

To Pan

Seated in a woodland glen
By a shallow reedy stream
Once I fell a-musing, when
I was lull'd into a dream.

From the brook a shape arose 5
Half a man and half a goat.
Hoofs it had instead of toes
And a beard adorn'd its throat

On a seat of rustic reeds
Sweetly play'd this hybrid man 10
Naught car'd I for earthly needs,
For I knew that this was *Pan*

Nymphs & Satyrs gather'd 'round
To enjoy the lively sound.

All too soon I woke in pain 15
And return'd to haunts of men.
But in rural vales I'd fain
Live and hear *Pan's* pipes again.