

# To Swim, To Swim

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My mother always said to me, speak-ing with such ur-gen-cy,  
The oth-er kids would swim and play, hav-ing such a time so gay.  
Right by my house a ri-ver flowed. The o-cean was just down the road. A -

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"To the wa-ter don't go near, You might fall in and look so queer."  
I would stand a-long the shore, watch-ing them with en-vy sore. If  
cross the street a lake did hide, oh, so wet and, oh, so wide. Yet

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Ne-ver did she once sug-gest that it just might be the best  
on-ly I could join right in, en-joy the wa-ter, with them swim.  
not once did my par-ents say, "Let's go learn to swim to-day."

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if they were to take me down to learn to swim and not to drown. To  
If to swim I did not shun my sum-mers would be so much fun.  
Oh, per-haps my par-ents' goal was po-pu-la-tion con-trol.

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swim to swim would be so nice. To want to swim is not a vice. Oh, would-n't it be great to learn to

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swim.