

SYRINX AND PAN.

SYRINX is caught upon the Arcadian field.

The god's grip huddles her girl breasts ; his grim
And gnarled lips grin forth the soul of him.
The imprint of his bestial heart is sealed
And stamped armorial on her virgin shield,
Fame's argent heraldry despoiled. Grows dim
For her the universe ; supple and slim
She slides in vain. She loathes him—and doth yield.

Shame, sorrow, these be sire and dam of song.
Fatality, O Nature is thy name.
Along the accursed river, stagnant shame,
Eddying woe, from rape and godly wrong,
Springs the immortal reed ; the mortal's cry
Rises, an angry anthem, to the sky.