

Manuscript Copywork

Simply Charlotte Mason is happy to provide these copywork selections for beginning writers. We've found that it's hard enough for beginning writers to concentrate on how each letter is shaped without having to use one hand to keep a book open to the correct page, keep a finger on the correct sentence on that page, and remember that type-written lower-case *a*'s are different from manuscript hand-written *a*'s. So each poem, Bible passage, or hymn below is in a manuscript "handwritten" font on one-inch lined paper with a blank line directly below each typed line for ease of copying.

We've also included a lined page without any writing on it for you to use as you see fit.

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<http://simplycharlottesmason.com/store/manuscript-copywork/>

If your child needs help learning to make the letters, our [*Delightful Handwriting*](#) books teach the strokes with beautiful words and phrases.

For more copywork practice, our [*A Child's Copybook Reader*](#) books include quality selections from classic children's poetry, Aesop's fables, the Bible, and more.

To transition your child from manuscript to cursive writing, [*Print to Cursive Proverbs*](#) makes it simple with gentle, gradual exercises from the book of Proverbs.

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Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline.

A mighty fortress

is our God,

A bulwark never

failing;

Our helper He

amid the flood

Of mortal ills

prevailing.

For still our

ancient foe

Doth seek to

work us woe,

His craft and

pow'r are great,

And, armed with

cruel hate,

On earth is not

his equal.

Did we in our own

strength confide

Our striving would

be losing,

Were not the right

Man on our side,

The Man of God's

own choosing.

Dost ask who

that may be?

Christ Jesus,

it is He;

Lord Sabaoth

His name,

From age to age

the same,

And He must win

the battle.

And tho this world,

with devils filled,

Should threaten

to undo us,

We will not fear,

for God hath willed

His truth to

triumph through us.

The prince of

darkness grim,

We tremble not

for him;

His rage we

can endure,

For lo! his doom

is sure,

One little word

shall fell him.

That word above

all earthly pow'rs,

No thanks to

them, abideth;

The Spirit and the

gifts are ours

Through Him who

with us sideth.

Let goods and

kindred go,

This mortal

life also;

The body they

may kill:

God's truth

abideth still,

His kingdom

is forever.

The Arrow and

the Song

by Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow

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.

Concord Hymn

by

Ralph Waldo

Emerson

By the rude

bridge that arched

the flood,

Their flag to April's

breeze unfurled,

Here once the

embattled farmers

stood,

And fired the

shot heard round

the world.

The foe long since

in silence slept;

Alike the conqueror

silent sleeps;

And Time the

ruined bridge

has swept

Down the dark

stream which

seaward creeps.

On this green

bank, by this

soft stream,

We set today a

votive stone;

That memory may

their deed redeem,

When, like our

sires, our sons

are gone.

Spirit, that made

those heroes dare

To die, and leave

their children free,

Bid Time and

Nature gently

spare

The shaft we raise

to them and thee.

The Daffodils

by

William

Wordsworth

I wandered lonely

as a cloud

That floats on high

o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I

saw a crowd,

A host, of golden

daffodils;

Beside the lake,

beneath the trees,

Fluttering and

dancing in the

breeze.

Continuous as the

stars that shine

And twinkle on the

milky way,

They stretched in

never-ending line

Along the margin

of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I

at a glance,

Tossing their heads

in sprightly dance.

The waves beside

them danced;

but they

Outdid the

sparkling waves

in glee:

A poet could not

but be gay,

In such a jocund

company:

I gazed — and

gazed — but little

thought

What wealth the

show to me had

brought:

For oft, when on

my couch I lie

In vacant or in

pensive mood,

They flash upon

that inward eye

Which is the bliss

of solitude;

And then my heart

with pleasure fills,

And dances with

the daffodils.

Praise God,

from whom all

blessings flow;

Praise Him,

all creatures

here below;

Praise Him above,

ye heav'nly host;

Praise Father, Son,

and Holy Ghost.

The Eagle

by

Alfred, Lord

Tennyson

He clasps the crag

with crooked hands;

Close to the sun

in lonely lands,

Ringed with the

azure world,

he stands.

The wrinkled sea

beneath him crawls;

He watches from

his mountain walls,

And like a

thunderbolt

he falls.

Exodus 20:2-17

"I am the Lord

thy God, which

have brought thee

out of the land of

Egypt, out of the

house of bondage.

Thou shalt have

no other gods

before me.

Thou shalt not

make unto thee

any graven image,

or any likeness of

any thing that is

in heaven above,

or that is in the

earth beneath,

or that is in the

water under the

earth: Thou shalt

not bow down

thyself to them,

nor serve them:

for I the Lord thy

God am a jealous

God, visiting the

iniquity of the

fathers upon the

children unto the

third and fourth

generation of them

that hate me; And

shewing mercy

unto thousands of

them that love me,

and keep my

commandments.

Thou shalt not take

the name of the

Lord thy God in

vain; for the Lord

will not hold him

guiltless that

taketh his name

in vain.

Remember the

sabbath day,

to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou

labour, and do all

thy work: But the

seventh day is the

sabbath of the

Lord thy God: in

it thou shalt not

do any work, thou,

nor thy son,

nor thy daughter,

thy manservant,

nor thy maidservant,

nor thy cattle,

nor thy stranger

that is within thy

gates: For in six

days the Lord

made heaven and

earth, the sea,

and all that

in them is,

and rested the

seventh day:

wherefore the Lord

blessed the

sabbath day, and

hallowed it.

Honour thy father

and thy mother:

that thy days

may be long upon

the land which

the Lord thy God

giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not

commit adultery.

Thou shalt not

steal.

Thou shalt not

bear false witness

against thy

neighbour.

Thou shalt not

covet thy

neighbour's house,

thou shalt not

covet thy

neighbour's wife,

nor his manservant,

nor his maidservant,

nor his ox, nor his

ass, nor any thing

that is thy

neighbour's."

Holy, Holy, Holy,

Lord God Almighty!

Early in the

morning our song

shall rise to Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Merciful and

Mighty!

God in Three

Persons,

blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy!

All the saints

adore Thee,

Casting down

their golden

crowns around

the glassy sea;

Cherubim and

seraphim

falling down

before Thee,

Which wert and

art and evermore

shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Tho the darkness

hide Thee,

Tho the eye of

sinful man

Thy glory may

not see;

Only Thou art holy

there is none

beside Thee

Perfect in pow'r,

in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy,

Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall

praise Thy name

in earth and sky

and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Merciful and

Mighty!

God in Three

Persons,

blessed Trinity!

The Land of

Counterpane

by Robert Louis

Stevenson

When I was sick

and lay a-bed

I had two pillows

at my head,

And all my toys

beside me lay

To keep me happy

all the day.

And sometimes for

an hour or so

I watched my

leaden soldiers go,

With different

uniforms and drills,

Among the

bedclothes, through

the hills;

And sometimes

sent my ships

in fleets

All up and down

among the sheets;

Or brought my

trees and houses

out, And planted

cities all about.

I was the giant

great and still

That sits upon

the pillow-hill,

And sees before

him, dale and plain,

The pleasant land

of counterpane.

Matthew 6:9-13

"Our Father which

art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy

name. Thy kingdom

come. Thy will be

done in earth, as

it is in heaven.

Give us this day

our daily bread.

And forgive us our

debts, as we forgive

our debtors. And

lead us not into

temptation, but

deliver us from evil:

For thine is the

kingdom, and the

power, and the glory,

for ever. Amen.”

The Months

by Sara Coleridge

January brings

the snow,

Makes our feet

and fingers glow.

February brings

the rain,

Thaws the frozen

lake again.

March brings

breezes loud and

shrill,

Stirs the dancing

daffodil.

April brings the

primrose sweet,

Scatters daisies

at their feet.

May brings flocks

of pretty lambs,

Skipping by their

fleecy dams.

June brings tulips,

lilies, roses,

Fills the children's

hands with posies.

Hot July brings

cooling showers,

Apricots and

gillyflowers.

August brings the

sheaves of corn,

Then the harvest

home is borne.

Warm September

brings the fruit,

Sportsmen then

begin to shoot.

Fresh October

brings the

pheasant,

Then to gather

nuts is pleasant.

Dull November

brings the blast,

Then the leaves

are whirling fast.

Chill December

brings the sleet,

blazing fire and

Christmas treat.

My Shadow

by Robert Louis

Stevenson

I have a little

shadow that goes

in and out with me,

And what can

be the use of him

is more than

I can see.

He is very,

very like me

from the heels

up to the head;

And I see him

jump before me,

when I jump

into my bed.

The funniest thing

about him

is the way he

likes to grow —

Not at all like

proper children,

which is always

very slow;

For he sometimes

shoots up taller

like an India-

rubber ball,

And he sometimes

gets so little that

there's none of

him at all.

He hasn't got a

notion of how

children ought

to play,

And can only

make a fool of me

in every sort

of way.

He stays so close

beside me,

he's a coward

you can see;

I'd think shame

to stick to nursie

as that shadow

sticks to me!

One morning,

very early,

before the sun

was up,

I rose and found

the shining dew

on every

buttercup;

But my lazy

little shadow,

like an arrant

sleepyhead,

Had stayed at

home behind me

and was fast

asleep in bed.

Praise, my soul, the

King of heaven,

To His feet thy

tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed,

restored, forgiven,

Evermore His

praises sing:

Alleluia! Praise the

Everlasting King!

Fatherlike, He tends

and spares us,

Well our feeble

frame He knows;

In His hands He

gently bears us,

Rescues us from

all our foes:

Alleluia! Widely yet

His mercy flows!

Angels in the

height, adore Him,

Ye behold Him

face to face;

Sun and moon, bow

down before Him,

Dwellers all in

time and space:

Alleluia! Praise

with us the God

of grace!

Psalm 23

"The Lord is my

shepherd; I shall

not want. He

maketh me to lie

down in green

pastures: he

leadeth me beside

the still waters.

He restoreth my

soul: he leadeth

me in the paths of

righteousness for

his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk

through the valley

of the shadow of

death, I will fear

no evil: for thou

art with me; thy

rod and thy staff

they comfort me.

Thou preparest a

table before me

in the presence of

mine enemies: thou

anointest my head

with oil; my cup

runneth over.

Surely goodness

and mercy shall

follow me all the

days of my life:

and I will dwell in

the house of the

Lord for ever."

Psalm 100

"Make a joyful

noise unto the

Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord

with gladness:

come before his

presence with

singing. Know ye

that the Lord he is

God: it is he that

hath made us, and

not we ourselves;

we are his people,

and the sheep of

his pasture. Enter

into his gates with

thanksgiving, and

into his courts with

praise: be thankful

unto him, and bless

his name. For the

Lord is good;

his mercy is

everlasting; and

his truth endureth

to all generations."

The Puzzled

Centipede

(Author Unknown)

A centipede was

happy quite,

Until a frog in fun

Said, "Pray, which

leg comes after

which?"

This raised her mind

to such a pitch,

She lay distracted

in the ditch

Considering

how to run.

We Thank Thee

(Author Unknown)

For mother-love

and father-care,

For brothers strong

and sisters fair,

For love at home

and here each day,

For guidance lest

we go astray,

Father in Heaven,

we thank Thee.

For this new morning

with its light,

For rest and shelter

of the night,

For health and food,

for love and friends,

For ev'rything His

goodness sends,

Father in Heaven,

we thank Thee.

Who Has Seen

the Wind?

by

Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the

wind?

Neither I nor

you: But when

the leaves hang

trembling,

The wind is passing

through.

Who has seen the

wind?

Neither you nor

I: But when the

leaves bow down

their heads,

The wind is

passing by.