

The Swing

By Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a
swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden
green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

From: A Child's Garden of Verses (1999)

