

PHILOMEL.

*The Mythos of the Nightingale singing in the dark woods  
by a Fountain : the song tells of the Legend of Daulis, and of  
Pandion of Athens. Of the Moon-spell and of Love Forgotten.  
And of the Ultimate Triumph of Love.*

*The Water gleams and bubbles in the Moonlight :  
the trilling Nightingale sings on of her Passion : it is the  
Hour before Dawn on a Summer's Night.*

## PHILOMEL.



he spell of Philomel :  
The moon through dark groves :  
Wandering loves :  
Such is the Spell.

Over the fallows  
The sun has sunken deep :  
The full moon has shown  
Alone :  
Now no star hallows  
With silver light  
The sleep  
Of Night.

It was delight  
Of swaying trees—  
Elms, pines, cypresses ;

A huge fountain, pale  
In somber moonlight, gleamed  
Always. Philomel's tale  
Was dreamed.  
Moonrays slid sparkling,  
Darkling,  
Into the live water.

Pandion's daughter  
Roves: roves: roves  
The sacred groves.  
Her blood is pale  
As the tale  
Of a virgin dying,  
Lying  
In yellow roses  
And dark violets.

The wind never closes  
Her song.  
Never, never she forgets,  
She who wanders  
Long:  
Buried in her regrets  
She ponders  
This mystery of Night  
Without a star.

Far,  
Far away  
On the edge  
Of the earth,  
On a ledge  
Overlooking the resounding sea,  
Beyond night and day,  
Above moon and sun,  
Her thoughts run  
Back, always back  
To the black  
Unutterable doom  
She knew, she knew once :  
From the old Tomb  
Her orisons  
Return,  
To burn,  
To burn her once again.  
All her men  
Pass before her,  
Save him she seeks :  
They adore her,  
Yet she never speaks ;  
She waits, waits.  
Shall the dark Fates  
Restore her ?  
He is not there :  
He is dead.  
Where ?

Overhead  
Is no star  
To guide her.  
Beside her  
Is the still  
Water, chill,  
Far, far  
Sunken in the light  
Of the great solitary Moon.

This is the night  
Whereunder Philomel  
Weeps.  
This is the spell,  
This is the noon  
Whereunder Night sleeps.

Philomel  
In the dark groves :  
The spell  
Of the lost loves  
Trilling, trilling, trilling  
Shrill and shrill  
Throughout the willing  
Softness of Night.

O dark hill  
Of delight, delight !  
O white,  
Still  
Splendour  
Of the moon !  
Tender, tender  
In the rune  
On her pale shield.  
It is night :  
The dark field  
Grows bright.  
O delight, delight !  
Ye shall never yield !  
It is night : night  
And love's delight  
Are over  
The dark field,  
In the clover,  
Amidst the grass.  
Pass ! Pass  
Into the pale moon  
Never.  
Stay strewn  
Forever  
Beneath the dark hills  
In the pale fields :  
It thrills and thrills,

The song :  
Long and long,  
Nor ever yields.

Ah ! It is Love's delight :  
The spell  
Of Philomel  
At night.