

Stone Soup

Heather Dale

The cook was in the kitchen
The feasters in the hall
A single lady slaving
Would attempt to feed them all.

A family of newcomers
Saw her cooking on her own
Each one took a pot
And swore she wouldn't cook alone!

The stone is in the kettle
The water's on the boil
The work is always lighter
When there's many hands to toil!

Next there came a countess
Always giving, always kind
She was set to chopping carrots
And she bent to task assigned

Around the corner peering
Came a shy and gentle man
"Forgive me for intruding,
But I'll help with what I can."

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The water's on the boil
The work is always lighter
When there's many hands to toil!

The butcher's son declared
That he would brave both cold and heat
And spent the day outdoors
To turn and baste the roasting meat.

A mother said, "I'd cook
But I've my little one to feed...
But we'd be happy to attend
To any errands that you need!"

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The water's on the boil
The work is always lighter
When there's many hands to toil!

So soon the fires were roaring up
To meet that feast's demand!
And the single lady slaving
Had a dozen cooks at hand!

So though the work was frenzied
When the servers hit the hall
The feast was bright and merry
With food enough for all.

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