**The Trout**

In a bright and sparkling streamlet, a jolly little trout,

Like a shiny silver bullet was darting all about.

I stood beside the water and watched with quiet delight,

The charming little creature as it swam with all its might.

An angler with his tackle, an ugly-looking lout,

Sat down on the shore beside me to try to catch the trout.

So long as the water’s clear, I thought, and the day is bright,

He’ll never catch his quarry, try as he ever might.

But then that artful angler played a dirty trick,

He went and made the water murky by stirring it with a stick;

And within a few moments, the fish, the fish came dangling out

And thus by bare-faced cheating he caught the poor old trout.