The Swing

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

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—

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

The Swing (continued)