

The Chanticleer

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PIPES OF PAN

PRIZE POEM

(By Miss Marion Smith)

Weird, sweet, chant from the hollow,
Lurring me on to follow,
Pray, to resist you, who can
Sweet pipes of Pan?

Over the sun-soft hills,
Close by the shady rills,
Ever ahead lightly ran
Sweet pipes of Pan.

Then as the frolic, the play,
Close with the summer day
Back to the duties that ban
Sweet pipes of Pan.

Soon as the red-gold leaves
Fall from the old High trees
Lure me no more to your van
Sweet pipes of Pan!

—Chip, '23