The Brook.

THE BROOK.

I.

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 thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

II.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying 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.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

III.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

IV.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

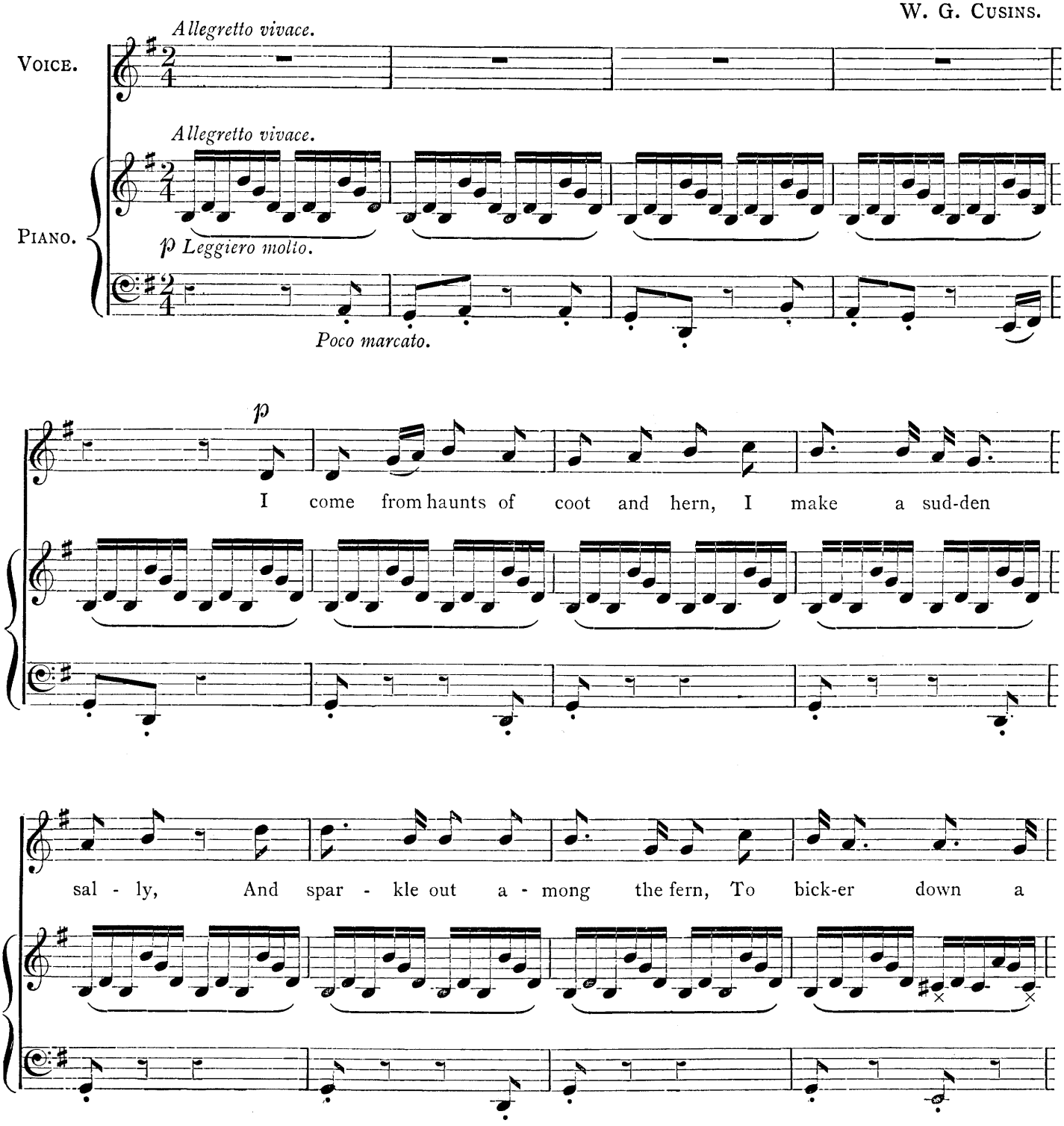
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

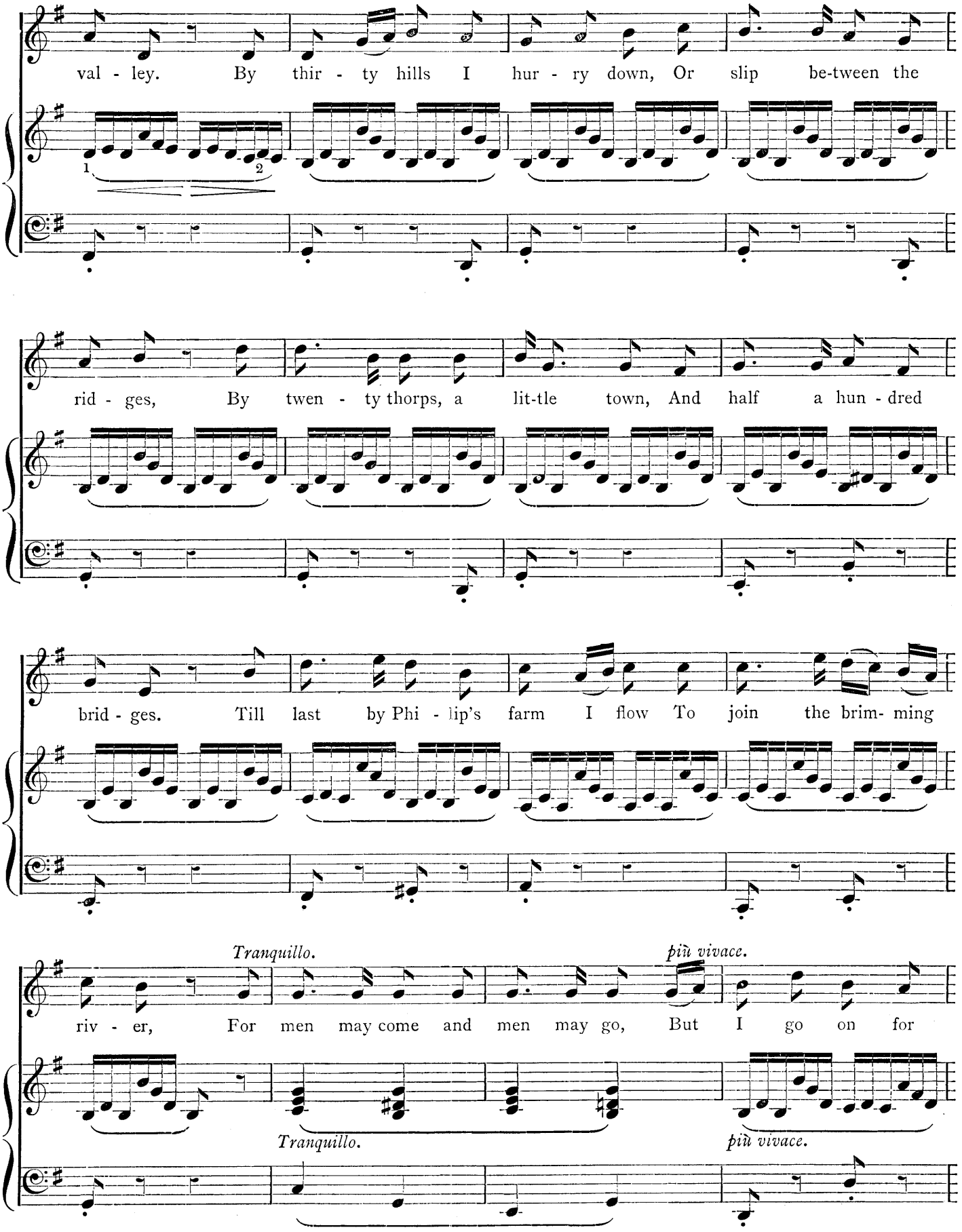
I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

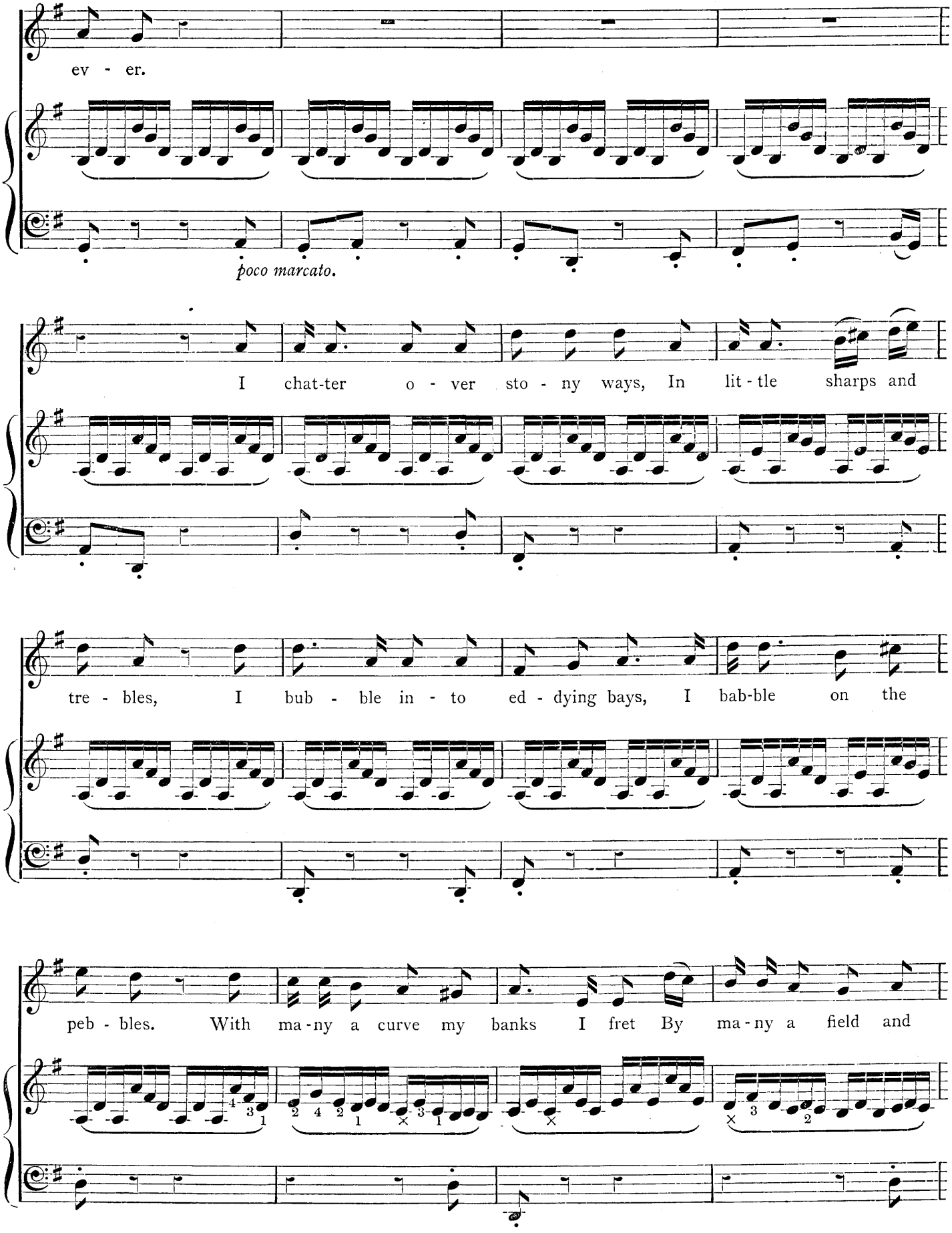
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

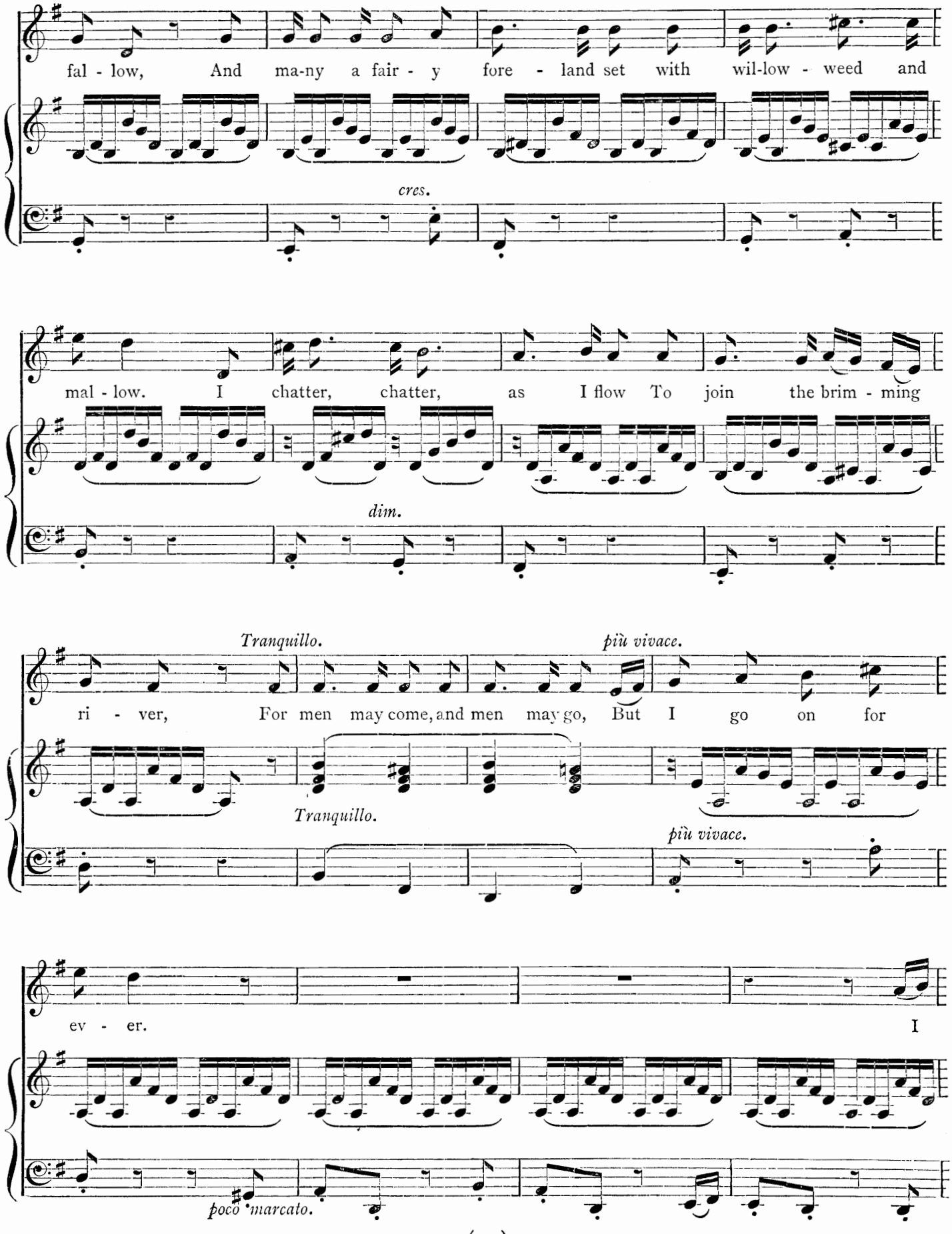
THE BROOK.

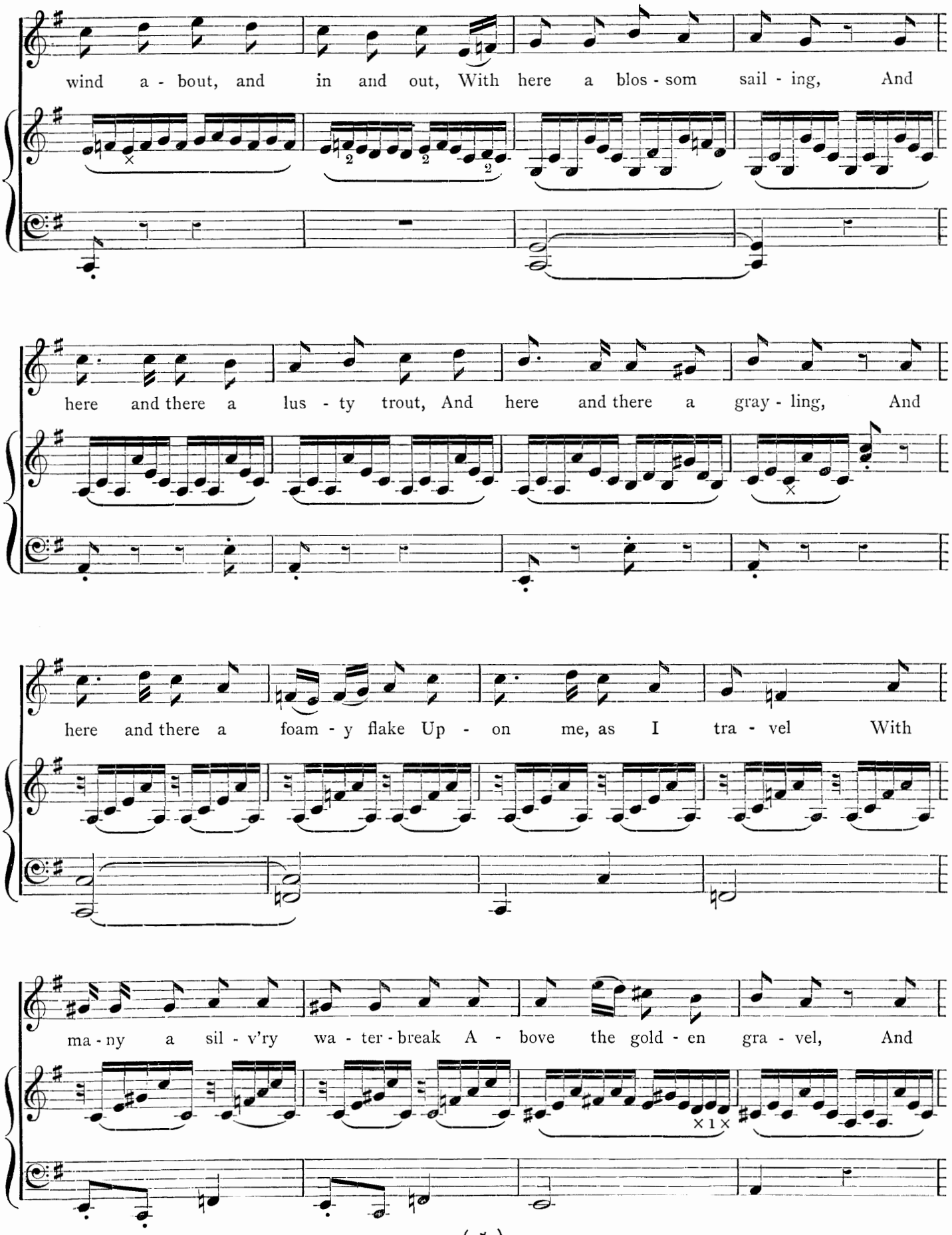
W. G. CUSINS.

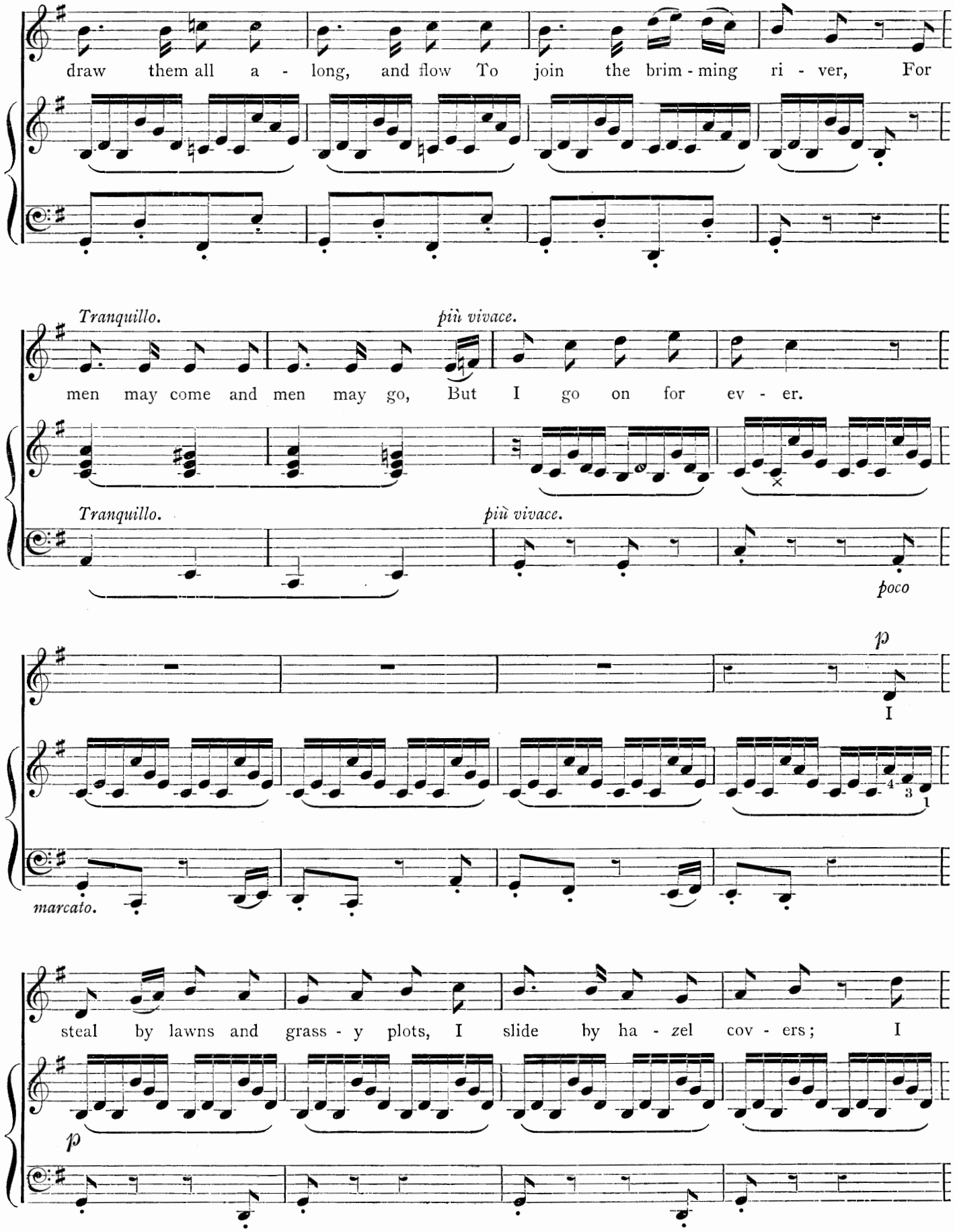


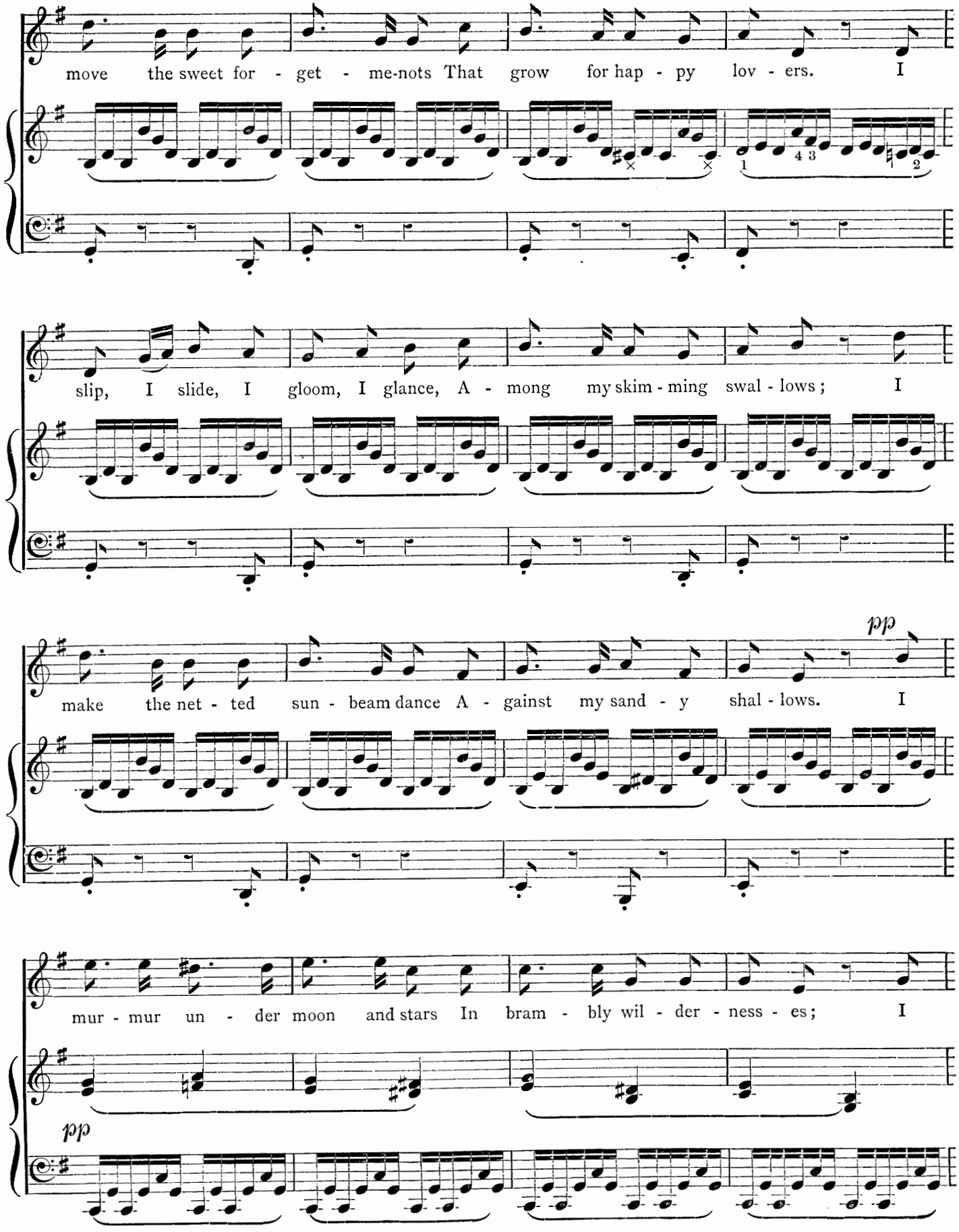

val - ley. By thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or slip be-tween the
1
2
rid - ges, By twen - ty thorps, a lit-tle town, And half a hun - dred
brid - ges. Till last by Phi - lip's farm I flow To join the brim- ming
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for
Tranquillo.
più vivace.

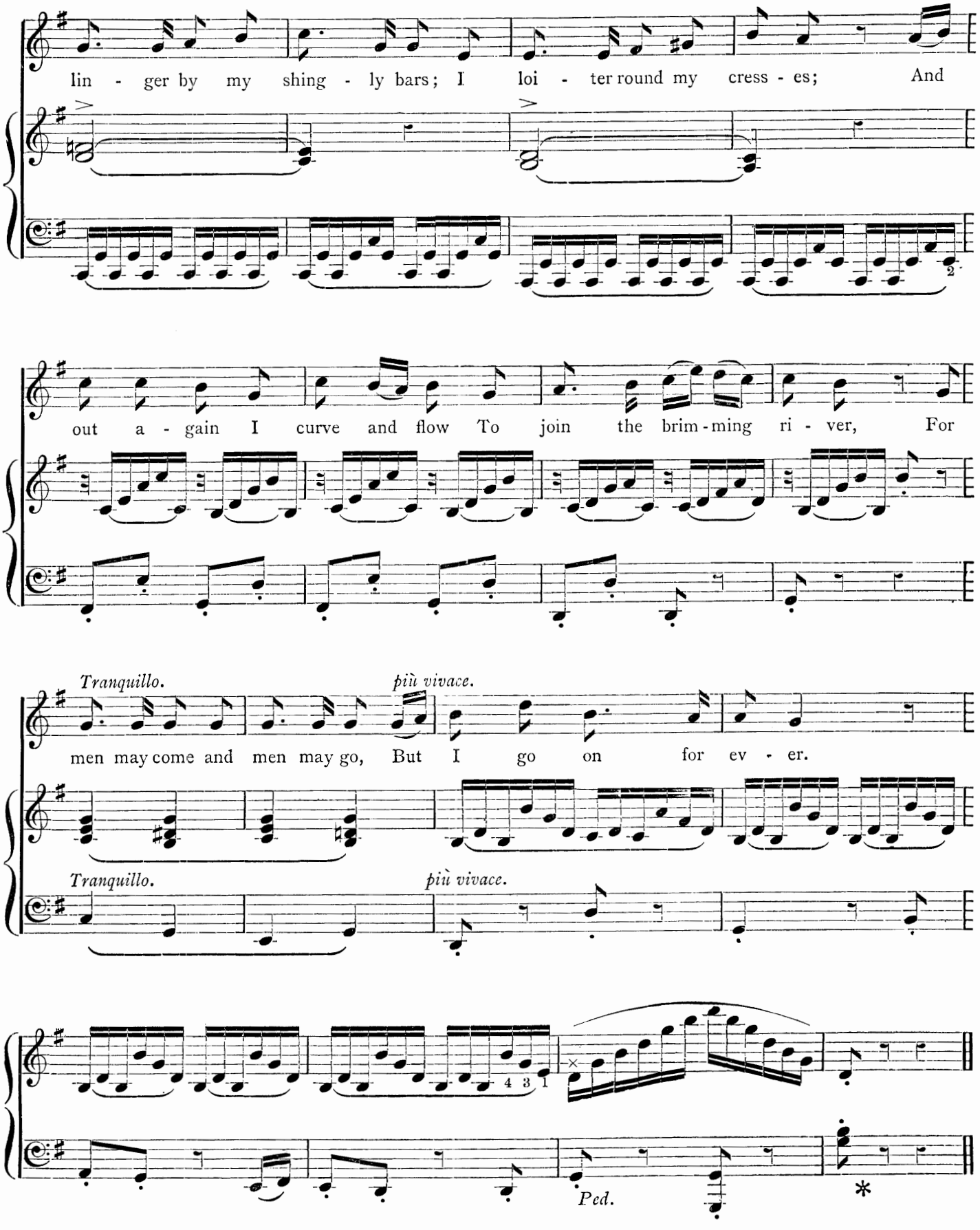

ev - er.
poco marcato.
I chat-ter o - ver sto - ny ways, In lit - tle sharps and
tre - bles, I bub - ble in - to ed - dying bays, I bab-ble on the
peb - bles. With ma - ny a curve my banks I fret By ma - ny a field and


fal - low, And ma-ny a fair - y fore - land set with wil-low - weed and
cres.
mal - low. I chatter, chatter, as I flow To join the brim - ming
dim.
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
ri - ver, For men may come, and men may go, But I go on for
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
ev - er. I
poco marcato.


wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail - ing, And
here and there a lus - ty trout, And here and there a gray - ling, And
here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me, as I tra - vel With
ma - ny a sil - v'ry wa - ter - break A - bove the gold - en gra - vel, And


draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim - ming ri - ver, For
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
men may come and men may go, But I go on for ev - er.
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
poco
p
I
marcato.
steal by lawns and grass - y plots, I slide by ha - zel cov - ers; I
p


move the sweet for - get - me-nots That grow for hap - py lov - ers. I
slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, A - mong my skim - ming swal - lows; I
pp
make the net - ted sun - beam dance A - gainst my sand - y shal - lows. I
mur - mur un - der moon and stars In bram - bly wil - der - ness - es; I
pp


lin - ger by my shing - ly bars; I loi - ter round my cress - es; And
out a - gain I curve and flow To join the brim - ming ri - ver, For
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
men may come and men may go, But I go on for ev - er.
Tranquillo.
più vivace.
Ped.
*