  
Sie blickte himmelwärts;  
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"  
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

- *Helmine von Chézy (1783-1856)*

**16 Rosenzweige**

Wohl manchen Rosenzweig brach ich vom Pfade  
Am grünen Strand,  
Es trug der Wind ihn fort an ihr Gestade,  
Bis sie ihn fand.

Sie flocht den Kranz sich draus zum Kirchengange.  
O holde Not!  
Von meinen Rosen ward ihr Stirn und Wange  
So heiß und rot!

- *Karl Stieler (1842-1885)*

**17 Rough Wind**

Rough wind that moanest loud,  
Grief too sad for song;  
Wild wind when sullen cloud  
Knells all [the]1 night long;  
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
Bare woods whose branches stain,  
Deep caves and dreary main,  
Wail! for the world's wrong.

- *Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)*

**19 A Sea Dirge**

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sex [sea] change  
Into something rich and strange:  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark now I hear them, ding dong bell, ding dong bell.  
- *William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

**22 Sehnsucht**

Ich konnte heute nicht schlafen  
Mich weckt die Nachtigall!  
Mein Ohr ihre Töne trafen  
Vom Wald mit hellem Schall.

Mein Fenster, das öffnet' ich leise  
Und starrt' in das Nachtvier  
Und ließ die süße Weise

Singen, singen von dir.

Dein denk' ich mit Herz und Munde  
Und sende dir meinen Blick,  
Du schlugest mir die tiefste Wunde,  
Nicht Antwort gibst du zurück,

Nur Seufzer im nächtlichen Winde,  
Vom Zweige ein Wink so fern,  
Nur kühler, kühler Tau der Linde,  
Kalt vom hohen Stern.

Glaub' nicht ich konnte dich vergessen,  
Vertrau' der Liebe, der Liebe Macht,  
Will tief in das Herz dich pressen,  
Und tragen durch Grabesnacht

Zu leuchtendem Sternengefunkel,  
Wo Liebe vergehet nicht,  
Trotz Tod, Tod und schaurigem Dunkel,  
Dich zum Himmelslicht.

- *Christian Winther (1796-1876)*

**23 September**

And in September, falcons, astors, merlins, sparrow-hawks;  
Decoy birds that lure your game in flocks;  
And hounds with bells; crossbows shooting out of sight;  
Arblasts and javelins; all birds the best to fly;  
And each to each of you shall be lavish still in gifts;  
and robbery find no gainsaying;  
And if you meet with travellers going by;  
Their purses from your purse's flow shall fill;  
And Avarice be the only outcast thing!  
- *Folgore da San Gimignano (ca. 1275-before 1332),  
translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)*

**24 Serenity**

O Sabbath rest of Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love.  
Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.  
- *John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

**30 Song**

She is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be,  
Her loveliness never knew  
Until she smil'd on me;  
Oh! Then I saw, Oh! Then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:

Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are, than smiles of other  
maidens are.

- *Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849)*

**35 The Song of the Dead**

Hear now the Song of the Dead,  
Hear now the Song of the Dead –  
in the North by the torn berg-edges, by the torn berg-edges  
They that look still to the Pole,  
They that look still to the Pole,  
Asleep by their hidd-stripp'd sledges.  
Song of the Dead in the South –  
in the dust of the sere river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East –  
in the heat-rotted jungle hollows.  
Song of the Dead in the West –  
in the Barrens, the snow that betray'd them, the grave-mound  
they made them.  
Hear now the Song of the Dead,  
Hear now the Song of the Dead!

- *Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)*

**36 Songs my mother taught me**

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished;  
seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.  
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;  
often tears are flowing from my mem'ry's treasure.  
Songs my mother taught me in days long vanished;  
seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.

- *Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923),*

*translation by Natalie Macfarren (1826-1916)*