

The Cow

Robert Louis Stevenson

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:

She gives me cream with all her
might,

To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,

All in the pleasant open air,

The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that
pass

And wet with all the showers,

She walks among the meadow grass

And eats the meadow
flowers.



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