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THE FOUNTAIN



Hastings.

AND THE

R O S E .

—BY—

M. G. B.

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THE FOUNTAIN AND THE ROSE.

Deep in the bosom of the earth,
A murmuring sound was heard ;
The crystal Fountain's gushing birth,
The virgin silence stirr'd ;
But oh ! within earth's peaceful breast,
The pining waters could not rest ;
They could not rest—though radiant gleams
From living gems were on them thrown ;
They panted for the fairy dreams,
To Earth's green surface known ;
'Mid Nature's hid and mystic things,
The Fountain welled its way ;
Until, among the flowers it springs,
Forth to the realms of Day.

Oh ! what a scene of beauty burst
On the unfetter'd Spring ;—
The wildest dream that it had nurst,
Seemed vain imagining,
When on its waters pure and free,
Was glassed the bright reality !

Twilight had thrown her modest veil,
Upon the face of day—
The crimson cheek of the West grew pale,
She mourned the vanished ray ;
Unheeding that the star of Eve
Shone brightly on her breast.
What spells did jewels ever weave,
To soothe the heart's unrest?
So paler, and paler, grew the West,
'Till, in dewy tears, she sank on the night's dark
breast.

Oh! as in awe, the fountain gaz'd
Upon the regal night,
Her shadowy veil she graceful rais'd,
And in her wondrous beauty blaz'd
Upon his raptured sight ;
On her proud brow in grandeur shone,
Of countless worlds, a sparkling crown ;
A robe of moonbeams brightly fell,
Over her bosom's heaving swell ;
Their gentlest strains the zephyrs chose,
To lull her to a soft repose ;
The flowers, brought their odors sweet,
And laid them at her dewy feet ;
The streams, with bending willows crown'd,
Gave forth their most melodious sound ;
So soft their ripples stole along,
That echo scarce gave back their song ;
Though the coy nymph, to catch the sound,
Had left her solitude profound.



Until, among the flowers it springs,
Forth to the realms of Day.

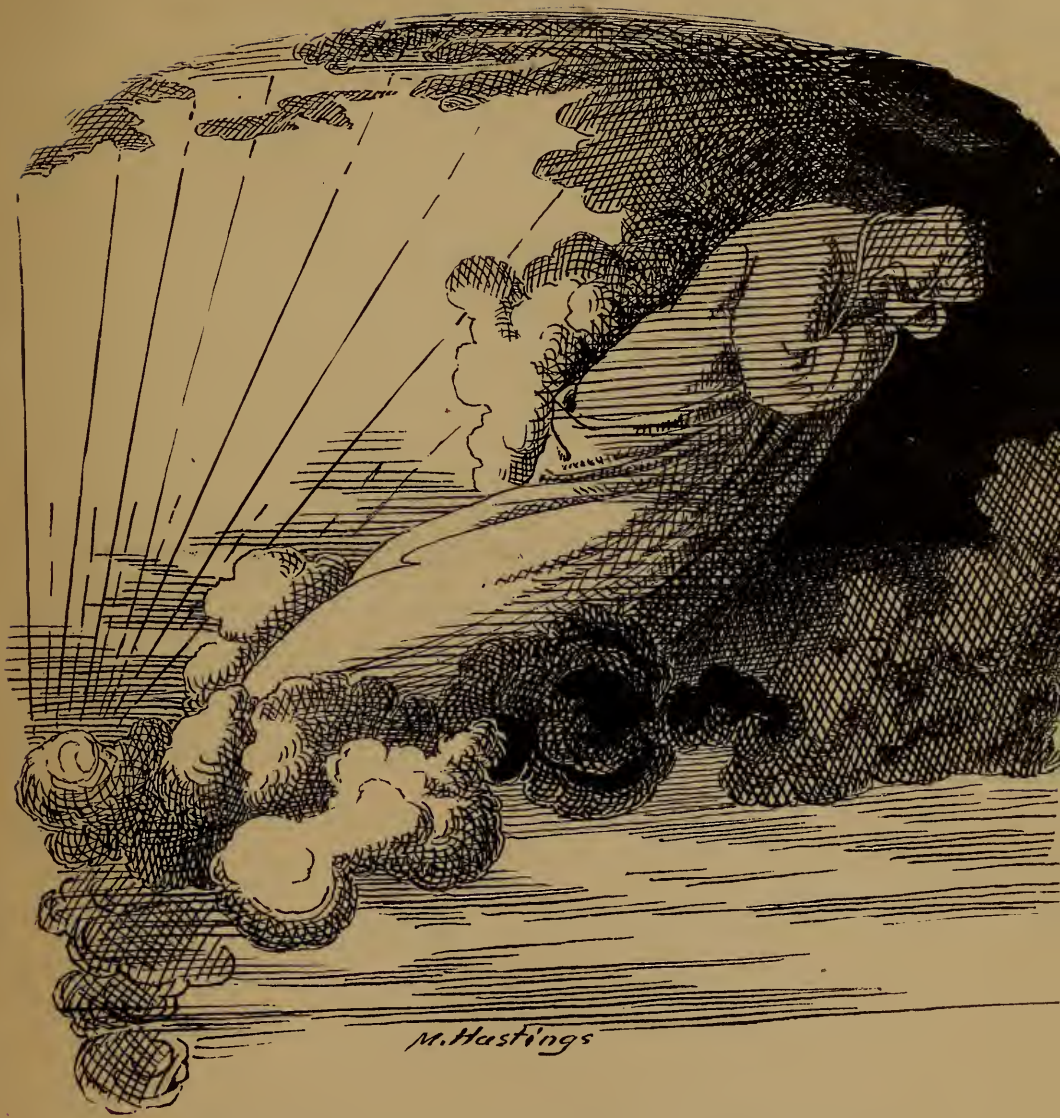
Oh! this, the charmed fountain thought,
This is the joy I long have sought ;
 How could the gems and gold that lie
 In Nature's hidden treasury ;
With all the brilliant sights compare,
That haunt these realms of beauty rare.

Just then the Fountain heard a sound,
 Sweet as the bulbul ever gave—
With earnest gaze he looked around,
 The margin of his own clear wave,—
A lovely flower was bending nigh,
Crimson as smile of sunset sky ;
 'Twas from its lips of purest flame,
 Those low, mysterious accents came ;
“ List! Fountain, List!” the sweet voice said,
As low she bent her beauteous head,
 And let my words thy wishes sway ;
 Fast comes the golden car of day,
And if upon thy placid stream,
His dazzling glories fully gleam,
 They'll wake, those rays of living fire,
 A wild unrest, a strange desire ;
This little spot where now thou art,
No more will hold thy bursting heart ;
 Adown the mountain's rugged steep,
 Thy swollen waves will wildly leap ;
Or, on they'll rush, 'till far away,
They'll join the billows' madd'ning play.

“ But, Fountain ! thou wilt never meet,
 In all thy wanderings, spot so sweet ;
 As that, where now thy waters rest,
 The stars are mirror’d on thy breast ;
 The trees above, their shadows spread ;
 The flowers their odors round thee shed ;
 Each gentle thing, each murmur sweet,
 Is gather’d in this calm retreat ;
 If from the Sun-God thou wouldst hide,
 Thy lucid wave at morning tide,
 My sister flowers will gladly hold,
 Above thy breast their cups of gold ;
 And with my emerald leaves I’ll shade,
 The lovely spot thy gushings made ;
 Until that peaceful hour returns,
 When Spirits light the Starry Urns ;
 And Love, and silence, seem but made
 To haunt the green sequester’d shade,”

As the rapt Fountain looked and listen’d,
 Within the Rose’s eye there glisten’d
 A dewdrop tear, and from her breast,
 ’Twas gentle pity gave it birth—
 A fragrant sigh stole softly forth ;
 How could it leave a place so blest ?

In murmurs low, the Fountain spoke,
 Sweet were his accents as the stroke,
 At midnight heard—of fairy bells,
 By watcher in the forest dells ;
 Those peals all formed of flowerets bright,
 Call round their Queen each elfin sprite.



Wrapped in her veil, the still Night fled,
The shadows followed in her tread.

“ Oh ! lovely flower ! do not grieve,
Let all thy sorrows be forgot,
Dost think fair Rose, that I could ever pine
For any other lot than this ;
While o’er me bends that brow of thine,
How could I dream of other bliss ?
The Sun of whom thou speak’st, may ride
His path of light in royal pride ;
But I will rest beneath the shade,
By thee and thy twin flowers made,
Until the quiet evening wears,
The spell that bids the Sun depart ;
Then, with my spray, I’ll kiss the leaves
That cluster round thy crimson heart,
And thou wilt fling upon my breast,
The sweets that in thy bosom rest.”

The trusting rose was lulled to sleep,
By the sweet words the Fountain spoke ;
Awhile he watched her slumbers deep ;
But soon within his heart awoke
A half formed wish, a vague desire,
To see the Day-God’s living fire ;
He crushed the wish,—again it rose,
And now, ’twas stronger than before—
The Flower still lay in soft repose,
Light dreams her bosom hovered o’er ;
Just then, alas ! the Dawn appear’d,
With rosy feet the East she trod,
High in her glowing hands she rear’d
The Banner of the coming God ;

And as its foldings she unfurl'd,
 The stars were from their proud thrones hurl'd,
 Wrapped in her veil, the still Night fled,
 The shadows followed in her tread ;
 As brighter grew the blushing sky,
 Pale Silence raised his ebon wings ;
 Sleep, with his train of dreams rushed by,
 Forth in the track of Night he springs ;
 The Rose awoke—"Hide, Fountain ! hide,"
 In wild dismay and grief she cried ;
 But ah ! the warning came too late,
 The East flung back her golden gate ;
 And the first smile the Day-God gave,
 Fell on the Fountain's trembling wave ;

Night came again—can I tell the tale ?
 The lovely cheek of the Rose was pale ;
 She mourned for the Fount with his smile of light,
 He had passed away from her yearning sight,
 And while her leaves on the breeze were shed,
 She bowed, in death, her beauteous head.

Thus, like that Fountain in the Earth,
 Love has its hid and mystic birth ;
 Even thus, in *Woman's* heart it springs,
 Amid all fair and gentle things ;
 The flowers of Innocence there lie,
 Watered by dews of Modesty ;
 The stars of Hope shine clear above,
 The new-born Fount of Virgin love ;

Of Joy, the sweetly budding Rose,
Upon the wave its shadow throws ;
 And thoughts as pure as moonbeams bright,
 Fling on that spring their hues of light ;
Alas ! that Passion should intrude,
 To mar the peaceful rest ;
That haunts the charméd solitude
 Of Woman's virgin breast !





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Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

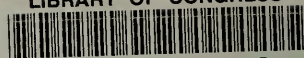
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