

# The Swing

by Robert Louis Stevenson



How do you like to go \_\_\_\_\_ in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the \_\_\_\_\_ thing  
Ever a \_\_\_\_\_ can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so \_\_\_\_\_,  
Rivers and trees and \_\_\_\_\_ and all  
Over the \_\_\_\_\_ —

\_\_\_\_\_ I look down on the \_\_\_\_\_ green,  
Down on the \_\_\_\_\_ so brown—  
Up in the air I go \_\_\_\_\_ again,  
Up in the air and down!