The Song of the River.

The snow melts on the mountain
And the water runs down to the spring,
And the spring in a turbulant fountain,
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the riotious river,
And the river flows to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be,
And I wonder if life's deep mystery
Isn't much like the rain and the snow
Returning through all eternity
To the place it used to know.

For life was born on the lofty heights
And flows in a laughing stream,
To the river below
whose onward flow
Ends in a peaceful dream.
And so at last
When our life has passed
And the river has run it's course,
It again goes back,
O'er the selfsame track,
To the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life,
Or why fear death,
Or dread what is to be?
The river ran its allotted span
Till it reached the silent sea,
Then the water tarked back to the mountain top
To begin its course once more.

(over)

So we shall run the course begun
Till we reach the silent shore;
Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why we live or die,
Or whither, or when we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know

William Randolph Hearst (scripsit
Paula ~~nascitur~~, now fat.)
nascitur