

Name: Fong King King

Class: 2A (10)

Instructions:

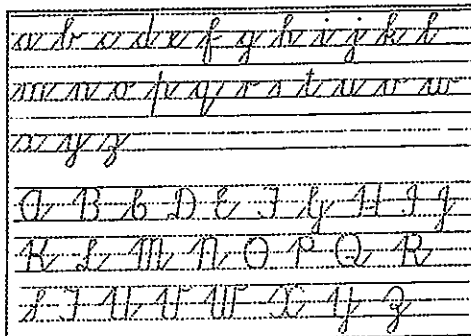
1. Copy the following poem in the space provided.
2. Write in blue or black pen.
3. Use cursive writing.

So We'll Go No More a Roving by Lord Byron

So, we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its health,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.



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