

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

GURGLING water down a cloudy mount
Runs by the village with a happy sound.

Out runs a little boy, his skin brown ,
Face and hands need a wash down.

Washing with the cool water he chose,
The boy turns and like this, he goes:

“From which mountain are you, water?
My cool, tasty, and fresh water?”

“I’m coming from that mountain blue,
Its top cover is thick snow, old and new.”

“To which brook are you going, water?
My cool, tasty, and fresh water?”

“The brook to which I will be going,
On its border lilies are growing.”

“In which garden will you end up water?
My cool, tasty, and fresh water?”

“The garden into which I will end up,
A kind and diligent gardener built up.”