

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.