

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.