

II.

Why will-ye go so soon,
 In these soft hours, this sweeter month than June?
 The liquid air floats over field and tree
 A veil of dreams—where do ye find the sting?
 A gold enchantment lies upon the sea
 And purpled hills—why have ye taken wing?—
 But faint, far-heard, the answers fall and swell—
 “Farewell! Farewell!
 Farewell!”

Sept., 1882.

 ACTAEON.

(*Duselia, a woman of Plataea, speaks.*)

I have lived long, and watched out many days,
 And seen the showers fall and the light shine down
 Equally on the vile and righteous head.
 I have lived long, and served the gods, and drawn
 Small joy and liberal sorrow,—scorned the gods,
 And drawn no less my little meed of good,
 Suffered my ill in no more grievous measure.
 I have been glad—Alas, my foolish people!
 I have been glad with you;—and ye are glad
 Seeing the gods in all things, praising them
 In yon their lucid heaven, this green world,
 The moving inexorable sea, and wide
 Delight of noonday,—till in ignorance
 Ye err, your feet transgress, and the bolt falls.
 Ay, have I sung, and dreamed that they would hear,