



When the mist is on the mountain,  
Then the dew drops to the vale;  
There I will be wondering,  
What is my thrall?

When the cloud rests on the mountain,  
Then the dew rises to the sky;  
There I will be asking,  
Why God? Oh Why?

When the dew spreads on the mountain,  
Then the mist sleeps on the hills;  
There I will be thanking,  
For the joy that life fills.