

Not from earth, or sky, nor ocean,
 All, all may see,
 Comes the drunkard's fatal potion ;
 Far, far from me
 Shall be the drink that hurts the soul !
 And I'll not touch the costly bowl,
 While brooks shall run and rivers roll,
 Water is free.

Cho.—Water, pure water, etc.

Come, then, children, join in singing
 Most heartily ;
 Thanks for crystal water springing
 For you and me.
 O, may our lives be like its flow,
 So pure and clear while here below,
 Towards the living streams we go.
 Water is free.

Cho.—Water, pure water, etc.
