

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

Astarte, deal, delivery
To the Green World of Wonder;
Thou sickle of midwifery,
Cutting the chords asunder;
Thou Lady of the reverie
Hidden behind the thunder!

Astarte, bring the corn-fields
Fruition in Thy peace!
Astarte, glad the morn-fields
That starlight may increase!
Astarte, heal the torn fields
Of flesh, that men release!

Astarte, may the grain drop
To glad the rutting ram!
Astarte, let the gain drop
From out the heavy dam!
Astarte, send thy rain-drop
That cools the new-born lamb!

Astarte, grant addition
 Unto the waiting womb!
Astarte, deal derision
 Unto the tedious tomb!
Astarte, find fruition
 For every blushing bloom!

Astarte, thou wilt render
 Rest to the restless woods;
Make bearing women slender;
 Ungirdle virgin snoods;
Let tender lips engender
 Life for new multitudes.

Before thee sway the swallows
 Over the spring-set seas;
They seek the hidden hollows
 About the lonely seas;
They know how summer follows
 Thy silver mysteries.

Oh, path and pond and pricket
 Oh, pod and pool and prickle.
Wait at the narrow wicket
 Of life: be thou not fickle!
Grant crow and crake and cricket
 Increase, as swells thy sickle!

Oh, where the ways are stony
 Give life to snake and lizard;
Grant green fields to the coney:
 Thy warlock and thy wizard
With lingam and with yoni
 Burn liver, heart and gizzard.

Thy holy silver dishes,
 Astarte, grace thy dome:
Thy little silver fishes
 Sing in thine holy foam:
Grant thou earth's virgin wishes!
 Drive thou thy true seed home!