

To Cynthus' dread mountain our virgins shall go,
With lotus-dressed tresses and vestments of snow ;
Grant, god ! ever-glorious with silver-tipp'd bow,
The needs of thy suppliant vestals to know !
Thy oracles show !

In Rhodos' famed isle of the clarified air,
Where sleep drops her balm on the forehead of
care ;
And morn wakes the slumb'rer with melodies rare ;
Thy priestesses raise to thee sweet-chanted prayer ;
And incense-gifts bear.

Then, Phœbus ! Protector ! and Dian the chaste !
Twin gods of our temple in Tauris' lone waste ;
Behold on thy altars our sacrifice placed ;
Thy fane with sweet storax, and myrtle wreaths,
graced ;
To succour us, haste !