

## XIV.

Fierce and full her pulses beat ;  
Bacchic throbs the dry earth shook ;  
Stirr'd the hot air wild and sweet ;  
Madden'd ev'ry vine-dark brook.

## XV.

Had a red grape never burst,  
All its heart of fire out ;  
To the red vat all athirst,  
To the treader's song and shout :

## XVI.

Had the red grape died a grape ;  
Nor, sleek daughter of the vine,  
Found her unknown soul take shape  
In the wild flow of the wine :

## XVII.

Still had reel'd the yellow haze ;  
Still had puls'd the sun pierc'd sod :  
Still had throb'd the vine clad days :  
To the pulses of their God.

## XVIII.

Fierce the dry lips of the earth  
Quaff'd the subtle Bacchic soul :  
Felt its rage and felt its mirth,  
Wreath'd as for the banquet bowl.