

# 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.*