Windy Nights

Poem • Read it, then copy it neatly. Keep going on the back.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

— Robert Louis Stevenson, A Child's Garden of Verses

Windy Nights (continued)