

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for nought how it might fare
 With men who paid their gold
 For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
 And took his god-like stand,
 The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
 Against their murderous power,
 After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
Fearless of death or other wrong,
 With full spondaic toll
 Poured forth his mighty soul :

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
A gnome with lofty passion fraught,
 Such as makes battles won
 On fields of Marathon.