

# Proverbs 3

My son, do not forget my law,  
But let your heart keep my commands;

**For length of days and long life  
And peace they will add to you.**

Let not mercy and truth forsake you;  
Bind them around your neck,  
Write them on the tablet of your heart,

**And so find favor and high esteem  
In the sight of God and man.**

Trust in the Lord with all your heart,  
And lean not on your own  
understanding;

**In all your ways acknowledge Him,  
And He shall direct your paths.**

Do not be wise in your own eyes;  
Fear the Lord and depart from evil.

**It will be health to your flesh,  
And strength to your bones.**

Honor the Lord with your possessions,  
And with the firstfruits of all your  
increase;

**So your barns will be filled with  
plenty,  
And your vats will overflow with new  
wine.**

My son, do not despise the chastening of  
the Lord,

Nor detest His correction;  
**For whom the Lord loves He corrects,  
Just as a father the son in whom he  
delights.**

Happy is the man who finds wisdom,  
And the man who gains understanding;

**For her proceeds are better than the  
profits of silver,  
And her gain than fine gold.**

She is more precious than rubies,  
And all the things you may desire cannot  
compare with her.

**Length of days is in her right hand,  
In her left hand riches and honor.**

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

**She is a tree of life to those who take  
hold of her,  
And happy are all who retain her.**

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth;  
By understanding He established the  
heavens;

**By His knowledge the depths were  
broken up,  
And clouds drop down the dew.**

My son, let them not depart from your eyes—  
Keep sound wisdom and discretion;

**So they will be life to your soul  
And grace to your neck.**

Then you will walk safely in your way,  
And your foot will not stumble.

**When you lie down, you will not be  
afraid;  
Yes, you will lie down and your sleep  
will be sweet.**

Do not be afraid of sudden terror,  
Nor of trouble from the wicked when it  
comes;

**For the Lord will be your confidence,  
And will keep your foot from being  
caught.**

Do not withhold good from those to  
whom it is due,  
When it is in the power of your hand to  
do so.

**Do not say to your neighbor,  
“Go, and come back,  
And tomorrow I will give it,”  
When you have it with you.**

Do not devise evil against your neighbor,  
For he dwells by you for safety’s sake.

**Do not strive with a man without  
cause,  
If he has done you no harm.**

Do not envy the oppressor,  
And choose none of his ways;

**For the perverse person is an  
abomination to the Lord,  
But His secret counsel is with the  
upright.**

The curse of the Lord is on the house of  
the wicked,  
But He blesses the home of the just.

**Surely He scorns the scornful,  
But gives grace to the humble.**

The wise shall inherit glory,  
But shame shall be the legacy of fools.

# Sea Fever

John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

# Crossing the Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,  
    And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
    When I put out to sea,

    But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
    Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
    Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
    And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
    When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
    The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
    When I have crost the bar.

# Whether the Weather

Anonymous

Whether the weather be fine, or whether the weather be not,  
Whether the weather be cold, or whether the weather be hot,  
We'll weather the weather, whatever the weather,  
Whether we like it or not.