

# 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  
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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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