

# THE RIVULET

by Lucy Larcom



Run, little rivulet, run!  
Summer is fairly begun.  
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,  
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;  
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!  
Sing to the fields of the sun  
That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,  
Where you glide from your rocky ravine, crystal cold;  
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!  
Sing of the flowers, every one,—  
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;  
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;  
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!  
Carry the perfume you won  
From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,  
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;  
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!  
Stay not till summer is done!  
Carry the city the mountain birds' glee;  
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;  
Run, little rivulet, run!

