

XV.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine ! 85
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

XVI.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— 95
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

"AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE."

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay 75
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;
 When fell the night, upsprung the breeze, 5
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :
 E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged, 10
 Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

L.A.