

## Dodsengel

### "Hymn To Pan"

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Thrill with lissome lust of the  
light, O man! My man!  
Come careering out of  
the night Of Pan!

Io Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan!  
Come over the sea  
From Sicily and from Arcady!  
Roaming as Bacchus, with  
fauns and pards  
And nymphs and satyrs  
for thy guards.  
On a milk white ass.  
come over the sea  
To me, to me.  
Come with Apollo in bridal dress  
(Shepherdess and pythoness)  
Come with Artemis, silken shod.  
And wash thy white  
thigh, beautiful God.  
In the moon of the woods.  
on the marble mount.  
The dimpled dawn of  
the amber fount!  
Dip the purple of  
passionate prayer  
In the crimson shrine.  
the scarlet snare.

The soul that startles  
in eyes of blue  
To Watch thy wantonness  
weeping through  
The tangled grove, the  
gnarled bole  
Of the living tree that  
is spirit and soul  
And body and brain -  
come over the sea.

(Io Pan! Io Pan!)

Devil or god, to me, to me  
My man! My man!

Come with trumpets sounding  
shrill Over the hill!

Come with drums low  
muttering From the spring!  
Come with flute and come  
with pipe! Am I not ripe?  
I, who wait and writhe  
and wrestle  
With air that hath no  
boughs to nestle  
My body, weary of empty clasp.  
Strong as a lion and  
sharp as an asp -  
Come, O come! I am numb  
With the lonely lust of devildom.  
Thrust the sword through  
the galling fetter, All  
devourer, all-begetter:  
Give me the sign of the Open Eye.  
And the token erect of  
thorny thigh.  
And the word of madness  
and mystery.

Io Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan  
Pan! Pan, I am a man:

Do as thou wilt, as a  
great god can.  
Io Pan! Io Pan!

Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan!

I am awake In the grip  
of the snake.  
The eagle slashes with  
beak and claw:  
The gods withdraw:  
The great beasts come, Io  
Pan! I am borne  
To death on the horn  
of the unicorn.

I am Pan! Io Pan! Io  
Pan Pan! Pan!

I am thy mate, I am thy man.  
Goat of thy flock, I am  
gold, I am God.  
Flesh to thy bone, flower  
to thy rod.  
With hooves of steel I  
race on the rocks  
Through solstice stubborn  
to equinox.  
And I rave: and I rape  
and I rip and I rend  
Everlasting world without end.  
Mannikin, maiden, maenad.  
man, In the might of Pan.

Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!

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