

# The Brook

Written By Gary Lee Vincent  
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sound rings out in the forest  
But many do not hear  
The rhythmic rush of water  
From a brook so near.

The stream flows from the mountains  
Far above the sea  
To the remote valley  
And joins the river free.

This land of wonder does exist  
But places like it are few  
The woodlands so immaculate  
The skys forever blue.

So tell me in your travels  
Have you seen such a place?  
So far away from people  
In the bowls of nature's grace.

