

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