

## A Treasury of

For every silver ringing blow  
Cities and palaces shall grow !”

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,  
Tell wider prophecies to me.

“When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,  
A nation strong shall lift its head !

His crown the very heavens shall smite,  
Æons shall build him in his might !”

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree ;  
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy !

*From “THE HELOT”*

HELOT, drink—nor spare the wine ;  
Drain the deep, the maddening bowl ;  
Flesh and sinews, slave, are mine,  
Now I claim thy Helot soul.

Gods ! ye love our Sparta ; ye  
Gave with vine that leaps and runs  
O'er her slopes, these slaves to be  
Mocks and warnings to her sons !

Thou, my Hermos, turn thy eyes  
(God-touched still their frank, bold blue)  
On the Helot—mark the rise  
Of the Bacchic riot through

Knotted vein and surging breast :  
Mark the wild, insensate mirth :  
God-ward boast—the drivelling jest,  
Till he grovel to the earth.