

Satyrs

Lethian Dreams

Hear the satyrs calling, crying,
As the windy day is dying
O'er the rocks;
And the shepherd speeds the flocks
They're eyeing!

See the satyrs leap and scramble
Thro' the briar and brake and bramble;
In the glow
Of the red sun sunken low
They gambol,

Never thinking of the morrow,
Without head or heart to borrow
Any care.
Of all sadness, of all sorrow
Unaware.