

# **5. A Stream**

## **CLASS 4**

### **English**

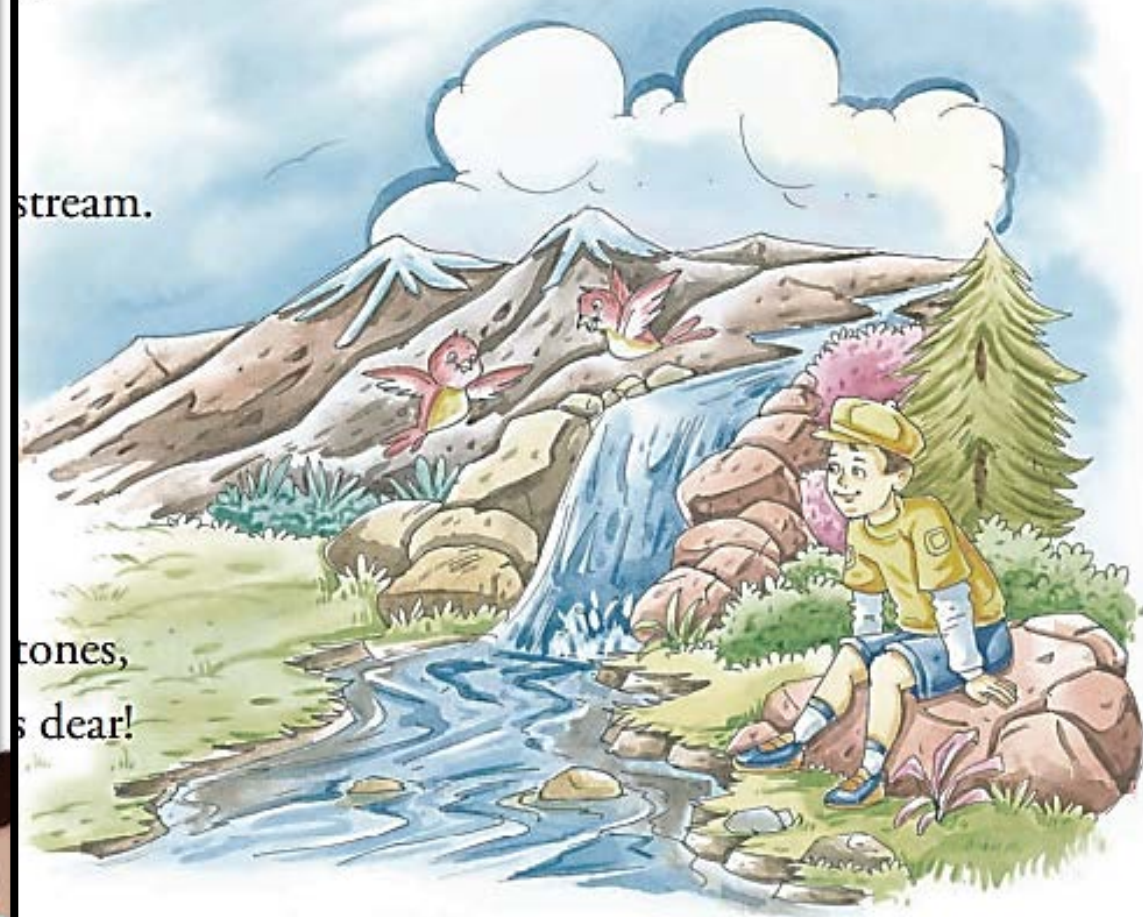


The water comes gushing down  
From the nearby hill.  
It sparkles and gleams  
And forms a shimmering stream.  
As it freely flows along  
The water birds enjoy

n

stream.

stones,  
s dear!

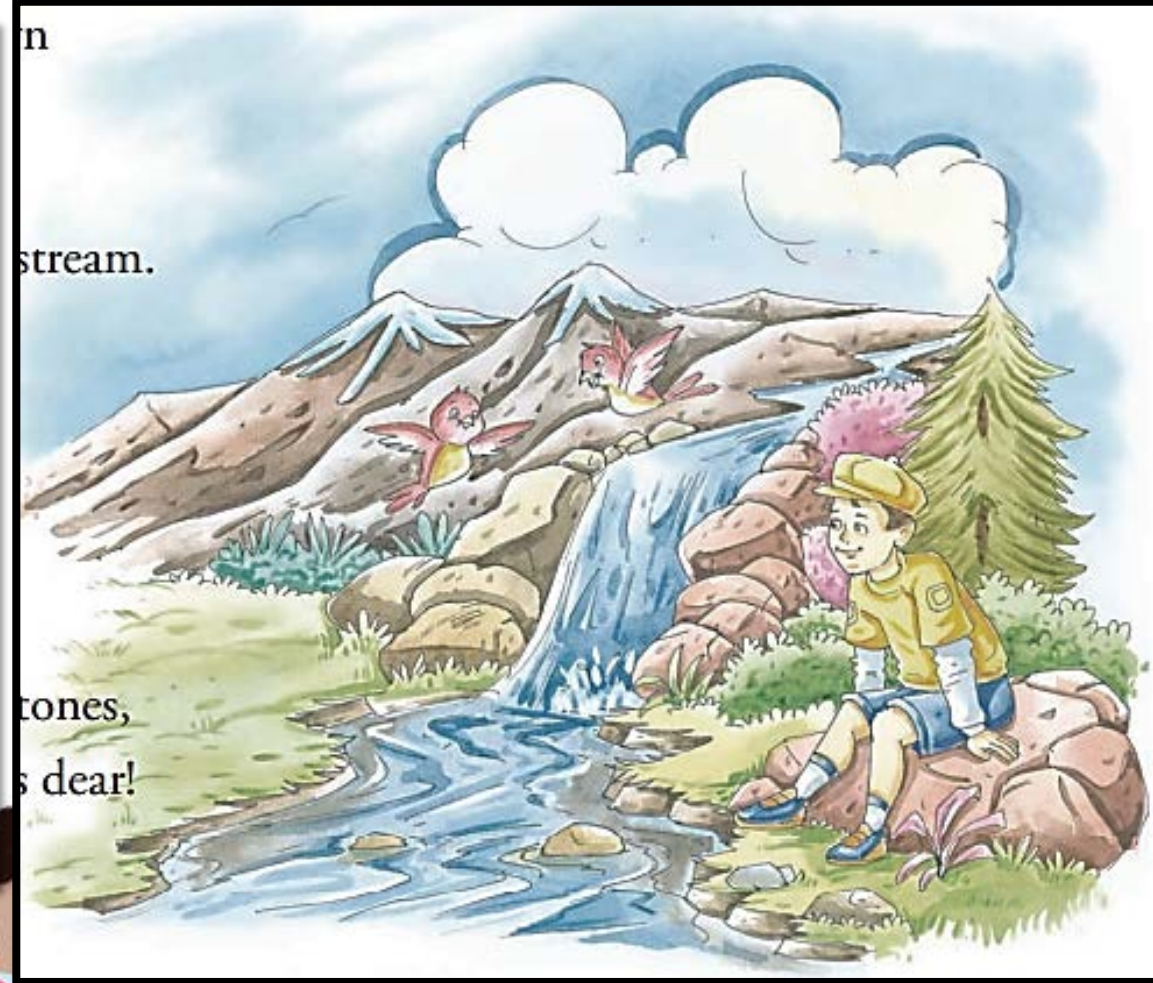




Its, bubbly, buoyant song.  
The running, rhythmic water  
is crystal clear.  
I find glittering smooth, stones,  
could be diamonds dear!  
Everyday, I run to look for  
those shining stones

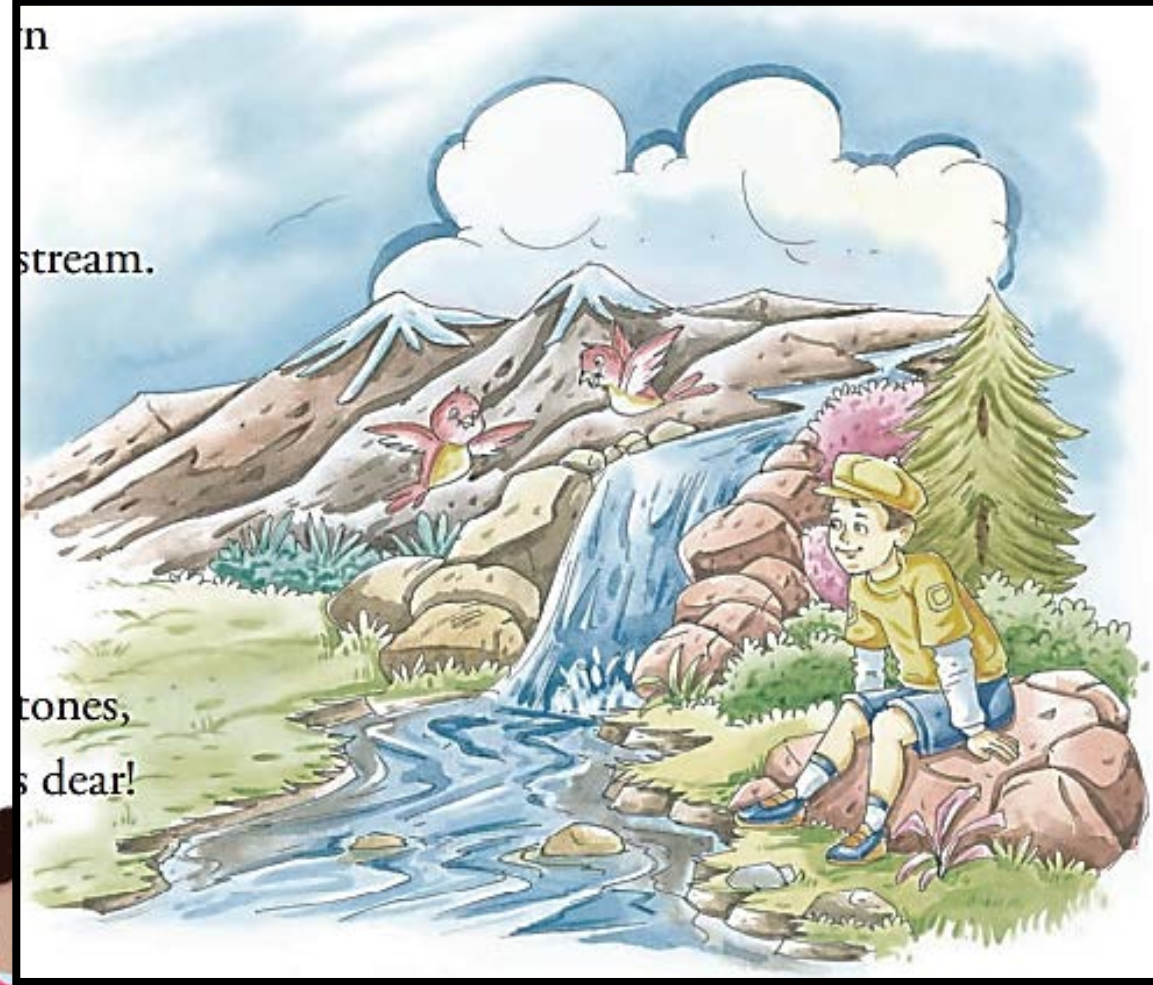
n  
stream.

stones,  
s dear!





Square, rectangles and cones.  
I can't cross the shingly stream  
It's too wide;  
But my dad picks me up by my arm,  
A step here, and a step there  
And we are on the other side.



The collected diamonds are still with me.  
But the stream.....  
And the strong hand.....  
Yes, the stream and the strong hand;  
Are no more on this land.....







**THANK YOU**