

Big Frog, Little Frog

by Swami Kriyananda

1. There were two frogs went hopping
out one day
To see what they could see, oh!
Now one of them was big and strong
they say:
The other one was wee, oh!

As they hopped about so merrily,
They came upon a mystery:
Something shiny bright and high and
round:
What luck was this they'd found?

2. They thought they'd never rest again
until
The mystery was clear, oh!
As things so round and high and shiny
will,
It tempted them too near, oh!

For they jumped up in a soaring arc,
As though each frog had been a lark;
And they dropped in something smooth
as silk:
It was a pail of milk.

3. Just give a thought: I'm sure you will
agree
Theirs was a sorry plight, oh!
The bucket's sides were smooth and
steep, and gee,
Their jumping power was slight, oh!

Though they tried and tried to leap back
out,
A frog's a frog, he's not a trout.
On dry land he'll hop and hop at whim:
In milk he has to swim.

4. Well, so they swam and swam and
swam – poor things!
They'd nothing else to do, oh!

God gave them legs, but not a hint of
wings.
Soon both were turning blue, oh!

Then the big frog gasped, and cried, "I
can't!
My legs won't move; I can hardly pant!
What's the use of trying? We'll never
win."
The big frog thus gave in.

5. But now the little frog swam harder
still:
The milk churned with his feet, oh!
He thought, "Though tired, I'd rather use
my will
Than be a lump of meat, oh!

Suddenly, as strength was failing him,
A large lump touched him on a limb:
Firm at last upon this butter mound,
He hopped out to the ground!