

## **From a Railway Carriage**

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.  
Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And here is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart runaway in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill, and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

-- [R. L. Stevenson](#)