

Yet, withal, a manly vigour
 Heightened these his other charms :
 In the ancient two-kinged city,
 None more feat at deeds of arms.

In Palestra—nurse of heroes—
 None could better bend the bow ;
 Nor among his youthful compeers,
 Farther none the discus throw.

So upon this fatal morning,
 With the other youths he came,
 As upon the Grecian mountains,
 Woke the day in purple flame.

Then among the chrystal eddies
 Of Eurotas murmuring deep,
 Plunged the youth, and scattered from him
 All the ling'ring dews of sleep.

But as he was wand'ring homewards,
 Pious promptings filled his breast,
 To enwreath with chastest vervain,
 Great Athene's altar blest.

So to cull the pleasing off'ring,
 O'er the dewy meads he sped,
 Little dreaming of the evil
 E'en then hanging o'er his head.

Now the Archer—King Apollo—
 Loved this Lacedæmon boy,
 And to meet him and embrace him,
 Hasted with exceeding joy ;

Bearing both his lyre and quiver,
 And his mighty-sounding bow,
 And the dark and weighty discus,
 Which they both rejoiced to throw.

So the two in friendly contest,
 Pitch the heavy quoit of stone,
 Laughing each, as by the other
 Was his comrade's mark out-thrown.

But the envious Zephyr saw it,
 Straight his heart was filled with rage,
 That so wholly should his rival,
 Thus the Spartan's love engage.

For the Zephyr also loved him ;
 And when from Hesperian seas,
 In the waking of the Spring-time,
 Coming back, he kissed the trees.

Then, whene'er at sultry noontide,
 On a bank the youth lay sleeping,
 'Neath a myrtle, through whose leafage,
 Gentle rays of light were peeping.

There the Zephyr 'd sweetly hover,
 O'er that bank and od'rous bower,

And with gauzy, opal pinions,
 Fan him in his drowsy hour.

Play about his rosy temples,
 Dally with his sunny hair,
 And with soothing, soft embraces,
 Clasp his limbs so lithe and fair.

Jealousy now ceased upon him,
 All his love was changed to hate,
 Deeply in his breast he pondered,
 Working out a direful fate.

So, as once the quoit was winging
 Through the stilly air its way,
 With his angry wing he smote it—
 Marred the pleasure of the day.

For it struck fair Hyacinthus—
 Stretched him on the dewy ground—
 While from out his wounded temples,
 Gushed the blood full fast around.

Then the Zephyr all relenting,
 Sighing, trembling, hovered by ;
 While, with mournful cries, Apollo
 Seemed to rend the sunny sky.

Though he strove to staunch the life-stream,
 Flowing in a purple tide,
 Unavailing were his efforts,
 For at eve the Spartan died.

But within that pleasant meadow,
 Where the young heart's blood was shed,
 Sprung there up a lovely blossom,
 Painted of a blushing red.

And still when in early Spring-time,
 Speeding o'er the azure sea,
 Come the twitt'ring, swift-winged swallows,
 Wake the flowers on hill and lea ;

When the Zephyr mourns the sweetest,
 When the crocus bursts to flame ;
 And amid the greening branches,
 Unseen cuckoos shout their name.

Then in many a mossy dingle,
 Where in conclave sweet are met,
 Daisies sweet and snowy lilies,
 And the tearful violet.

Then this flower ambrosial-breathing,
 Named of him from whom 'tis sprung,
 'Neath the Zephyr's glowing kisses,
 Opes its bells before the sun.

For the sorrowing west wind loves it,
 Tends it as his proper flower,
 As of old fair Hyacinthus,
 Slumbering 'neath a myrtle bower.