

## HELEN AND APHRODITE

Then Paris, at the voice of Æthra, rose  
And passed beneath her veil unto the ship.  
And Helen followed gladly, for she thought  
Of Paris as a god, who called in love,  
Nor mused of ill, for how could evil dwell  
Within a breast as spotless as the snow!  
And happy in each other's company  
They ploughed the furrows of the ocean's plain,  
While Doris, Doto, and Amphimone  
Made bridal music to the murmuring sea.

Thus Helen passed from her own shores awhile  
By will of Aphrodite, wanton queen;  
Until once more, in the Elysian plain  
Where falls not rain, or snow, and tears are not,  
With Menelaus and Hermione  
She wore again her crown, and reigned as queen  
Worshipped by maidens for her purity;  
Immortal in her glory and enshrined  
Throughout all ages, as a perfect type  
Of virgin beauty and of virgin love.