



DAPPLE-GRAY

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I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

How many words can you
think of that rhyme with the
word lend?

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
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_____	_____

Practice writing some lines of the poem on these pages

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 10 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).

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Draw a Picture of this Nursery Rhyme