

Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know who made thee,

Gave thee life, and bid thee feed

By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing, woolly, bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

He is called by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and He is mild,

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy

fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,

Could twist the sinews

of thy heart?

And when thy heart

began to beat.

What dread hand?

& what dread feet?

What the hammer?

what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil?

what dread grasp.

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw

down their spears

And water'd heaven

with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made

the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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

When the green woods laugh

with the voice of joy,

And the dimpling stream

runs laughing by;

When the air does laugh

with our merry wit,

And the green hill laughs

with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh

with lively green,

And the grasshopper laughs

in the merry scene;

When Mary and Susan

and Emily

With their sweet round mouths

sing 'Ha ha he!'

When the painted birds

laugh in the shade,

Where our table with cherries

and nuts is spread:

Come live, and be merry,

and join with me,

To sing the sweet chorus of

'Ha ha he!'

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

All pray in their distress,

And to these virtues of delight

Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is God our Father dear;

And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is man, His child and care.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

All pray in their distress,

And to these virtues of delight

Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is God our Father dear;

And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;

Pity, a human face;

And Love, the human

form divine:

And Peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,

That prays in his distress,

Prays to the human form divine:

Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love

the human form,

In heathen, Turk, or Jew.

Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,

There God is dwelling too

Almighty God, whose Son Jesus

Christ in his earthly life shared

our toil and hallowed our labor:

Be present with your people where

they work; make those who carry

on the industries and commerce of

this land responsive to your will;

and give to us all a pride in

what we do, and a just return

for our labor; through Jesus Christ

our Lord, who lives and reigns

with you, in the unity of the

Holy Spirit, one God, now and

for ever. Amen.

Whatever you do, work at it with
all your heart, as working for the
Lord, not for human masters,
since you know that you will
receive an inheritance from the
Lord as a reward.

It is the Lord Christ
you are serving.