

## Song of a Hyperborean

I come from a land in the sun bright deep,  
Where golden gardens grow;  
Where the winds of the north, be calmed in sleep,  
Their conch-shells never blow.(1)  
Haste to that holy Isle with me,  
Haste--haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,  
That oft on night's pale beams  
The distant sounds of their harmony  
Come to our ear, like dreams.  
Then haste to that holy Isle with me, etc.

The Moon too brings her world so nigh,  
That when the night-seer looks  
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,  
He can number its hills and brooks.  
Then, haste, etc.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres(2)  
By day, by night, belong;  
And the breath we draw from his living fires,  
We give him back in song.  
Then, haste, etc.

From us descends the maid who brings  
To Delos gifts divine;  
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings  
To glitter on Delphi's shrine.  
Then haste to that holy Isle with me,  
Haste--haste!