

Fire and Water

*(Being earthly echoes of a Song sung in Heaven by the Fool
of the Celestial Court—St. Francis.)*

By Boniface Tor

Brave Brother Fire and sweet Sister Water,
Merrily dancing hand in hand,
Tripping and shouting all through the land,
Sparing not stony ground, sparing not sand.

Brave Brother Fire, how bright and how red
Are the sparks from your eyes, and the hair of your head!
Have you ever by any chance heard it said,
That a heart without you is a heart of lead?

Brave Brother Fire and Sweet Sister Water,
Come gladden my heart with your pretty laughter:
Buds shall you play with, and blooms follow after,
Heigh-ho! we're daft—but the others are dafter!

Sweet Sister Water, inviolate and pure,
Clear as a tear are your accents demure—
Music to me is your fall from the ewer;
But as for the rest, you're quite cold, to be sure.

So Brave Brother Fire and Sweet Sister Water,
Pass not my heart in your run through the land;
Shout as you go, and dance hand in hand,
Sparing not stony ground, sparing not sand.