



## Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed  
May all its agèd boughs o'er-canopy  
The small round basin, which this jutting stone  
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,  
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,  
Send up cold waters to the traveller  
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease  
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,  
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,  
As merry and no taller, dances still,  
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.  
Here Twilight is and Coolness: here is moss,  
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.  
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.  
Drink, Pilgrim, here; Here rest! and if thy heart  
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh  
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,  
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

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