

PYTHONESS.

In the temple of the Sun
Pure and holy dwelleth one;
Gods have wrought to make her fair,
Lure of earth and lilt of air.

Prophetess, my heart would know
Hope of weal or doom of woe!
To what god should mortal cling?
Tribute to what altar bring?

Silent still? O mystic queen,
Tell me what thine eyes have seen!
Cleave the riddle with thy voice!
Bid me sorrow or rejoice!