

YOUTHS.

Bear the lost soldier home!
He a softer grave has won,
And a softer dirge than the requiem surge
That moans round Marathon—
Our slain three hundred sleep
On the glorious field they won—
Their Hero-Sires high vigil keep,
O'er the grave of each Hero-Son!

MAIDENS.

Our woman's tears flow on—
Our hearts the memory keeping—
Of him, who thought when the fight was won
Of those in the far homes, weeping!
Like light was thy path on earth,
Like light hath thy sweet life parted!
There's a love link broken—a sadden'd hearth,
And a wail for the faithful hearted!
Farewell!
Forget not the faithful hearted!

YOUTHS.

"Victory! Rejoice, Rejoice!"
We will carve the legend well—
From the tall white shaft its potent voice
The glorious tale shall tell!
Of the Soldier's might in the famous fight,
Of the Herald's race well run—
When rolls like fire from the War-Bard's lyre
Thy story—Marathon!

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'Tis spring time on the Attic hills,
The snows have left Cithæron's crest—
Green vales the vernal beauty fills,
Soft winds breathe fragrance from the west.
Hymettus, on thy spangled fields,
The wild bees suck thy honied thyme,
And shower of bud and blossom yields
Rich hope for Summer's golden prime—
And fair Athenæ's violet crown
Floats o'er her hills as Day sinks down.