

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!

Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850, in Edinburgh, Scotland, the son of a prosperous civil engineer. Although he was very interested in his father's profession, he studied law, instead, because of his continual poor health.

But, Stevenson's real love was writing, and his poems, essays, and novels eventually made him one of the most popular writers of his time, and one of the few writers whose works were popular with both young and old.

"The Swing" is from one of his most beloved poetry collections, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Other works include *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Stevenson possessed great courage and determination, and in spite of failing health and almost constant traveling, he continued to work cheerfully, diligently, and uncomplainingly in the face of great difficulties. His last years were spent on Samoa, in the South Seas, where he was loved and respected by the natives. They even called him "Tusitala," meaning "teller of tales." When Stevenson died in 1894, sixty natives carried his body to the summit of Mount Vaea, where he was buried.