

**Please use one of the nine texts below for your contest entry. It's not necessary to set the entire text; you may use just part of it. Good luck!**

### **Psalm 121 (New International Version)**

- <sup>1</sup> I lift up my eyes to the mountains—  
where does my help come from?  
<sup>2</sup> My help comes from the LORD,  
the Maker of heaven and earth.
- <sup>3</sup> He will not let your foot slip—  
he who watches over you will not slumber;  
<sup>4</sup> indeed, he who watches over Israel  
will neither slumber nor sleep.
- <sup>5</sup> The LORD watches over you—  
the LORD is your shade at your right hand;  
<sup>6</sup> the sun will not harm you by day,  
nor the moon by night.
- <sup>7</sup> The LORD will keep you from all harm—  
he will watch over your life;  
<sup>8</sup> the LORD will watch over your coming and going  
both now and forevermore.
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### **Psalm 121 (King James Version)**

- <sup>1</sup> I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.  
<sup>2</sup> My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.  
<sup>3</sup> He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
<sup>4</sup> Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.  
<sup>5</sup> The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.  
<sup>6</sup> The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.  
<sup>7</sup> The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.  
<sup>8</sup> The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.
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## Looking Down

By Jean Ingelow

Mountains of sorrow, I have heard your moans,  
 And the moving of your pines; but we sit high  
 On your green shoulders, nearer stoops the sky,  
 And pure airs visit us from all the zones.  
 Sweet world beneath, too happy far to sigh,  
 Dost thou look thus beheld from heavenly thrones?  
 No; not for all the love that counts thy stones,  
 While sleepy with great light the valleys lie.  
 Strange, rapturous peace! its sunshine doth enfold  
 My heart; I have escaped to the days divine,  
 It seemeth as bygone ages back had rolled,  
 And all the eldest past was now, was mine;  
 Nay, even as if Melchizedec of old  
 Might here come forth to us with bread and wine.

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## Uphill

by Christina Rossetti

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
 Yes, to the very end.  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
 Those who have gone before.  
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
 Of labour you shall find the sum.  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
 Yea, beds for all who come.

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## Nightengales

by Robert Bridges

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom  
 Ye learn your song:  
 Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,  
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
 Bloom the year long!.

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:  
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
 A throe of the heart,  
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
 No dying cadence, nor long sigh can sound,  
 For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
 We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,  
 As night is withdrawn  
 From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,  
 Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
 Welcome the dawn.

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## Sea Fever

By John Masefield

I must 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 gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray 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.

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## From The Prelude, Book I

by William Wordsworth

I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
 As if with voluntary power instinct,  
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,           380  
 And growing still in stature the grim shape  
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
 And measured motion like a living thing,  
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,--  
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
 And serious mood; but after I had seen           390  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts  
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

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## From Rugby Chapel, by Matthew Arnold

Thunder crashes from rock  
 To rock, the cataracts reply,  
 Lightnings dazzle our eyes.  
 Roaring torrents have breach'd  
 The track, the stream-bed descends  
 In the place where the wayfarer once  
 Planted his footstep—the spray  
 Boils o'er its borders! aloft  
 The unseen snow-beds dislodge  
 Their hanging ruin; alas,  
 Havoc is made in our train!

Friends who set forth at our side,  
 Falter, are lost in the storm.  
 We, we only are left!  
 With frowning foreheads, with lips  
 Sternly compress'd, we strain on,  
 On—and at nightfall at last  
 Come to the end of our way,  
 To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;  
 Where the gaunt and taciturn host  
 Stands on the threshold, the wind  
 Shaking his thin white hairs—  
 Holds his lantern to scan  
 Our storm-beat figures, and asks:  
 Whom in our party we bring?  
 Whom we have left in the snow?

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### **Bugle Song, from The Princess**

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

The splendor falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story ;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O, sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
 dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river ;  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
 dying.