

## Hymn to Pan

Faun

Listen now, Great Pan he calls us  
From the green wood in his grove  
'neath the waxing moon above us  
Hear his clear flute sweet and low  
Hear his clear flute sweet and low

Follow in the dance he's leading  
Circle 'round the fire's glow  
Come and drink the wine he pours us  
From the tangled vines that grow  
From the tangled vines that grow  
From the tangled vines that grow

Listen now and I shall follow  
Listen now and I may follow

Listen now and I will follow

Out of the mid-wood's twilight  
Into the meadow's dawn  
Ivory limbed and brown eyed  
Flashes the Faun

He skips through the copses singing  
And his shadow dances along  
And I know not which I should follow  
Shadow or Song

O Hunter, snare me his shadow  
O Nightingale, catch me his strain  
Else moonstruck with music and madness  
I track him in vain