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The White Witch

James Weldon Johnson

O BROTHERS mine, take care! Take care!   
The great white witch rides out to-night.   
Trust not your prowess nor your strength,   
Your only safety lies in flight;   
For in her glance there is a snare,   
And in her smile there is a blight.

The great white witch you have not seen?   
Then, younger brothers mine, forsooth,   
Like nursery children you have looked   
For ancient hag and snaggle-tooth;   
But no, not so; the witch appears   
In all the glowing charms of youth.

Her lips are like carnations, red,   
Her face like new-born lilies, fair,   
Her eyes like ocean waters, blue,   
She moves with subtle grace and air,   
And all about her head there floats   
The golden glory of her hair.

But though she always thus appears   
In form of youth and mood of mirth,   
Unnumbered centuries are hers,   
The infant planets saw her birth;   
The child of throbbing Life is she,   
Twin sister to the greedy earth.

And back behind those smiling lips,   
And down within those laughing eyes,   
And underneath the soft caress   
Of hand and voice and purring sighs,   
The shadow of the panther lurks,   
The spirit of the vampire lies.

For I have seen the great white witch,   
And she has led me to her lair,   
And I have kissed her red, red lips   
And cruel face so white and fair;   
Around me she has twined her arms,   
And bound me with her yellow hair.

I felt those red lips burn and sear   
My body like a living coal;   
Obeyed the power of those eyes   
As the needle trembles to the pole;   
And did not care although I felt   
The strength go ebbing from my soul.

Oh! she has seen your strong young limbs,   
And heard your laughter loud and gay,   
And in your voices she has caught   
The echo of a far-off day,   
When man was closer to the earth;   
And she has marked you for her prey.

She feels the old Antaean strength   
In you, the great dynamic beat   
Of primal passions, and she sees   
In you the last besieged retreat   
Of love relentless, lusty, fierce,   
Love pain-ecstatic, cruel-sweet.

O, brothers mine, take care! Take care!   
The great white witch rides out to-night.   
O, younger brothers mine, beware!   
Look not upon her beauty bright;   
For in her glance there is a snare,   
And in her smile there is a blight.   
AUTHOR: Johnson, James Weldon, ed., 1871–1938.

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http://www. bartleby. com/269/42. html

SPEECH CHOIR   
LIVE. LOVE. LAUGH

The wind blows; the drizzle’s droplets on their toes.   
Underneath the majestic arms of a tree dwells the eagerness to stand tall. But the grandiose of a tree emerged from tints of a colorful past.

As tall firm trees initially sprouted from seeds,   
as caterpillars undergo metamorphosis to become glorious butterflies…. We have an inevitable fact that everything has its own Genesis A humble start from which greatness originates.

Mozart is honored as the greatest musician of all time   
Da Vinci was known as the most skillful artist of his time.   
Albert Einstein is a known genius even until our time.   
These men were child prodigies possessing utmost brilliance valued for a lifetime. Alike these men was the young MCSHS.

A speck of idea flared up in the mind of Rigel Devena.   
He had a vision to build an edifice specialized in Science and Technology – an institution that will inculcate in young minds the essence of knowledge and wisdom. A family composed of a solid teaching force,

Bright students and most of all, their passion for excellence.

Lo and behold!   
In the year 1996, the once masked dream was unveiled.   
A 12-student class became into what is now the terra firma of brain – Mandaue City Science High School.

It is familiarity with life that makes time speed quickly.   
When everyday is a step in the unknown,   
The days are long with gathering of experience.   
The school was fresh, it was new.

That young seed, on a high mountain it was planted and grew. Of course it wasn’t easy. He was so little, so minute.   
Neither the trees, nor any creatures paid attention to it.   
But it has to survive the constant battle between the strong and the weak.

As the clock of life slowly ticks, the little seed gradually became a dainty plant. Its frail stem struggled to stand strong.   
It takes whatever the weather brings.   
If it has any choice at all, it is in putting down its roots as deeply as it possibly can. This was the image of MCSHS as it strived amidst every obstruction. The forces of nature conspired to bring forth a legend.

Its former abode was rather peasant:   
The students had their classes   
At the barren lobby of the Mandaue City Comprehensive National High School Just then, news came to our ears and everyone was eager to hear, The once seedling is now anchoring roots in Opao, Mandaue City.

The school has been constantly bombarded with ordeals that tested its strength through time. Still, it bloomed and reaped fruits of labor.   
It has been steadfast in living the dream.

It has earned recognition for being one of the top schools in Mandaue City For it offers nothing less than high-class quality education. It has aced numerous competitions nationwide.

The drive to outstand was fueled as we bring home medals from brain-whacking challenges. Such as the MTAP, Damath and Quiz Bowls to name a few.   
This primera classe school has gained citations for excelling not just in Science tilts But in STEP competitions as the students are armored with essential life skills. It continues its reign as the supreme titleholder for the Division Schools Press Conference. Due to the merits received from far and wide,

Mandaue City Science High School became synonymous to excellence. No, that was an understatement, Mandaue City Science High School IS excellece itself.

Many people are gifted with the ability to work with hands.   
But this does not preclude using the head.   
The capability to match the focus of the mind with the spirit of the body is something this growing institution, more than any other also has to offer.

The school seeks character, it trains skill.   
It develops identity, builds personality.   
The power of work, and the power of creativity – this was our salvation. It has brought us to the very ground we stand,   
Ibabao-Estancia, Mandaue City   
The land of fertility and lush – The terrain of determination, dediciation, responsibility, vision, core values, and sacrifice.

Whether acknowledged or not,   
the taste for established rules of behavior persists,   
Along with a deeper hunger for the better.   
This is why we always strive for what is best; why we hunger for distinction;   
Why we thirst for excellence.

And this is why above its name;   
MCSHS wears its tiara of disctinction and dominance.   
You heard the tale. A legend has just been known.   
A saga now unfolded.   
Witness the earth’s nirvana,   
The ninth cloud of the nation,   
The seventh heaven like no other.

Hear ye, hear ye!   
Make some noise for this is Mandaue City Science High School – Home of the legendary and visionary individuals.   
http://kathrine1emo. multiply. com/journal/item/16/Speech-Choir-Piece

The Resiliency of a Filipino   
by William G. Bacani

B : Filipino is resilient   
G : Since time immemorial, we are tested by countless calamities; volcanic eruptions, devastating earthquakes and lahar flows, super typhoons, flash floods and landslides. B : Victoriously, we surmounted these ordeals and pains, beyond imagination of the human race G : Instant death of our loved ones, claimed by transportation mishaps and natural disasters. Thousands also die in hunger and malnutrition. All : Including ambushes and endless wars in Mindanao. They trampled our basic human rights, such as the right to live G (solo) : I lost my loving husband, who didn’t want to join Abu Sayyaf. G (solo) : I lost my only son, who opted to become a military man. G : We lost our innocent children and women, we lost our homes and properties. B : Survivors are Filipinos. The wrath of nature and cruel destiny may steal everything from us. B (solo) : Wealth, properties, and family

All : But the Filipinos never give up   
B : For us we are continuously scourged by the test of time. The spirit to survive and to bounce back remains undefeated All : I’m as pliant as a bamboo for I’m a man of Earth   
G : My hair may all be blown away by the winds   
B : And my legs may be crippled by the smash of waves   
All : But I will stand and pick up the shattered pieces of myself and continue to live B : Resolute to survive, clothed with an inspiration to live, not only for my family but also for my beloved country All : Filipinos unite in the midst of crisis, regardless of socio-economic status, tradition and creed G : The world has seen the magnanimous spirit of the Filipinos in crucial times. All : The gap between the rich and the poor was narrowed

G (solo) : Envy was replaced by sympathy   
G (solo) : Hatred was conquered by love   
B (solo) : Selfishness was set aside   
B : And saving one’s live is the ultimate desire   
All : History tells us that the Filipinos have captured innumerable foes, natural and not. And shall always strive to champion in all odds. Because innate in the Filipino is the will to survive B : We may be daunted by the horrible scenes around us. But certainly, we will be strengthened by our unwavering faith in God. G : We have been lotted by many nations in the world, for our resiliency during disasters, others die in saving lives. All : But only few realize, that we are able to survive, because our spirit to fight is deeply anchored from faith, that God Almighty will never forsake us. B (solo) : I believe that Filipinos, divided by varied doctrines and cultures, are capable to be on top of any situation, if united All : Together, we can face any challenge ahead of us.

B : We may stumble and fall   
All : But we will bounce back, arms stronger with vision and faith, that after darkness, after pains and sufferings, the Filipino survives, the Filipino is resilient.

http://b0uncingbabygirl. blogspot. com/2010/04/resiliency-of-filipino. html Long before stars and moon and man

The story of the church in the Philippines begun   
In the premortal world of truth and light   
Every had a purpose, each had a goal in sight   
One misty morning in the shores of Mactan   
A fleet of ships led by the Spanish Magellan   
Dropped their anchors and walked upon the sand   
And cast their eyes upon our Motherland   
Bringing with them their culture and faith   
Their wealth and their gold from long ago

But these would spur such anger and hate   
Among forefathers, but they didn’t know   
Thus with the Spaniards came Christianity   
The belief in God and his love for humanity   
And for three hundred years we were in captivity   
Until another conqueror will set us free   
It was during this time in the United States   
A new momentum had took place   
The people were changing and so was their faith

And the young Joseph Smith sought the truth in God’s face   
And from this thirst our church was restored   
In its due time and by the will of the Lord   
To gather the saints in all the world   
And let them know the joy in God’s word   
And as the work of our dear Lord   
To proclaim the gospel to all the world   
He had sent his servant Paul H Rose   
To preside to something good and bold

And it was thirty-eight years ago   
Twenty-second of August as foretold   
The Philippine Mission was organized   
And we are the heirs of this great prize   
To continue the work of perfecting the saints   
He organized the Manila Philippine Stake   
And President Ezra Taft Benson called   
Augusto Lim to preside the precious gold   
Who would forget that great day   
When his prophet spoke of thing that may

‘ Twas August 1975   
The first Philippine Area Conference, the saints arrive   
And as we watch our dear friends   
Enter the MTC and their boyhood end   
We often wonder how we’re blessed   
To have this place with Christ as head   
And the thought came to our mind   
That those who see were once blind   
Seventeen years before this time   
Those boys became men sublime

And a year had passed since then   
Because of God’s faithful men   
His house was built upon this place   
And continues to bless this great race   
It is where we redeem the dead   
Sealing held and worthy couples wed   
Yes it was the temple blessed   
Where the Spirit of the Lord dwelt   
Now the Lord has prepared the way

Before we came upon this ear6h   
That will rejoice this great day   
The coast is clear before our birth   
June 6 1992   
Augusto Lim was called   
And became a General authority   
In the Second Quorum of the Seventy   
It is the same Holy man   
In September first 1996   
When he became the president

Of the House of the Lord, the temple dear   
And don’t forget when this good old stake   
Was organized one year since then   
As Arnold Roda as president   
Now we’re here, full of strength.   
Thus we se our history

Fulfilled the hope of things to be   
And each soul has played a part   
In helping souls change their hearts   
‘ Twas our Heavenly Father’s Great Plan   
“ To bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.”

Isang Lumang Speech Choir Piece for a Roadshow

The Creation

James Weldon Johnson

AND God stepped out on space,   
And He looked around and said,   
“ I’m lonely—   
I’ll make me a world.”

And far as the eye of God could see   
Darkness covered everything,   
Blacker than a hundred midnights   
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,   
And the light broke,   
And the darkness rolled up on one side,   
And the light stood shining on the other,   
And God said, “ That’s good!”

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,   
And God rolled the light around in His hands   
Until He made the sun;   
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.   
And the light that was left from making the sun   
God gathered it up in a shining ball   
And flung it against the darkness,   
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.   
Then down between   
The darkness and the light   
He hurled the world;   
And God said, “ That’s good!”

Then God himself stepped down—   
And the sun was on His right hand,   
And the moon was on His left;   
The stars were clustered about His head,   
And the earth was under His feet.   
And God walked, and where He trod   
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out   
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw   
That the earth was hot and barren.   
So God stepped over to the edge of the world   
And He spat out the seven seas;   
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;   
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;   
And the waters above the earth came down,   
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,   
And the little red flowers blossomed,   
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,   
And the oak spread out his arms,   
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,   
And the rivers ran down to the sea;   
And God smiled again,   
And the rainbow appeared,   
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand   
Over the sea and over the land,   
And He said, “ Bring forth! Bring forth!”   
And quicker than God could drop His hand.   
Fishes and fowls   
And beasts and birds   
Swam the rivers and the seas,   
Roamed the forests and the woods,   
And split the air with their wings.   
And God said, “ That’s good!”

Then God walked around,   
And God looked around   
On all that He had made.   
He looked at His sun,   
And He looked at His moon,   
And He looked at His little stars;   
He looked on His world   
With all its living things,   
And God said, “ I’m lonely still.”

Then God sat down   
On the side of a hill where He could think;   
By a deep, wide river He sat down;   
With His head in His hands,   
God thought and thought,   
Till He thought, “ I’ll make me a man!”

Up from the bed of the river   
God scooped the clay;   
And by the bank of the river   
He kneeled Him down;   
And there the great God Almighty   
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,   
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,   
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;   
This Great God,   
Like a mammy bending over her baby,   
Kneeled down in the dust   
Toiling over a lump of clay   
Till He shaped it in His own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,   
And man became a living soul.   
Amen. Amen.

http://www. bartleby. com/269/41. html