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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor

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**WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH**

# Bacchante

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Men say the gods have flown;  
The Golden Age is but a fading story,  
And Greece was transitory:  
Yet on this hill hesperian we have known  
The ancient madness and the ancient glory.

Under the thyrse upholden,  
We have felt the thrilling presence of the god;  
And you, Bacchante, shod  
With moonfire, and with moonfire all enfolden,  
Have danced upon the mystery-haunted sod.

With every autumn blossom,  
And with the brown and verdant leaves of vinc,  
We have filled your hair divinc;  
From the cupped hollow of your delicious bosom  
We have drunk wine, Bacchante, purple wine.

About us now the night  
Grows mystical with gleams and shadows cast  
By moons forever past;  
And in your steps, O dancer of our delight,  
Wild phantoms move, invisible and fast.

Behind, before us sweep  
Mænad and Bassarid in spectral rout  
With many an unheard shout;  
Cithæron looms with every festal steep  
Over this hill resolved to dream and doubt.

What Power flows through us,  
And makes the old delirium mount a main,  
And brims each ardent vein  
With passion and with rapture perilous?  
Dancer, of whom our hearts and limbs are fain,

You are that magic urn  
Wherfrom is poured the pagan gramarie;  
Until, accordingly,  
Within our bardic blood and spirit burn  
The dreams and fevers of antiquity.