The Jones's Swing

1

We haven't any garden
In Jubilation Row;
The houses crowd so thickly,
No room for grass to grow.

2

The rooms are very tiny,
In Jubilation Row,
They were not made for children,
To gambol in, I know.

3

But here upon the doorstep
I've made our little swing,
And, romping with Eliza,
I'm happy as a king.

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