Where Go the Boats?

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

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.
Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

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

Where Go the Boats? (continued)