

# H Y M N T O P A N

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THRILL with lissome lust of the light,  
O man! My man!  
Come careering out of the night  
Of Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan ! Io Pan! Come over the sea  
From Sicily and from Arcady!  
Roaming as Bacchus, with fawns and pards  
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,  
On a milk white ass, come over the sea  
To me, to me,  
Come with Apollo in bridal dress  
(Shepherdess and pythoness)  
Come with Artemis, silken shod,  
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,  
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,  
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!  
Dip the purple of passionate prayer  
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,  
The soul that startles in eyes of blue  
To watch thy wantonness weeping through  
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole  
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul  
And body and brain—come over the sea,  
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)  
Devil or god, to me, to me,  
My man! my man!  
Come with trumpets sounding shrill  
Over the hill!  
Come with drums low muttering  
From the spring!  
Come with flute and come with pipe!  
Am I not ripe?  
I who wait and writhe and wrestle  
With air that hath no boughs to nestle