

IV.

Returning to his people
Fresh bays the conqueror waits ;
The city battered down its walls
To make him wider gates,
And joyous crowds in triumph
The champion bore along,
While a Pindar sang his praises
In loftiest strains of song.

V.

But no victor at Olympia,
Nor by the Isthmian strand,
Ever received such welcome
On reaching his own land,
As that awaits the champion
Who ploughs the Atlantic's foam,
With impatient keel and heart right leal
Returning to his home ;