

THE BROOK (adapted from Alfred Lord Tennyson)

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorpes, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddy bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.