**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 5

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, 10

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, 15

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! 20

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, 25

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, 30

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 35

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! 40

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