

Swinging on a Birch Tree

by Lucy Larcom

Swinging on a birch-tree
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!
Little leaves a-flutter
Sound like dancing drops
Of a Brook on pebbles,—
Song that never stops.

Up and down we seesaw:
Up into the sky;
How it opens on us,
Like a wide blue eye!
You and I are sailors
Rocking on a mast;
And the world's our vessel:
Ho! she sails so fast!