

This fountain unsealed stands open for all,
That long to be healed, the great and the small.
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led,
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the dead.

This fountain though rich, from charge is quite clear,
The poorer, the wretch, the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare,
You can't come to filthy, come just as you are.

This fountain in vain has never been tried,
It takes out all stain whenever supplied.
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, though leprous as mine.

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