

# MARROW LEVEL

Doug's  
Dead  
Poets'  
Society

## GOOD TIMBER

Douglas Malloch

The tree that never had to fight  
For sun and sky and air and light,  
Who stood out in the open plain,  
And always got its share of rain,  
Never became a forest king  
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil  
To gain and farm his patch of soil,  
Who never had to win his share  
Of sun and sky and light and air,  
Never became a manly man  
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow with ease:  
The stronger wind, the stronger trees;  
The further sky, the greater length;  
The more the storm, the more the strength.  
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,  
In trees and men good timbers grow.

Where thickest lies the forest growth,  
We find the patriarchs of both.  
And they hold counsel with the stars  
Whose broken branches show the scars  
Of many winds and much of strife.  
This is the common law of life.

## DREAMS

Langston Hughes

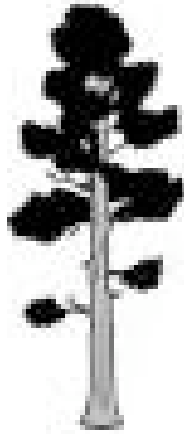
Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.



*I hold it true, whate'er befall,  
I feel it, when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than to never have loved at all.*

-Alfred, Lord Tennyson



## NOT IN VAIN

Emily Dickinson

If I can stop one heart from breaking  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again  
I shall not live in vain.

## IF

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or, being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minutes  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

**"STRENGTH DOES NOT COME FROM PHYSICAL CAPACITY.**

# ***IT COMES FROM AN INDOMITABLE WILL.***

**-MOHANDAS K. GANDHI**

## from **ROMEO & JULIET**

William Shakespeare

Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the window.

**Juliet:** Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was a nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**Romeo:** It was the lark, the herald of the morn  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

## **THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE**

Henry Van Dyke

*To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars—to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them—to despise nothing in the world except falsehoods and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardness—to be governed by your admiration rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbors except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners—to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends...and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors, these are little guideposts on the foot-path to peace.*

## **CAT'S IN THE CRADLE**

Sandy & Harry Chapin

A child arrived just the other day,  
He came into the world in the usual way.  
But there were planes to catch and bills to pay.  
He learned to walk while I was away.  
And he was talking 'fore I knew it  
And as he grew, he'd say,  
"I'm gonna be like you, Dad.  
You know I'm gonna be like you."  
And the cat's in the cradle  
and the silver spoon,  
Little Boy Blue  
And the Man in the Moon.  
"When you coming home, Dad?"  
"I don't know when, but we'll get together then, son.  
You know we'll have a good time then."

Well, my son turned ten just the other day.  
He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad.  
Come on, let's play.  
Can you teach me to throw?"  
I said, "Not today. I've got a lot to do."  
He said, "That's okay."  
And he walked away, but his smile never dimmed.  
And he said, "I'm gonna be like him.  
You know I'm gonna be like him."

(repeat 1<sup>st</sup> chorus)



So much like a man I just had to say,  
"Son, I'm proud of you.  
Can you sit for awhile?"  
He shook his head  
And he said with a smile,  
"What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys.  
See you later.  
Can I have them, please?"

And the cat's in the cradle  
and the silver spoon,  
Little Boy Blue  
And the Man in the Moon.  
"When you coming home, son?"  
"I don't know when, but we'll get together then, Dad.  
You know we'll have a good time then."

Well I've long since retired.  
My sons moved away.  
I called him up just the other day.  
I said, "I'd like to see you, if you don't mind."  
He said, "I'd love to Dad, if I could find the time.  
You see my new job's a hassle and the kids have the flu.  
But it's sure nice talking to you, Dad.  
It's been sure nice talking to you."  
And as I hung up the phone it occurred to me.  
He'd grown up just like me.  
My boy was just like me.

(repeat 2<sup>nd</sup> chorus)



Well, he came from college just the other day,