



## The Apple and the Snail

At the top  
Of an apple tree  
Spring wind  
Struck down an apple !

Apple, apple,  
Are you hurt ?  
I've got a bruised chin  
A cracked nose  
And a black eye !

It fell down, what a pity,  
On a little snail  
Crawling to the village  
Carrying his house on his back



Apple, apple,  
Are you hurt ?  
I've got a bruised chin  
A cracked nose  
And a black eye !

Ah ! foolish apple  
Moaned the horned creature  
You smashed open my roof  
Here I am, weak and defenseless.

Apple, apple,  
Are you hurt ?  
I've got a bruised chin  
A cracked nose  
And a black eye !

In the overripe apple  
The snail, acting like a worm,  
Ate into the apple, digging a shelter  
Where to spend the winter. (...)