

Still weave for her the garland of bright dreams?"
 And when the hour of noon had long passed by,
 They sought the little child Hermione,
 And led her to the chamber, knowing well
 The music of her voice would banish sleep.
 And round her loving mother's couch she played
 Unheeded, till at length in fear she wept.
 And when the maidens answering to her cries
 The chamber reached, and failed to rouse the Queen
 They bowed their heads, and said "our Queen is borne
 To Euna's plains, with fair Persephone."

A gloom hung o'er the palace, as a shroud
 And muffled voices sang in mournful tones
 The praise of Helen and her wondrous charm.
 And Paris and the King, returning heard
 The sound of dirge above the silence rise,
 And marvelled much, though neither spake one word
 For unknown dread had checked the power of speech.
 Then Menelaus as beneath a spell
 Drew near the palace where the mourners wept,
 And heeded not the child Hermione,
 Who in her tender love had sought to share
 The burden of his grief, and ease his pain.
 Within the chamber where the Queen still slept
 The King withdrew and watched, and wept alone
 Till grief outwore his body and he slept.

Now when the daughter of the dawn prepared
 To steer her chariot through the trackless sky:
 That time the gold and amber cloud flocks wait
 Impatiently to bear her company,
 Fair Helen, radiant as the morn arose,
 And light of heart, in love with health and youth.
 No memory lingered of unhappy hours,