

And a burning ring, all around, the chariots traced 45
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
 Smiles to leave 50
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
 Melt away—
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair 55
 Waits me there

In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breath-
 less, dumb
 Till I come. 60

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 A. the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then, 65
 All the men!

When I do come she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face, 70
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.