

To Swim, To Swim

Ward Ricker

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My mo-ther al-ways said to me, speak-ing with such ur-gen-cy, "To the wa-ter don't go near, You
The oth-er kids would swim and play, hav-ing such a time so gay. I would stand a-long the shore,
Right by my house a ri-ver flowed. The o - cean was just down the road. A - cross the street a lake did hide,

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might fall in and look so queer." Ne-ver did she once sug-gest that it just might be the best
watch-ing them with en - vy sore. If on - ly I could join right in, en - joy the wa - ter, with them swim.
oh, so wet and, oh, so wide. Yet 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 swim to swim would be so nice. 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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want to swim is not a vice. Oh, would-n't it be great to learn to swim.