

Diamond Lil  
And The  
Fountain of Youth

By A Bard Named Squirrel

I

Who knows what led the hearts of those  
In fourteen ninety two,  
Who sailed away from land once loved  
to promise strange and new.

Accounts pass slow by way of sea.  
Tales fly with a gust.  
Some tell of Ponce de Leon,  
Sailed till his hull hit dust.

It's said he sought the Fount of Youth,  
Wild west wind in his face.  
Ode to the breeze, says the upstart,  
Struggle with no trace.

Ode to the water. Ode to the wave.  
From death can it free?  
Ode to the water. Ode to the wave.  
Land Ponce de Leon sees.

Bimini, world of wealth unseen,  
Cities of golden streets.  
It's what the tales do tell at sea,  
But Florida he meets.

It's nice but not the promised land.  
A world both brave and late.  
No Fount of Youth is ever found,

Death Ponce de Leon's fate.

Chicago, eighteen ninety six,  
A doctor says farewell.  
Goodbye Luella Day McConnell,  
Hind gold of which they tell.

Further up goes Luella Day,  
To true north strong and free.  
Klondike gold, how it runs thick!  
Yukon, the place to be.

She dug until her bones grew sore,  
And found the tales were true.  
Her gold all turned to copper,  
When she found something blue.

Ode to diamonds, diamonds, diamonds,  
Luella Day had found.  
Stones for a good one thousand brides,  
What treasure of the ground!

But not a rock can keep one warm  
In the wild of Yukon.  
Where one could wait for many days,  
Just for a peak of dawn.

Goodbye again Luella Day,  
She packs her heavy case.  
Goodbye again Luella Day,

Hind her the cold gives chase.

St. Augustine, St. Augustine,  
Patron saint of the brewer  
And theologian alike,  
Not without the Rescuer!

St. Augustine they called the land.  
Bimini's tale did rest.  
Luella Day, she gave it life,  
She would end the great quest.

She found a well still young in age,  
Of limestone neatly stacked.  
Built in eighteen seventy five,  
Of magic water lacked.

She bought the land around the well,  
Diamonds foot the bill.  
Stirred such talk around the town,  
Called her Diamond Lil.

A cross she found within the dirt,  
By Ponce de Leon left.  
A Mission stood once in that place,  
Foundation never cleft.

Ode to you, oh Diamond Lil,  
Selling drinks from the well,  
Stringing campy tales of old,  
On postcards that you sell.

The wealth of Yukon is forlorn.  
A stake in history stands.  
Diamond Lil saw things unseen,  
Drank water from her hands.

## II

Boats roll past St. Augustine  
Now oldest in the land.  
Crowds come through but never stay,  
Past haunted buildings grand.

And the plot bought by diamonds blue,  
Sheltered on a map,  
Is met each day by many more,  
A mirthful tourist trap.

Timucua, Spaniards, Red Coats,  
And rowdy rebels too,  
The fortress has seen many flags  
Now flies red, white and blue.

The shops, the lights, the trolley tours,  
Fine places there to eat.  
The ocean lies, wild and free,  
As drums the waves keep beat.

A swampland not too far away  
Holds tales of gilded gold.  
What lies beneath the murky pond?  
A gator two years old.

Biting at some rubber bait,  
The gator then is caught,  
Gliding through the cloudy muck,  
Great lizard on line taut.

Behold the beast caught by a hook,  
Great battle for the line.  
Could this basin be the place

For which the broken pine?

But no, the tales are far from true.

No magic can there be.

The lore of man is baffled then,

But hear the child's plea.

A boy who looks upon the swamp,

Adventure still to spot.

A girl who listens to the fly,

With not a pest to swat.

Hold hope you weary vagabond!

No bed upon to lay,

Buildings burn o'er tired streets

Yet Faith shall have her say!

The Fount of Youth is real, is real.

The hunt was not in vain.

The fount of blood it is, it is.

Blood is the cost of pain.

It's found down in St. Augustine,

And all around the earth.

It paints the grass in green, in green,

Fills the songbird with mirth.

This song is rife with tall, tall tales,

Mythology we knew.

But behind the lore a metaphor,

I tell you something true.

Julius Caesar, Roma regem,

To bind the law and loose,

Held the sand too tight and lost,

Then men made him obtuse.

A star is over Bethlehem,

After great kings seek.

Journey for the fount of youth,

For there a baby keeps.

A woman comes to Jacob's well,

Thirsty from the day,

A Man she meets, once God, once Babe,

And thirst has gone away.

A spring of water welling up

to eternal life.

It tis the Fount, the Fount of Youth,

Floods with Water rife.

For the Fount flows throughout the land

That God's true children walk.

To drink from the well, the true well,

All one does is knock