

On the teeming ocean's daughters,

Lakes and seas;

On the haze

Over lakes and wooded mountains,

Over fields and spray-crowned fountains,

Where the earliest day-gleams shiver,

On mild-glinting rill and river,

Where the youngest morning beams

Plash in streamlets play on streams,

Waterfalls, like ruby wine,

In thy amethystine light.

Mount thy car!

Now while they sang we mounted that high car,

And, ere I was aware, Eos, the reins

Held in both hands, was tearing up the steep

200 Way phosphorescent, I beside her. Tongues

Of flame played in the horses' manes and all

Seem'd hurrying flame, and soon the cold raw air

Of the dark world was stirred, and the stars blinked

And glimmered pale and went, and up the heavens

And o'er the broad Ægean blood-red shafts

Were mixed with yellow, sapphire and beryl rays.

Right over Athens she drew up her team,

Air-pawing, breathing blaze-mixed smoke, and down

On tower and temple glory showered divine.

A world of pictures from old books pass'd thro'

My brain. Methought to greet us Pallas came,