**Unit 1**

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

***The Children’s Hour***

Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupation,

That is know 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!

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!