

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, saffire 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,