

Into the woodland,

Alone I went.

Seeking nothing,

My sole intent.

In the shadows I saw

A flower grow,

Shining like starlight,

Its bright eyes aglow

I went to pick it,

It gently said:

Must I be broken,

Withered, and dead?

So I dug it up with all

Its roots and rich loam,

Carried it to the garden

Of my lovely home.

And planted it again

In a quiet place;

There it spreads

out its flowers

Blooming with grace.

Thou that from

the heavens art,

Every pain and

sorrow stillest,

And the doubly

wretched heart

Doubly with

refreshment fillest,

I am weary

with contending!

Why this rapture

and unrest?

Peace descending

Come, ah, come

into my breast!

How gloriously

Nature gleams for me!

How the sun sparkles!

How the field laughs!

Blossoms burst

From every bough

And a thousand voices

From every bush

And delight and rapture

From every breast.

O earth, O sun!

O joy, O bliss!

O love, O love!

So golden fair

As morning clouds

On yonder hills!

You bless with glory

The fresh field,

In a mist of blossom

The teeming world.

O maiden, maiden,

How I love you!

How you look at me!

How you love me!

The skylark loves

Song and air,

And morning flowers

The hazy sky,

As I with warm blood

Love you,

Who give me youth

And joy and heart

For new songs

And new dances.

Be happy always

As in your love for me!

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

Flourish greener,

as ye clamber,

Oh ye leaves,

to seek my chamber,

Up the trellis'd vine on high!

May ye swell,

twin-berries tender,

Juicier far,-

and with more splendour

Ripen, and more speedily!

O'er ye broods

O'er ye broods

the sun at even

As he sinks to rest,

and heaven

Softly breathes

into your ear

All its fertilising fullness,

While the moon's

refreshing coolness,

Magic-laden, hovers near;

And, alas!

ye're watered ever

By a stream of

tears that rill

From mine eyes—

tears ceasing never,

Tears of love that

nought can still!

All its fertilising fullness,

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While the moon's refreshing coolness,

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Magic-laden, hovers near;

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And, alas! ye're watered ever

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By a stream of tears that rill

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From mine eyes—tears ceasing never,

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Tears of love that nought can still!

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Great God, with wonder

and with praise,

On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom,

power and grace

Shine brighter in thy Book.

The stars that in

their courses roll,

Have much

instruction given;

But thy good Word

informs my soul

How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food,

and show

The goodness of the Lord;

But fruits of life

and glory grow

In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest

treasures hid,

Here my best comfort lies;

Here my desires

are satisfy'd;

And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me

understand thy law,

Show what my

faults have been;

And from thy Gospel

let me draw

Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how

Christ has dy'd

To save my soul from hell:

Not all the books

on earth beside

Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love

my Bible more,

And take a fresh delight

By day to read

these wonders o'er,

And meditate by night.

perfect and complete,

lacking nothing. If any of

you lacks wisdom, let him

ask of God, who gives to

all liberally and without

reproach, and it will be

given to him. But let him

ask in faith, with no

doubting, for he who

doubts is like a wave of

the sea driven and tossed

by the wind. For let not

that man suppose that he

will receive anything from

the Lord; he is a

double-minded man, unstable

in all his ways.