

The Fount of Tears

All hot and grimy from the road,
Dust gray from arduous years,
I sat me down and eased my load
Beside the Fount of Tears.

The waters sparked to my eye,
Calm, crystal-like, and cool,
And breathing there a restful sigh,
I bent me to the pool.

When, lo! a voice cried: "Pilgrim, rise,
Harsh tho' the sentence be,
And on to other lands and skies —
This fount is not for thee.

"Pass on, but calm thy needless fears,
Some may not love or sin,

An angel guards the Fount of Tears;

All may not bathe therein."

Then with my burden on my back

I turned to gaze awhile,

First at the uninviting track,

Then at the water's smile.

And so I go upon my way,

Thro'out the sultry years,

But pause no more, by night, by day,

Beside the Fount of Tears.