

## In the Garden of Pan.

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Praise Eros wittily!  
Praise Eros well!  
Tripping it prettily  
Down through the dell!  
Joyous and eager  
Our tresses adorning,  
Away to beleaguer  
The city of morning!

Away to the leap to  
The soft-smiling pool  
Whose kisses shall creep to  
Us virginal cool!  
Race and besscatter  
The dew in the grass;  
The nymph and her satyr!  
The lad and his lass!

O blest is the laughter  
Of Arcady's groves  
That chases us after  
To delicate loves,  
The frolics, the fancies,  
The fires, the desires,  
The dives and the dances,  
The lutes and the lyres!

Follow, o follow,  
Sweet seed of the sun!  
Through the wood, through the hollow,  
The race is begun  
That shall fill the day up  
With the roses of pleasure,  
The rod—and the cup—  
And the crown of our treasure!

Sweet are our voices;  
Our bodies are bare;

Their spirit rejoices  
    Afloat in the air,  
Coiling and curling  
    In maze of aeons  
Its vision unfurling  
    A pageant of paeans!

Blessed be Love in his  
    Palace of praise  
Whom we follow above in his  
    Wonderful ways!  
Whom we follow above  
    To the stars and the snows,  
Immaculate Love!—  
    We adore thee, Eros!

Praise Eros wittily!  
    Praise Eros well!  
Tripping it prettily  
    Down through the dell!  
Joyous and eager  
    Our tresses adoring,  
Away to beleaguer  
    The city of morning!

The above poem is from the forthcoming "World's Tragedy,"  
by Mr. Aleister Crowley, a small edition of which will be private-  
ly issued in August.