

Before me like a mist that streamed and fell
70 All names and shapes of antique beauty passed
In garlanded procession with the swell
Of flutes between the beechen stems; and last,

I saw the Arcadian valley, the loved wood,
Alpheus stream divine, the sighing shore,
And through the cool green glades, awake once
more,
Psyche, the white-limbed goddess, still pursued,
Fleet-footed as of yore,
The noonday ringing with her frightened peals,
Down the bright sward and through the reeds
she ran,
8. Urged by the mountain echoes, at her heels
The hot-blown cheeks and tramping feet of Pan.
Archibald Lampman 1861-1899.