

The Fountain

*The water sprang
In arching glee,
A bubbling, gurgling, mounting tree.*

*From deep within
The ground it climbed,
To reach a peak of height sublime.*

*O fountain fair,
A pillar there,
What can you teach me in the air?*

*The spray you spew
Delights the eye,
And sprinkles o'er me as I try*

*To understand
The truth you show,
A doctrine dearly held to know,*

*A firm decree,
The fountain of
A holy faith and life above.*

*It's not my work;
I'm not the root;
It's all of grace—election's fruit!*