

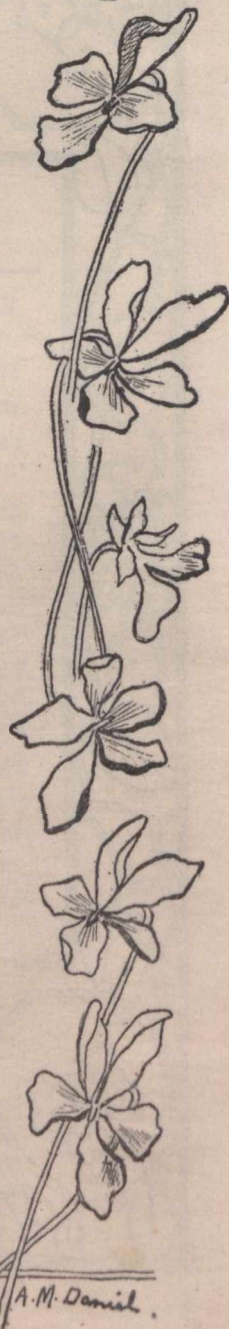
That Which Hath Beauty.

O, lay aside the shawn and harp,
Egyptian instruments that fire the brain;
But bring soft-breathing flutes
And timbrels and make solemn melody;
For all the gods our fathers loved are dead.
Venus is seen no more
On Cytherean shore;
No more through heaven Jove drives his thund'ring
car.

Breathe soft, ye flutes,
And soft, ye timbrels, sound;
For all the gods our fathers loved are dead.

Yet in the poet's mind I find
Strange images. This shape, is it not Pan
Playing on his wild pipe?
Is this not Proteus rising from the sea?
That which hath beauty cannot fade or die.
Open thine eyes to see
And everything for thee
Shall be the gods of old thy fathers loved.
Shrill high, ye flutes,
And loud, ye timbrels, swell;
That which hath beauty cannot fade or die.

THOMAS M. MORROW.



A. M. Daniel.