



# Hymn to Pan

ἔφριξ' ἔρωτι περιερχῆς δ' ἀνεπτόμαν  
ὠὠ ὠὠ πᾶν πᾶν  
ὦ πᾶν πᾶν ἀλυπλαγχε,, κυλλανίας χιονοκτύπου  
πετραίας ἀπὸ δειράδος φάνηθ', ὦ  
θεῶν χοροποί' ἄναξ

SOPH. A.J.

Alister Crowley

# HYMN TO PAN

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HRILL with lissome lust of the light,  
O man! My man!  
Come careering out of the night  
Of Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea  
From Sicily and from Arcady!  
Roaming as Bacchus, with fawns and pards  
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,  
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea  
To me, to me,  
Come with Apollo in bridal dress  
(Shepherdess and pythoness)  
Come with Artemis, silken shod,  
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,  
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,  
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!  
Dip the purple of passionate prayer  
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,  
The soul that startles in eyes of blue  
To watch thy wantonness weeping through  
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole  
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul  
And body and brain—come over the sea,  
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)  
Devil or god, to me, to me,  
My man! my man!  
Come with trumpets sounding shrill  
Over the hill!  
Come with drums low muttering  
From the spring!  
Come with flute and come with pipe!  
Am I not ripe?  
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle  
With air that hath no boughs to nestle

# Н У М П Т О Р А П

My body, weary of empty clasp,  
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp—  
Come, O come!  
I am numb  
With the lonely lust of devildom.  
Thrust thy sword through the galling fetter,  
All-devourer, all-begetter;  
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,  
And the token erect of thorny thigh,  
And the word of madness and mystery,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,  
I am a man:  
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake  
In the grip of the snake.  
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;  
The gods withdraw:  
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne  
To death on the horn  
Of the Unicorn.  
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!  
I am thy mate, I am thy man,  
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,  
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.  
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks  
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.  
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend  
Everlasting, world without end,  
Mannikin, maiden, mænad, man,  
In the might of Pan.  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!



  
*Of this broadside one thousand  
copies were printed for the*  
ARGUS BOOK SHOP  
*By the* RENSHAW PRESS  


Twenty-five Cents

434 S. Wabash Ave.