

THE SPRING

AT the breast of a mountain mass,
Cool water flowing, out it came,
And spreading in the grass,
A wasted swamp it became.

Then a shepherd, he once made
A hollow in the mountain's brink,
Taking his cattle's brigade,
Brought them for a playful drink.

Passing by the mount was a doe,
Tongue out and scorched up,
Quenched its thirst on the go,
To heaven, thankfully glanced up.

A parched passerby appeared.
Upon reaching this cool bowl,
He took off his hat and he kneeled,
With this water, cooled his soul.

This kindly man, before he left,
Offered blessing and so he said:
"Like this waterhole, which is full,
The Maker's life I wish to be full.