

The Owl

By L. Alma-Tadema



When all the children lie asleep
And the village lamps are out,
The owl from her lonely nest does creep
To roam the world about.



Her wings are quiet, her eyes are keen,
She needs no starry light;
By her each timid thing is seen
That nibbles in the night.



Handwriting practice area with multiple sets of horizontal lines. Each set consists of a solid top blue line, a dashed middle blue line, and a solid bottom red line.