

# The Everflowing Brook - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE EVERFLOWING BROOK.

Written and Composed by Albeit Chevalier.

In a nestling nook, by a rippling brook,  
Where the shadows come and go  
(The idea's not new), where the moist'ning dew  
Made the scented violets grow.  
There a maid forlorn, with a look of scorn,  
Bend this phrase, considered clever;  
It had caught her glance, in a book, by chance,  
"And the brook flows on forever."

With indignant look at that running brook,  
And a laugh at poet's twaddle;  
She began to think by that water's brink,  
Turned It over in her noddle.  
But she thought too much, and her doubts were such,  
Though to solve It she'd endeavor.  
A sigh she'd heave; she could not believe  
That the brook flowed on forever.

With desponding air she sat thinking there,  
Till her thoughts grew dim and hazy.  
"Oh, this routine strange, will It never change?  
There And then It drove her crazy,  
Then she wandered more than she d done before.  
As she murmured, "Will It never,  
Now it's once begun, ever cease to run?"  
But the brook flowed on forever.

As her madness grew, she resolved to do,  
What would prove the bard deceiver;  
In poetic lore she would prove once more  
That she was an unbeliever;  
With a wooden beam she would dam that stream,  
Thinking thus its course to sever;  
She went home that night, in a dismal plight,  
But the brook flows on forever.