

## COOILL-IN-GILL.

Ye laughing streamlet  
With your merry song  
'Midst flow'ry banks set  
As ye dash along,  
I stand by your brink  
And list to your lay  
And hard strive to think  
What your murmurings say,  
And methinks as I listen  
And puzzle my brain,  
I admire how you glisten  
And catch the refrain:

“High up upon the mountain,  
Yet not far from this spot,  
Gushes a little fountain  
From 'neath a ferny grot.  
'Tis from there I come flowing,  
A streamlet pure and clear,  
And onward I am going  
Light-hearted, free from fear.

Here gushing and there pushing  
Impatient long to stay,  
And forward ever rushing  
Anxious to get away.  
As I sing, I go dashing  
Across green field and vale,  
O'er pebbles I go splashing,  
Like a ship in full sail.

Over rocks how I tumble  
And fast scurry along,  
Through a gorge now I rumble  
With slow murmuring song,  
Through an old-fashioned garden  
I so peacefully glide,  
I am sure I ask pardon  
To intrude on its pride:

But I ne'er cease my running,  
And swift pass through the glade,  
For I get there no sunning  
For the trees cast their shade.  
Then gath'ring my forces  
With heart not afraid,  
I seek for new courses  
And leap the cascade.

For a moment I stay  
Within a dark pool,  
Then I'm off and away  
From shelter so cool.  
My song now I'm changing  
From roar to a coo,  
And tired of free ranging,  
I'm lost in the Dhoo."

Ah streamlet! I've listed  
To your rippling, sweet song,  
To learn which I'd wisted  
As you rushed there along.  
'Tis a story you're telling  
Not of streamlet alone,  
But of all that are dwelling  
Within the world's zone.  
'Tis from sources as humble  
That at first we arise,  
And onward so we tumble -  
Hasty, heedless, unwise.  
In our youth forward rushing,  
Ever scorning to wait,  
Helter-skelter and pushing,  
Till we learn when too late,  
That our rush was a mad one,  
That we've wasted our breath,  
That our end is a sad one,  
The black waters of Death.

Abdullah Quilliam, 13<sup>th</sup> November 1898.