

THE SWING IN THE BARN.

Oh, the swing in the barn
On a dull rainy day,
When the ground was too wet
With our marbles to play—
Oh, the noise and the glee,
And the fame we could earn,
If we kick'd the high beam
On the swing in the barn.

I have swung in the boats
At the feast or the fair;
I've been whirl'd in the roundabouts
High in the air;
I have sought other pleasures,
But never could learn
A game that would please
Like the swing in the barn.

As older I grew
I have sought for delight,
Where music and revelry
Wasted the night;
But conscience condemn'd me
In accents so stern,
And I thought with regret
On the swing in the barn,

The gamester may hazard
His hundreds in play;
The racer may squander
His thousands away;
The hunter may ride
Over bush, brake, and fern;
Yet dearer than all was
The swing in the barn,