

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## BALLADE OF LOSS AND GAIN

Pan lost his Love, so ancient myths relate,  
Among the reeds along the river-side,  
And overwhelmed by his lonely state  
He stood amid the swaying reeds and sighed;  
When Lo! a plaintive melody awoke,—  
A tender sweetness lifted on the air;  
Ah, 'twas the voice of his beloved spoke;  
Syrnix had vanished but she lingered there.

He grasped the river-reeds; he sighed again,  
And music breathed an answer to his breath  
Soothing at once the bitterness of pain,  
To Pan, bereft, the bitterness of death;  
And ere the healing echoes softly died  
The wood-god had conceived a happy plan,  
He plucked the reeds and set them side by side  
To form, what mortals call, the Pipes of Pan.

Thus did he make a triumph of defeat;  
Thus did he hold the nymph who'd fled away;  
Making his love-dream infinitely sweet,—  
A melody to linger day by day:  
And ugly Pan, whom sprites and dryads scorned,  
Is now, 'tis said, a courier of Spring;  
A charming messenger, albeit horned,  
Whose pipes foretell the joy of everything.

## Envoi

Prince, we may piece the fragments of a dream  
Into another loveliness, and hold  
A treasure greater than we lost, 'twould seem,  
A deeper gladness than we knew of old.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin