



“THE PIPES OF PAN.”

WHEN the woods are gay in the time of June
With the chestnut flower and fan,
And the birds are still in the hush of noon—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
He plays on the reed that was once a maid
Who broke from his arms and ran,
And her soul goes out to the listening glade—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

Though you hear, come not near,
Fearing the wood-god's ban;
Soft and sweet in the dim retreat,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the sun goes down and the stars are out,
He gathers his goat-foot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
For he pipes the dance of the happy Earth
Ere ever the gods began,
When the woods were merry and mad with mirth—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!



Come not nigh, pass them by,
Woe to the eyes that scan!
Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the armies meet on the battle-field,
And the fight is man to man,
With the gride of sword and the clash of shield—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Through the maddened shriek of the flying rear,
Through the roar of the charging van,
There skirls the tune of the God of Fear—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!



Turn and flee—it is he!
Let him escape that can!
Ringing out in the battle-shout,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

ADRIAN ROSS.