**Unit 6**

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

***The Arrow and The Song***

I shot an arrow into the air,

It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight

Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,

It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For who has sight so keen and strong,

That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak

I found the arrow, still unbroke;

And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend.

**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!

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 in the dungeon

In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,

Yes, forever and a day,

Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,

And moulder in dust away!

**A. A. Milne**

***Knight-in-Armour***

Whenever I’m a shining Knight,

I buckle on my armour tight;

And then I look about for things,

Like Rushings-Out, and Rescuings,

And Savings from the Dragon’s Lair,

And fighting all the Dragons there.

And sometimes when our fights begin,

I think I’ll let the Dragons win…

And then I think perhaps I won’t,

Because they’re Dragons, and I don’t.

**A. A. Milne**

***If I Were King***

I often wish I were a King,

And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,

I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,

I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,

I'd push things off the mantelpiece

If I were King of Norroway,

I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,

I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,

I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,

I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"