



# The Song Of the River


The snow melts on the mountain  
And the water runs down to the  
spring.

And the spring in a turbulent  
fountain,  
With a song of youth to sing,  
Runs down to the riotous 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 places 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 its course,  
It goes back again,  
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 harked back to the  
mountaintop  
To begin its course once more,  
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

