

The Green Sheaf



A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountain sliding ;
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields.

Wherein they dwell ;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding :
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill

With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply,
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

Thomas Campion.