

A GREEK REVERIE.

This is the purple sea of ancient song.
These are the groves to which bacchantes lured.
In these grim rocks bad spirits are immured,
Pent in by Heaven in token of some wrong.
Sure, that was Pan who flashed by through the pine,
Followed by boys with passionate eyes, and men
Bedecked with roses! Fainter down the glen
Tramps the mad rabble, caught with song divine.

Now once again the Lord of life and day
Smites into splendor all the dull waste waves:
Straight Ulysses, his face sleep-swollen laves,
Rouses his heroes, and, with scant delay
Prows are turned homeward. Hark the measured beat!
Another weary day and vacant sky and heat!