

The Children's Hour

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the
daylight,

When the night is beginning to
lower,

Comes a pause in the day's
occupations,

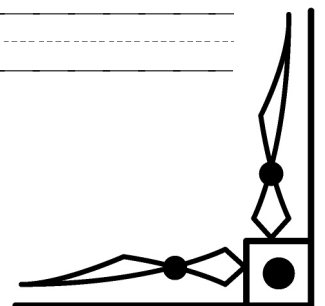
That is known as the Children's
Hour.

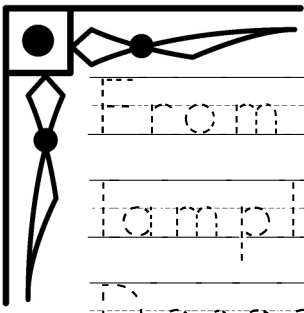


I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is
opened,

And voices soft and sweet.





From my study I see in the
lamplight,

Descending the broad hall stair,

Grave Alice, and laughing

Allegra,

And Edith with golden hair.



A whisper, and then a silence:

Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning
together

To take me by surprise.

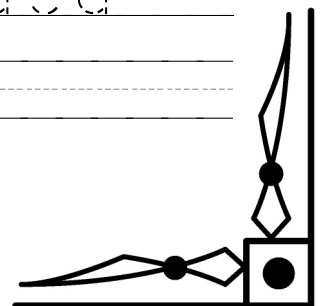


A sudden rush from the stairway,

A sudden raid from the hall!

By three doors left unguarded

They enter my castle wall.





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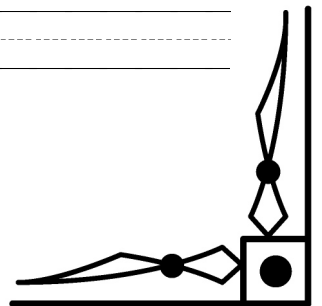
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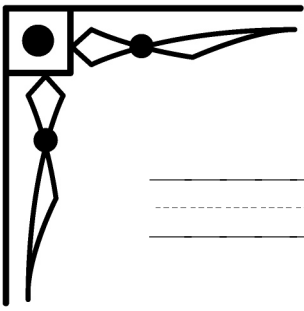


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Handwriting practice lines (top section).

Handwriting practice lines (second section).

Main body of handwriting practice lines.

SAMPLE

