

Poetry

Shasta Spring

By Prof. Chas. H. Allen, San Jose, California (c189?)

Hail, glorious Shasta! Silent and alone!
Crowned with a grandeur that is all thine own!
The towering pinnacles are passing fair,
Glistening, resplendent in the upper air.
Thou look'st serenely on the world below,
Decked in thine ermine of eternal snow.

Great frozen rivers creep adown thy sides,
And at thy foot the melted torrents glide;
Loosed from their icy bonds by fires below,
Down through thy bosom, crystal streamlets flow,
And in thy sacred heart, slowly distilled,
Are with life-giving virtues richly filled.

Still on through fissures dark they pass; at length
Carbonic gases add their magic strength;
Charged with new life the water gurgles on,
Seeking an outlet which it finds anon,
And here it gushes forth--a joyous thing,
Sparkling and bubbling--This is "Shasta Spring."

In Nature's grand alembic, thus distilled
It asks no aid from man, however skilled;
Fresh from the fountain's brim it slakes the thirst,
And heals the ills with which poor flesh is cursed.
A grand, a precious boon, far famed and wide,
The world's great blessing--California's pride.

The dun deer sought it for a cooling draught,
And with its water, strength and vigor quaffed;
Thither the red man turned, with fever plagued,
And by its spell the burning heat assuaged.
Ages passed on; yet, silent and alone,
Its work was done, unheralded, unknown.

Its healing virtues were at length revealed,
Like truth, that never can be long concealed;
To-day it stands "The Queen of Waters." Now
All other claimants at its shrine must bow.
Hail, SHASTA SPRING! Thou seem'st in very truth
The long sought "Fountain of Eternal Youth."