

Medon hears him out but turns to the child, henceforth their foster-son, their successor, and their avenger.

Behold, the moon doth rise ;
 Her light, see, steals
 Across the lichened surface of this slab :
 It reaches now his little foot, behold !
 What roads, what seashores and what craggy heights
 Softly and firmly planted, shall this tread
 And carry with it all our will's success :—

Pholus, "old grumbler," at last gives way and consents to rear the child ; he catches fire at the thought of vengeance, and the two sing in galloping rhythms of what the boy's life shall be among the mountains, wild, free, and irresistible ; Pholus glorying in the thought of the fierce eyes that, like those of the centaurs of old

Shall glow without hindrance of pity,
 Shall burn without let from remorse,
 As havoc from city to city
 He hounds on his destined course.

Medon in a less ferocious vein :

But first, in high valleys,
 When June is in blow,
 He shall sleep and run naked
 Till hairs on him grow !
 Or in the hale winter
 Shall powder their snow
 Till hooves on him grow !
 Till hooves on him grow !

And so, up valleys and across ridges, they pass away "into the heart of the range, by turns carrying the child and arousing the echoes." Many other echoes they arouse, in the heart of the reader, for this is a poet who has put into his art that "fundamental brainwork" of which Rossetti spoke. His pictures are beautiful and new, but there is more in them than the impression, caught and perpetuated, of that which has met, or might have met, the eye. There is "that which