

Summer in the South
by Paul Laurence Dunbar

*The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of
green,*

Timid, and hesitating.

*The rain comes down in a torrent
sweep*

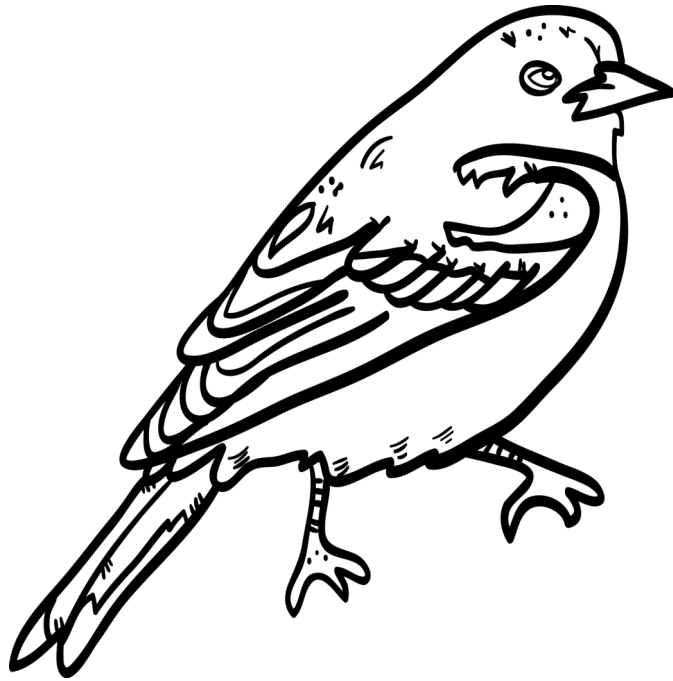
*And the nights smell warm and
pinety,*

*The garden thrives, but the tender
shoots*

Are yellow-green and tiny.

*Then a flash of sun on a waiting
hill,*

Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a
dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.



Summer in the South
by Paul Laurence Dunbar

The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of
green,
Timid, and hesitating.

The rain comes down in a torrent
sweep

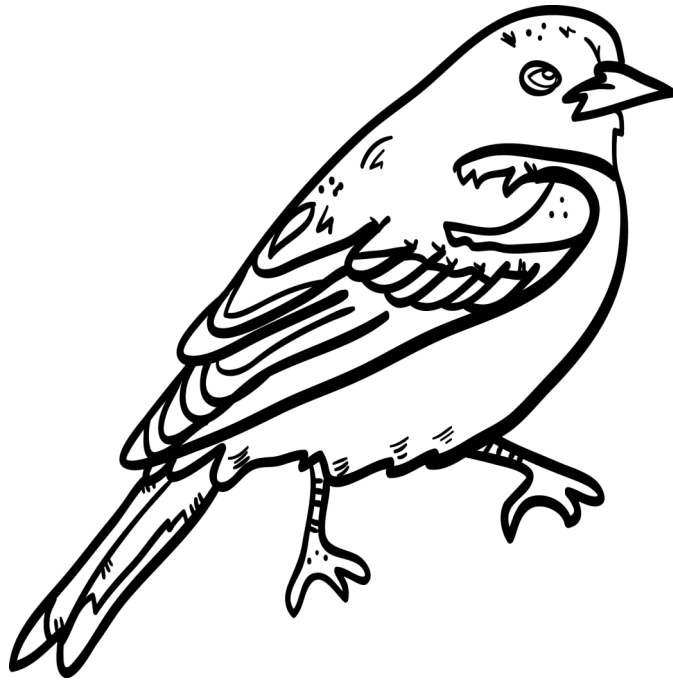
And the nights smell warm and
pinety,

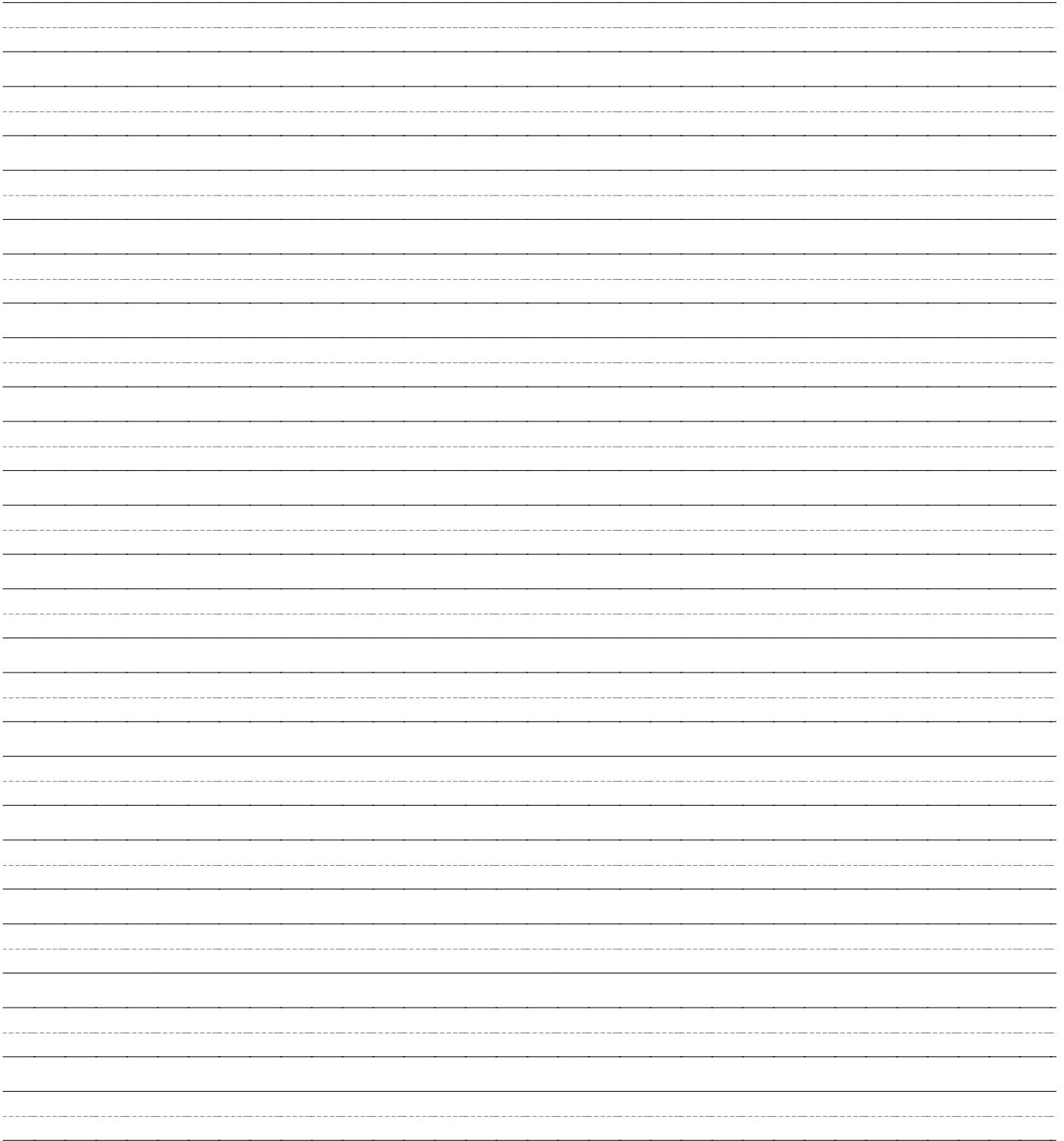
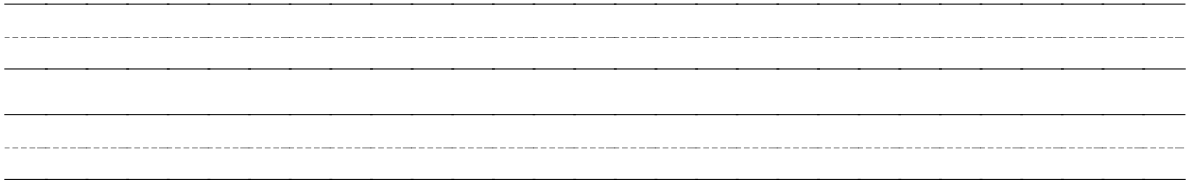
The garden thrives, but the tender
shoots

Are yellow-green and tiny.

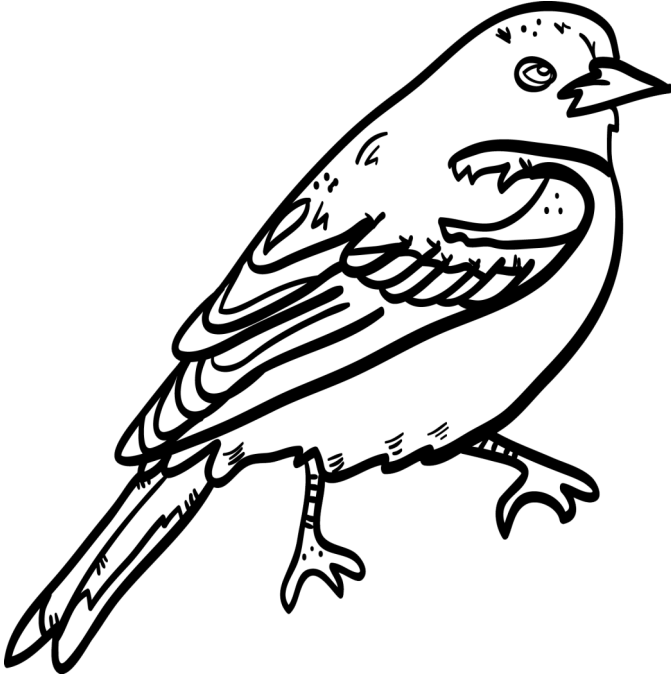
Then a flash of sun on a waiting
hill,

Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a
dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.





Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).



I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud
by William Wordsworth

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
hills,*

*When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

The waves beside them danced; but
they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little
thought

What wealth the show to me had
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure

fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud
by William Wordsworth

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
hills,*

*When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

The waves beside them danced; but
they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little
thought

What wealth the show to me had
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

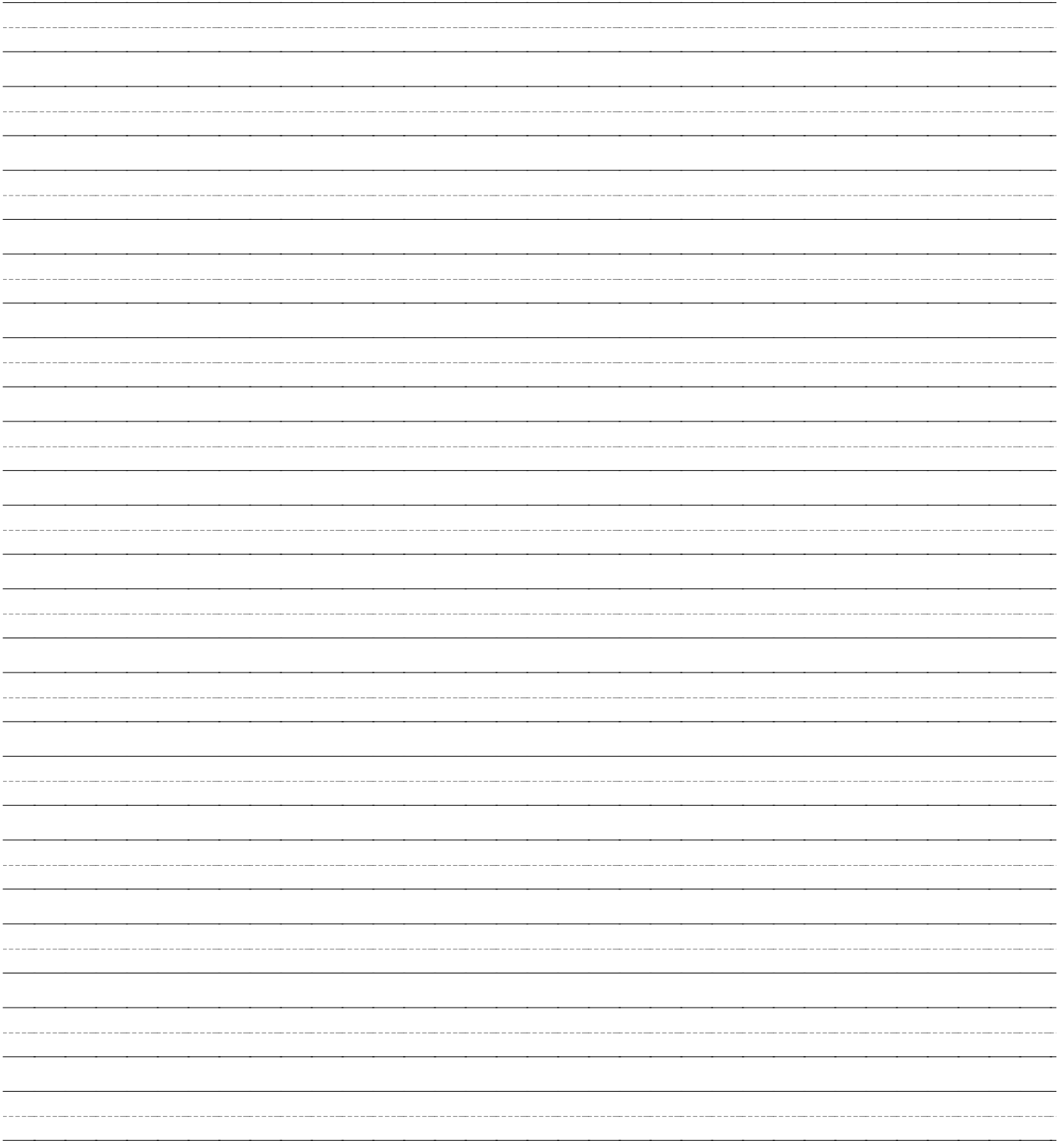
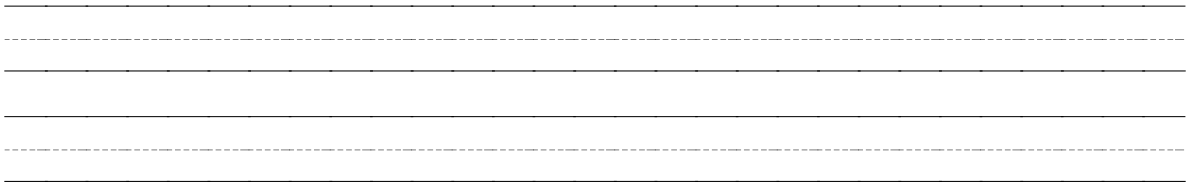
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure

fills,

And dances with the daffodils.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

Summer Sun

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven with repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his
rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-dad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles

Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering
look

Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing
true,

To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

Summer Sun

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven with repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his
rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles

Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering
look

Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing
true,

To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

The Sparrow

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

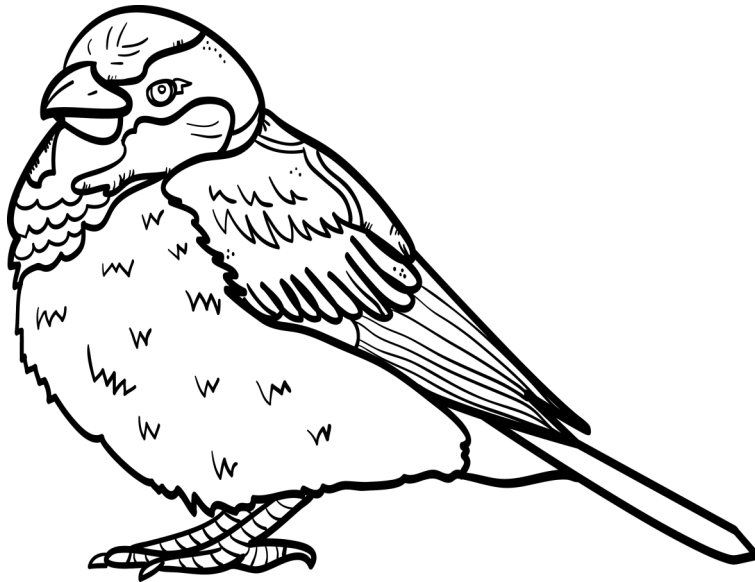
*A little bird, with plumage brown,
Beside my window flutters down,
A moment chirps its little strain,
Then taps upon my window-pane,
And chirps again, and hops along,
To call my notice to its song;
But I work on, nor heed its lay,
Till, in neglect, it flies away.*

*So birds of peace and hope and love
Come fluttering earthward from
above,*

*To settle on life's window-sills,
And ease our load of earthly ills;*

But we, in traffic's rush and din
Too deep engaged to let them in,
With deadened heart and sense plot
on,

Nor know our loss till they are gone.



The Sparrow

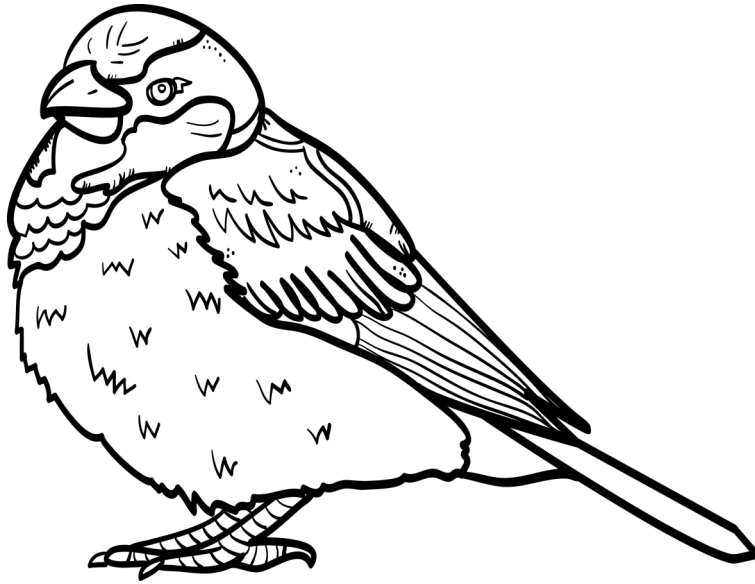
by Paul Laurence Dunbar

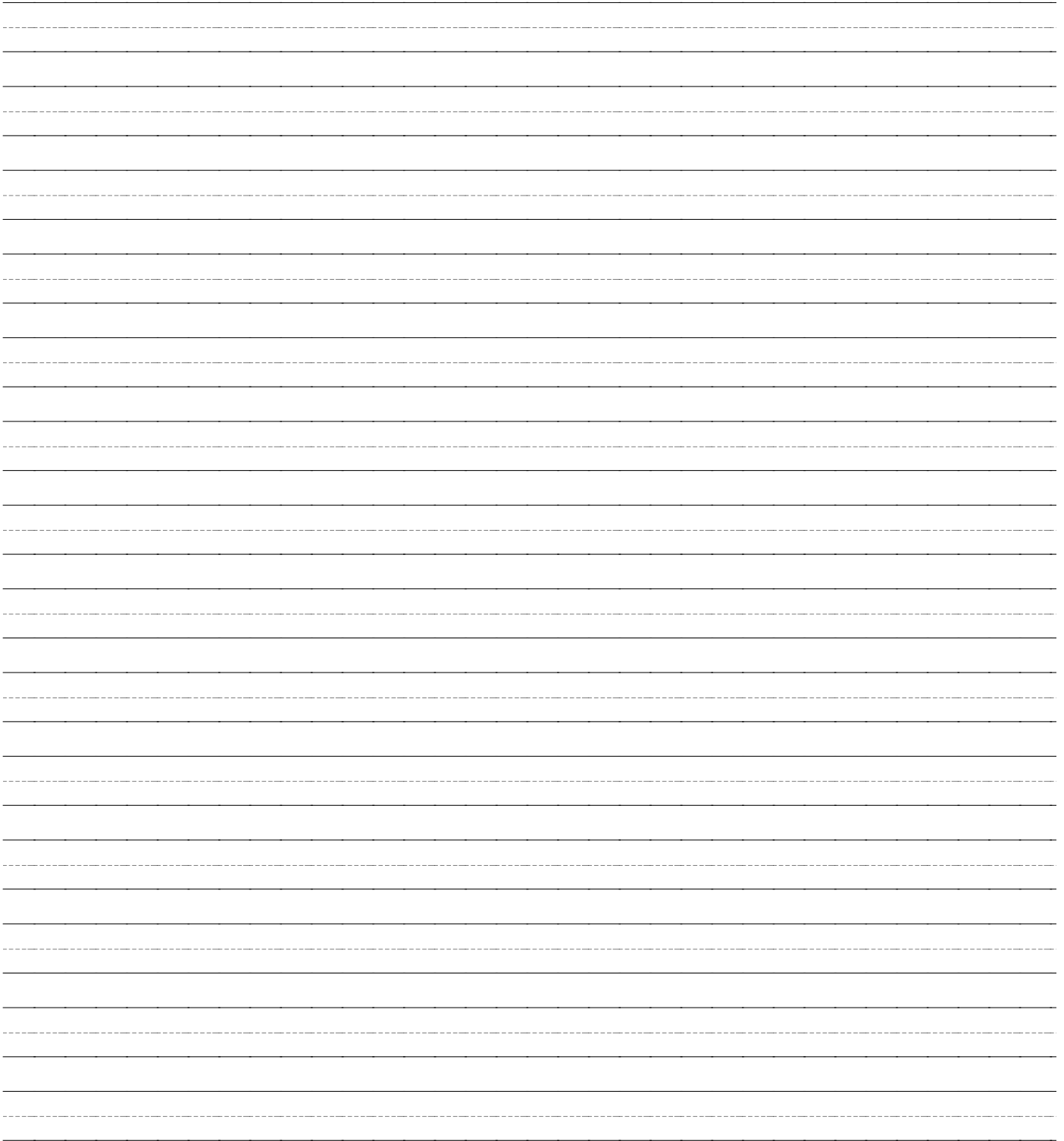
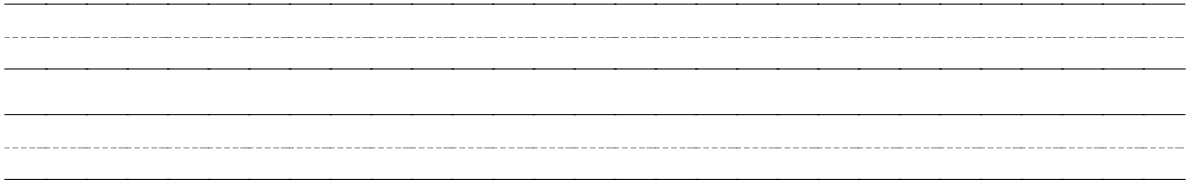
A little bird, with plumage brown,
Beside my window flutters down,
A moment chirps its little strain,
Ten taps upon my window-pane,
And chirps again, and hops along,
To call my notice to its song;
But I work on, nor heed its lay,
Till, in neglect, it flies away.

So birds of peace and hope and love
Come fluttering earthward from
above,

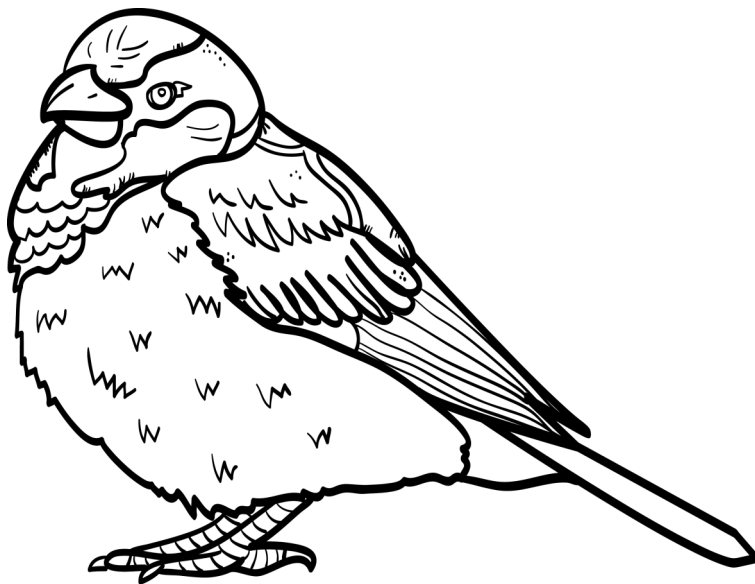
To settle on life's window-sills,
And ease our load of earthly ills;

But we, in traffic's rush and din
Too deep engaged to let them in,
With deadened heart and sense plod
on,
Nor know our loss till they are gone.





Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).



Copyright © 2019 by WriteBonnieRose, LLC

Select graphics used courtesy of [Artifex](#).

All Rights Reserved. This book may not be reproduced or transmitted by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical, without the express written consent of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews and those uses expressly described in the following Terms of Use. You are welcome to link back to the author's website, <http://writebonnierose.com>, but may not link directly to the PDF file. You may not alter this work, sell or distribute it in any way, host this file on your own website, or upload it to a shared website.

Terms of Use: For use by a family, this unit can be printed and copied as many times as needed. Classroom teachers may reproduce one copy for each student in his or her class. Members of co-ops or workshops may reproduce one copy for up to fifteen children. This material cannot be resold or used in any way for commercial purposes. Please contact the publisher with any questions.