

	DATE	PERCENT
SECTION 1 (Choose 1 + 1 required)	*****	*****
The Gettysburg Address(***Required of everyone)		
Our Pride, Our Flag		
America (My Country 'Tis of Thee)		
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SECTION 2 (Choose 2)	*****	*****
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SECTION 3 (Choose 4)	*****	*****
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A Friend		
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SECTION 4 (Choose 1)	*****	*****
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The Gettysburg Address

by President Abraham Lincoln

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate--we cannot consecrate--we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom--and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Our Pride, Our Flag

by Roger W Hancock

The American Flag means much to all,
opportunity for some, to better their lot.
Life in freedom the dream to live out,
ponder the Red, White and Blue.

Sacrifice of blood the seed of liberty,
responsibility to all to keep the treasure.
Fight or vote your duty is sure.
Pay tribute to the Red, White and Blue.

Bravery in sacrifice displayed by red,
purity of liberty, shown in white.
Justice for all within the blue.
Freedom colors; Red, White and Blue.

One star now for each of fifty states,
First thirteen states one stripe for each.
Unity in diversity is our union's strength.
Power shown in the Red, White and Blue.

The union of white stars on blue,
when flag displayed, is on the left.
Red, white stripes stretching right.
Display it right the Red, White and Blue.

As we read from left to right,
display the flag to prominent left.
When on the platform it's to your right.
Salute with pride the Red, White and Blue.

The American Flag the pride of all,
of conservative right to liberal left.
Consider freedom, consider truth,
do it proud for the Red, White and Blue.

America

by Reverend Samuel F. Smith

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

FREEDOM IS NOT FREE

Written By Cadet, Major Kelly Strong

(Air Force Junior ROTC Homestead Senior H.S. Homestead, FL)

I watched the flag pass by one day,
it fluttered in the breeze,
A young marine saluted it, and then,
he stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform,
so young, so tall, so proud;
with hair cut square and eyes alert,
he'd stand out in any crowd.
I thought how many men like him,
had fallen through the years.

How many died on foreign soil?
How many mother's tears?
How many pilot's planes shot down?
How many died at sea?
How many foxholes were soldiers graves?
NO, freedom is not free
I heard the sound of taps one night,
when everything was still.
I listened to the Bugler play,
and felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many times,
that taps had meant "amen".
When a flag had covered a coffin,
of a brother or a friend.
I thought of all the children,
of the mothers and the wives,
of fathers, sons, and husbands,
with interrupted lives.
I thought about a graveyard,
at the bottom of the sea,
of unmarked graves in Arlington,
NO, freedom is not free.

Ragged Old Flag

Written by Johnny Cash

I walked through a county courthouse
square,
On a park bench an old man was sitting
there.
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda run
down."
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town."
I said, "Your flagpole has leaned a little
bit,
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got
hanging on it.

He said, "Have a seat", and I sat down.
"Is this the first time you've been to our
little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't like to
brag,
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old
Flag."

"You see, we got a little hole in that flag
there
When Washington took it across the
Delaware.
And it got powder-burned the night
Francis Scott Key
Sat watching it writing _Oh Say Can You
See_
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at
its seams."

"And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on
through.
She got cut with a sword at
Chancellorsville
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard,
and Bragg,
And the south wind blew hard on that
Ragged Old Flag."

"On Flanders Field in World War I
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War II
She hung limp and low by the time it was
through.
She was in Korea and Vietnam.
She went where she was sent by her
Uncle Sam."

"She waved from our ships upon the briny
foam,
And now they've about quit waving her
back here at home.
In her own good land she's been abused -
-
She's been burned, dishonored, denied
and refused."
"And the government for which she stands
Is scandalized throughout the land.
And she's getting threadbare and wearing
thin,
But she's in good shape for the shape
she's in.
'Cause she's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot
more."

"So we raise her up every morning,
Take her down every night.
We don't let her touch the ground
And we fold her up right.
On second thought I DO like to brag,
'Cause I'm mighty proud of that Ragged
Old Flag."

Failure is Never Final!

By Lewis Timberlake

Failure is never final!

The only time you can't afford to fail is the very last time you try.

Failure doesn't mean I'm a failure;
it just means I haven't succeeded.

Failure doesn't mean I've accomplished nothing;
it just means I've learned something.

Failure doesn't mean I've been a fool;
it just means I had enough faith to experiment.

Failure doesn't mean I've been disgraced;
it just means I dared to try.

Failure doesn't mean I don't have what it takes;
it just means I must do things differently next time.

Failure doesn't mean I'm inferior;
it just means I'm not perfect.

Failure doesn't mean I've wasted my time;
it just means I have reason to start over.

Failure doesn't mean I should give up;
it just means I must try harder.

Failure doesn't mean I'll never make it;
it just means I need more patience.

Failure doesn't mean I'm wrong;
it just means I must find a better way.

The Daffodils

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A Poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Lost and Found

by Mary Carter Smith

Today I lost myself
Reading about
A little man named Gandhi
Who won battles
A big man named Hannibal
Who won battles
Askia the Great
Builder of Timbuktu
Why we sing
"John Brown's Body"
Harriet Tubman
With \$40,000 on her head
Again and again she led
Hundreds to freedom
And the gentle Quakers
Who were as strong as iron
I lost myself
Thinking about them
Then
I found myself
It nearly blew my mind
To find
That somewhere
There is something special
For me
To do
To be
I found an important person
Me

If You Think You Can, You Can!

by ~ C. W. Longenecker ~

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but you think you can't,
It is almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will.
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are,
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man.
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can.

I Hear America Singing

by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;
Those of mechanics--each one singing his, as it should be,
 blithe and strong;
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat--
 the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench--
 the hatter singing as he stands;
The woodcutter's song--the ploughboy's on his way in the morning,
 or at noon intermission, or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother--or of the young wife at work--
 or of the girl sewing or washing--
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else:--
The day what belongs to the day--at night, the party of young fellows,
 robust friendly,
Singing with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

Hats Off

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums.
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.
Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than a flag is passing by: Sea-fights and
land-fights,
grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and revered awe.
Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall,
Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
A loyal hearts are beating high;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

From: Washington Monument by Night

by Carl Sandburg

The wind bit hard at Valley Forge one Christmas.
Soldiers tied rags on their feet.
Red footprints wrote on the snow...
...and stone shoots into stars here
...into half-moon mist tonight.

Tongues wrangled dark at a man.
He buttoned his overcoat and stood alone.
In a snowstorm, red hollyberries, thoughts,
he stood alone.

Women said: He is lonely
...fighting...fighting...eight years...

The name of an iron man goes over the world.
It takes a long time to forget an iron man.

The Land of Nod

by Robert Louis Stevenson

From Breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do--
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

A Boy's Summer Song

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

'Tis fine to play
In the fragrant hay,
And romp on the gold load;
To ride old Jack
To the barn and back,
Or tramp by a shady road.
To pause and drink,
At a mossy brink;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
And so I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!

With line and hook
By a babbling brook,
The fisherman's sport we play;
And list the song
Of the feathered throng
That flit in the branches night.
At last we strip
For a quiet dip;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
For this I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!

Hero

by Allison Chambers Coxsey

For those who fought on distant shore,
Who gave without a word;
Defending us with honor,
So gallantly they served.

For every boy who left his home,
Returning there a man;
And every woman who made a choice,
To make serving part of her plan.

For every fallen soldier,
Who gave all they could give;
To guarantee our liberty,
And the freedom that we live.

Each one who served with honor,
The brave, the tried, the true;
America gives it thanks today,
For we see a hero in you.

TIRED

by Shel Silverstein

I've been working so hard you just wouldn't believe,
And I'm tired!
There's so little time and so much to achieve,
And I'm tired!
I've been lying here holding the grass in its place,
Pressing a leaf with the side of my face,
Tasting the apples to see if they're sweet,
Counting the toes on a centipede's feet.
I've been memorizing the shape of that cloud,
Warning the robins to not chirp so loud,
Shooing the butterflies off the tomatoes,
Keeping an eye out for floods and tornadoes.
I've been supervising the work of the ants
And thinking of pruning the cantaloupe plants,
Timing the sun to see what time it sets,
Calling the fish to swim into my nets,
And I've taken twelve thousand and forty-five breaths,
And I'm TIRED!

Islands

by Rachel Field

All the islands have run away
From the land which is their mother;
Out where the lighthouse guards the bay
They race with one another.

Rocky or wooded, humped and small,
Edged whitely round with spray,
What should we do if the islands all
Ran back to land some day?

How would the ships know where to steer?
Where would the seagulls fly?
How flat the sea would look, and queer,
How lonely under the sky!

Fourth of July

by Roger W Hancock

Independence Day,
we show our pride,
pride shown,
with fireworks.

Fireworks represent,
bombs bursting in air;
burst in air in war,
war for freedom.

Freedom by sacrifice,
sacrifice of blood.
Young blood spilt,
paid the cost.
Price paid in blood,
blood spent.

Liberty for you,
a man gave his life.
Life lost for love,
love of country,
land of free,
paid by the brave.

Sparks high in sky,
reminder of men,
brave lives gone...
Patriot loss,
Patriot pride.

Mr. Lincoln

-Author Unknown

Mr. Lincoln

Mr. Lincoln was a tall man,
A lean man, a long man,
A grave man, a kind man,
A wise and very strong man.
He loved his great country,
And knew it had to be
A land where everyone could grow
In brotherhood, and free.
And even when it meant a war
Between his countrymen,
With bowed head and grave face,
He took his writing pen-
That tall man, that lean man,
That strong man and wise,
And signed his name to freedom,
with tears in his eyes.

Excerpt from: **THE BELLS**
by Edgar Allan Poe

I hear the sledges with the bells-
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that over sprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells-

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

IF THE EARTH WERE SMALL

by Frank Asch

If the earth were small,
I'd hold it in my hands
the way a cactus holds
each drop of water.

If the earth were small,
I'd sing it a song
like the croon of a canyon wren
singing to his mate.

If the earth were small,
I'd keep it safe and sound
in a secret place, the way a pack rat
hides her treasures near her nest.

If the earth were small,
I'd keep it always in my sight
with the gaze of a great horned owl
looking down from the sky at night.

IF I WERE AN ANT

by Frank Asch

If I were a leaf-cutter ant,
I wouldn't be a *worker* who carts
leaves to the nest,
one of ten million chewers, just like
all the rest.

If I were a leaf-cutter ant,
I wouldn't be a *minor* tending to the
queen,
just another fungus farmer keeping
things clean.

If I were a leaf-cutter ant,
I wouldn't be a soldier who has to
guard and fight,
defending the colony all day and all
night.

If I were a leaf-cutter ant,
I wouldn't be a *male* flirting and
flying around
only to fall down and die alone upon
the ground.

If I were a leaf-cutter ant,
I'd be the pampered *queen*, the one
and only,
supreme, royal egg-laying machine!

A Friend...

author unknown

Accepts you as you are.
Believes in you.
Calls you just to say "Hi"
Doesn't give up on you.
Envisions the whole of you (even the unfinished parts)
Forgives your mistakes.
Gives unconditionally.
Helps you.
Just wants to be with you.
Keeps you close at heart.
Loves you for who you are.
Makes a difference in your life.
Never judges.
Offers support
Picks you up.
Quiets your fears.
Raises your spirits.
Says nice things about you.
Tells you the truth when you need to hear it.
Understands you.
Values you.
Walks beside you.
X-plains things you don't understand.
Yells when you won't listen, and
Zaps you back to reality.

The Preamble to the Declaration of Independence

*When in the course of human events,
it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political
bands which have connected them with another,
and to assume among the powers of the earth,
the separate and equal station to which the
Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them;
a decent respect to the opinions of mankind
requires that they should declare the causes
which impel them to the separation.*

The Pasture

by Robert Frost

*I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.
I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.*

The Sun Has Set

by Emily Brontë

THE sun has set, and the long grass now
Waves dreamily in the evening wind;
And the wild bird has flown from that old
gray stone
In some warm nook a couch to find.
In all the lonely landscape round
I see no light and hear no sound,
Except the wind that far away
Come sighing o'er the healthy sea.

Reflections

Drop a pebble in the water,
And its ripples reach out far;
And the sunbeams dancing on them
May reflect them to a star.

Give a smile to someone passing,
Thereby making his morning glad;
It may greet you in the evening
When your own heart may be sad.

Do a deed of simple kindness;
Though its end you may not see,
It may reach, like widening ripples,
Down a long eternity.

Lincoln Monument: Washington

by Langston Hughes

Let's go see Old Abe
Sitting in the marble and the moonlight,
Sitting lonely in the marble and the moonlight,
Quiet for ten thousand centuries, old Abe.
Quiet for a million, million years.

Quiet--

And yet a voice forever
Against the
Timeless walls
Of time--
Old Abe.

A Song of Greatness

(A Chippewa song, translated by Mary Austin)

When I hear the old men
Telling of heroes,
Telling of great deeds
Of ancient days,
When I hear them telling,
Then I think within me
I too am one of these.

When I hear the people
Praising great ones,
Then I know that I too
Shall be esteemed,
I too when my time comes
Shall do mightily.

Band-Aids

by Shel Silverstein

*I have a Band-Aid on my finger,
One on my knee, and one on my nose,
One on my heel, and two on my shoulder,
Three on my elbow, and nine on my toes.
Two on my wrist, and one on my ankle,
One on my chin, and one on my thigh,
Four on my belly, and five on my bottom,
One on my forehead, and one on my eye.
One on my neck, and in case I might need 'em
I have a box full of thirty-five more.
But oh! I do think it's sort of a pity
I don't have a cut or a sore!*

Eight Balloons

by Shel Silverstein

Eight balloons no one was buyin'
All broke loose one afternoon.
Eight balloons with strings a-flyin',
Free to do what they wanted to.
One flew up to touch the sun--POP!
One thought highways might be fun--POP!
One took a nap in a cactus pile--POP!
One stayed to play with a careless child--POP!
One tried to taste some bacon fryin'--POP!
One fell in love with a porcupine--POP!
One looked close in a crocodile's mouth--POP!
One sat around 'til his air ran out--WHOOSH!
Eight balloons no one was buyin'--
They broke loose and away they flew,
Free to float and free to fly
And free to pop where they wanted to.

At History I'm Hopeless

by Kenn Nesbitt

At history I'm hopeless.
At spelling I stink.

In music I'm useless.
From science I shrink.

At art I'm atrocious.
In sports I'm a klutz.

At reading I'm rotten.
And math makes me nuts.

At language I'm lousy.
Computers? I'm cursed.

In drama I'm dreadful.
My writing's the worst.

"I don't understand it,"
my teacher exclaims.

I tell her they ought to
teach video games.

Some Opposites

by Richard Wilbur

What is the opposite of *riot*?
It's *lots of people keeping quiet*.

The opposite of *doughnut*? Wait
A minute while I meditate.

This isn't easy. Ah, I've found it!
A cookie with a hole around it.

What is the opposite of *two*?
A lonely me, a lonely you.

The opposite of a *cloud* could be
A white reflection in the sea,
Or a huge blueness in the air,
Caused by a cloud's not being
there.

The opposite of *opposite*?
That's much too difficult. I quit.