

IX.

Low the sun beat on the land,
Purple slope and olive wood ;
With the wine cup in his hand,
Vast the Helot herdsman stood.

X.

As long, gnarl'd roots enclasp
Some red boulder, fierce entwine
His strong fingers, in their grasp
Bowl of bright Caecuban wine.

XI.

From far Marsh of Amyclae,
Sentry'd by lank poplars tall—
Thro' the red slant of the day,
Shrill pipes did lament and call.

XII.

Pierc'd the swaying air sharp pines,
Thyrsi-like, the gilded ground
Clasp'd black shadows of brown vines,
Swallows beat their mystic round.

XIII.

Day was at her high unrest ;
Fever'd with the wine of light,
Loosing all her golden vest,
Reel'd she towards the coming night.