



Henry's Highlights

Read the following poem and then write a poem about the Children's Hour at **your** house. Use abcb rhyme.

“The Children's Hour”

By Henry W. 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 Alive 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

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

* Written in the Longfellow House, Cambridge,
November 2, 1859

"The Children's Hour at My House"

Reading Bedtime Books with My Mother

By Elizabeth, grade 6

I hurry through the washing up,
Climb eagerly into bed.
Snuggle close to her warm, clean smell,
As she smiles and strokes my head.

I open up the heavy book,
Peering at the page.
As the wondrous words pour over me,
I am unlocked from my heavy cage.

I fly through exotic lands,
And over boundless seas.
But with me, my mother is flying there too,
So I can always fly with ease.

Turning page after worn out page,
I listen to her voice.
As we hear Cinderella marry,
And Beauty with her Beast rejoice.

Winding tales come to an end,
As does the sea so deep.
And I think of the hour spent there reading,
As I fall asleep.



Longfellow lived just down Brattle Street from the village blacksmith, Dexter Pratt. On his long walks through Cambridge, he often passed his shop.

a. Read the following poem and then draw a picture of the blacksmith based on Longfellow's description.

“The Village Blacksmith”

By Henry W. Longfellow



Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long.
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the Church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the Parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, - rejoicing, - sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

b. Poetry Puzzle

Find the rhyming pattern in this poem.

There are _____ lines in every verse. Lines _____, _____, and _____ rhyme.
Did any words puzzle you in this poem?

**c. Do you see people at work while you're "coming home from school"?
Write a poem about a job today and include descriptive details.**

“Construction Worker”

By Elizabeth, grade 6

Under the large and metallic scaffold
The construction worker stands;
His orange suit is bright,
And dirty are his hands;
And the taut muscles in his arms
Are stronger than just any man's.

His hair is short-cropped and graying,
The lines in his face are deep;
He is tired, old and grumpy,
But he dare not make a peep;
Onward he keeps toiling
For the meager wage he reaps.

Week in, week out, from dawn to dusk
He forges on and on.
He digs and scrapes and reconstructs,
Gaining more strength and brawn;
And as the sun is lowering,
He forces back a yawn.

Oh thanks to you, my tired friend,
For the lesson you have taught,
Like you, at the hammer of life,
We must also find a spot
To work away our lifetimes,
As that is all that we've got.

