

And that sad piece "The musical Instrument,"—which for the sake of the unutterable melancholy of the last stanza as well as for its great beauty I quote entire,

## I.

"What was he doing, the Great God Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin, and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lillies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river?"

## II.

"He tore out a reed, the Great God Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river.  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lillies a dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

## III.

"High on the shore sat the Great God Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a Great God can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

## IV.

"He cut it short, did the Great God Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes as he sate by the river.

## V.

"This is the way", laughed the Great God Pan,  
(Laughed while he sate by the river)  
'The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music they could succeed.'  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

## VI.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O Great God Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die  
And the lillies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.