

# **Lesson 1**

## ***The Importance of History***

### **What a Wonderful World It Would Be**

Sam Cooke

Don't know much about **history**

Don't know much **biology** (theology)

Don't know much about a **science** book (God's Good Book)

Don't know much about the **French** I took

**Winston Churchill** (quoting philosopher George Santayana)

*"Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it."*

**Rand Paul**

*"The only thing we learn from history, I am afraid, is that we do not learn from history."*

**Alexander Solzhenitsyn**

*"If we don't know our history, then we simply will have to endure all the same, mistakes, all the same sacrifices, all the same absurdities over again – times 10."*

**Baruch Spinoza**

*"If you want the present to be different from the past, study the past."*

**Michael Crichton**

*"If you don't know history, then you don't know anything. You are a leaf that does not know it is part of a tree."*

**Mark Twain**

*The two most important days of your life are the day you were born, and the day you found out why.*

**Foolish Statements – Henry Ford**

*I don't know much about history, and I wouldn't give a nickel for all the history in the world. It means nothing to me. History is more or less bunk. It's tradition. We don't want tradition. We want to live in the present and the only history that is worth a tinker's damn is the history we make today."*

# William Shakespere

## As You Like It is the Seven Ages of Man (spoken by Jaques)

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages.

At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part.

The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound.

Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.