

A maiden's dust to earth they bare,
Her heart for years had rested there.

The flowers were strewn, the farewell said—

Next day the bitter flight was done—

And dust was on Athenæ's head

Till Salamis and home were won.

And still when Marathon's proud tale

Triumphant from the lyre-string swept—

A softer cadence named the vale,

Where Eucles and the Maiden slept,

And loyal hearts a blessing gave

To those who filled that quiet grave !

THE END.