The Fountain

SATB a cappella

Music by Donald M. Skirvin Text by Sara Teasdale

Oh in the deep blue night The fountain sang alone; It sang to the drowsy heart Of a satyr carved in stone.

The fountain sang and sang But the satyr never stirred— Only the great white moon In the empty heaven heard.

The fountain sang and sang
And on the marble rim
The milk-white peacocks slept,
Their dreams were strange and dim.

Bright dew was on the grass, And on the ilex dew, The dreamy milk-white birds Were all a-glisten too.

The fountain sang and sang
The things one cannot tell,
The dreaming peacocks stirred
And the gleaming dew-drops fell.
from Rivers to the Sea







TWO PAGES REMOVED





