The Fountain Sings
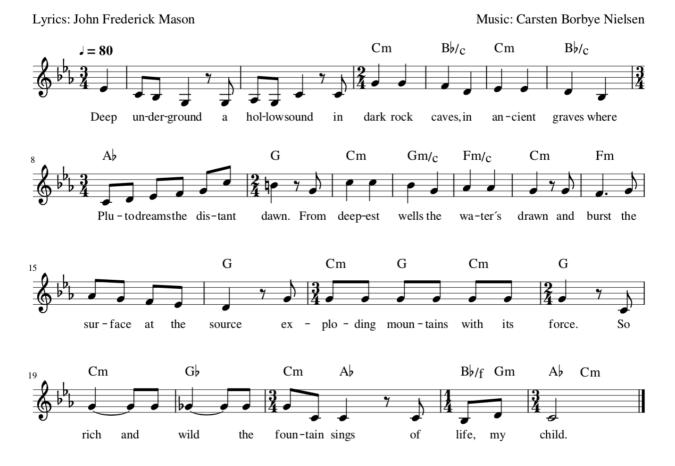
Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

Deep underground
a hollow sound –
in dark rock caves,
in ancient graves,
where Pluto dreams the distant dawn
from deepest wells the water's drawn
and bursts the surface at the source,
exploding mountains with its force –

So rich and wild the fountain sings
of life, my child.

White waters plume
in spray and spume.
Against blue sky,
the jets rise high.
Aurora shakes her hair in showers
as mist and mountain show their powers,
and catch the moment in its flight,
the water frozen at its height –

So rich and wild the fountain sings
of life, my child.

Phoebus has risen
and caught each prism;
his light can fill
each particle,
and diamonds shiver through the air;
their colours climb an arching stair
and spread a rainbow overhead
where blue gives green gives gold gives red –

So rich and wild the fountain sings
of life, my child.

Rainbows cascade,
the wonders fade –
and vapour's shawl
begins to fall.
Some droplets drift and darken stone,
some flash in fragments and are gone,
some join the clouds and fall as rain,
all find their element again –

So rich and wild the fountain sings
of life, my child.

Night shadow falls
on cavern walls;
the stream subsides,
the rushing tides
withdraw to chambers dark and deep,
where all the moving waters sleep.
and in the darkness ripples run,
the moon makes magic like the sun.

So rich and wild the fountain sings
of life, my child.