

The drenched slopes open sunward ;—slopes wherein
What gods, what godlike men to match with gods,
Have roamed, and grown up mighty, and waxed wise
Under the law of him whom gods and men
Reverence and call Cheiron ! He made wise
With knowledge of all wisdom, had made wise
Actaeon, till none cunninger there moved
To drive with might the javelin forth, or bend
The corded ebony, save Leto's son.

But him the Centaur shall behold no more
With long stride making down the beechy glade,
Clear-eyed, with firm lips laughing, at his heels
The clamour of his fifty deep-tongued hounds,—
Him the wise Centaur shall behold no more.

I have lived long, and watched out many days,
And am well sick of watching. Three days since,
I had gone forth upon the slopes for herbs,
Snake-root, and subtle gums ; and when the light
Fell slantwise thro' the upper glens, and missed
The sunk ravines, I came where all the hills
Circle the valley of Gargaphian streams.
Reach beyond reach all down the valley gleamed,
Thick branches ringed them. Scarce a bow-shot past
My platan, thro' the woven leaves low hung,
Trembling in meshes of the woven sun,
A yellow-sanded pool, shallow and clear
Lay sparkling, brown about the further bank
Where scarlet-berried ash-trees darkened it.
But suddenly the waters brake awake
With laughter and light voices, and I saw
Where Artemis, white goddess incorrupt,