



By Robert Louis Stephenson

The Swing

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!