Ken ye how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum, Aikendrum
Ken ye how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum?
He can fight the hero bright, with his heels and armour
light
and the wind of heavenly night, aikendrum,
Aikendrum:
Is not Rowley in the right, Aikendrum?
-Verse from the Scottish Folk Song
"Aikendrum"



Cursive Passages Copywork



The ash grove	, how gracefu	l, how plainly	y tis speaking;
The harp thro	ugh it playin	g has languag	je for me,
When over its	s branches the	sunlight is br	eaking,
A host of kind	d faces is gazi	ng on me.	
The friends of	l my childhoo	d again are be	fore me;
Each step wak	es a memory	as freely I ro	vm.
With whispers	laden the lea	ves rustle oer	me;
The ash grove	, the ash grov	e alone is my	home
		– Verse from o	The Ash Grove



Cursive Passages Copywork



In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps
tonight. Ooh wim-o-weh
Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps
tonight. Ooh wim-o-weh
co roughoc. O one work
Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion
sleeps tonight.
- Verses from The Lion Sleeps Tonight

