

And swayed but with its heaving. Many more
 Were there of the divine ones : girded still
 In adamantine mail, the warrior Mars,
 But shorn of all his fury ; trident-armed
 Neptune, and the wise Aegis bearing one,
 Minerva, but her Aegis was bereft
 Of its Gorgonian terrors ; sad she stood
 With hand upon her upright massy spear ;
 While from beneath the helm, her tresses gold
 Streamed backward, and majestic sorrow dimmed
 Her large blue eye. The Queen of Love was there ;
 And He, the Archer of the silver bow,
 Apollo lovely in immortal youth,
 Around whose form, the Sacred Sisters nine
 Gathered with all their tuneful harps unstrung.
 While, thronging the long corridors, or clinging
 Around the mighty columns or the throne
 Of some celestial power, all the beings
 That ever flamen taught or poet dreamed—
 Dryad and Faun, and Satyr, Grace and Nymph,
 And many a Naiad fair, their native haunts
 Deserting there were gathered. Oft before
 Had Jove's high dwelling brightened with the glow
 Of deities assembled, when the world,
 Youthful, obeyed them all in youth and knew
 Naught but obedience ; then Celestial might
 Was in their limbs and glory all divine
 Gleamed from their faces ; now how changed ! how changed !
 Sorrow possessed each heart, and on each brow
 Despair was written ; while a silence deep
 Brooded like magic spell among them all.
 But grief cannot remain in silence long ;
 And must expression find, when the first stroke
 That numbs the soul hath passed ; for words bring balm
 To pang they body forth ; e'en when we hear
 The sad relation of another's woe,
 It seems to share and lighten thus our own ;
 And weakest spirits first this comfort seek.
 " Apollo, sing some sorrow-laden song ;
 That these black hours which stagnate into years,
 May move more quickly by." So sighing, spake
 Calliope and turned appealing looks
 Upon her deity ; but no response
 Parted his lips ; and in short interval
 Again she cried : " Apollo, sing, oh sing !"
 At this he lifted up his head and gazed
 Around, beholding every vision bent
 Upon him ; even the far-piercing eye
 Of the still awful Jove in mute appeal
 Echoed the words : " Apollo, sing, oh sing !"
 Apollo answered not ; but o'er the harp
 His melody-awaking fingers passed.
 Thrice he essayed the unwilling strain to raise,
 Thrice failed his voice and touch ; then straight he flung
 The shell aside, and breathed his accents thus :
 " I cannot sing : for tongue and chord alike
 Refuse their duty ; but I may the tale
 Relate of my dread downfall and, mayhap,
 This aching time will haste its slow career.
 Throned on the blazing car which bore of old
 Hyperion, through the sapphire orient gates,
 I late came forth, bringing the blushing morn.
 Far through the limitless demesnes of space,
 Rushing with thunder speed, my chariot passed ;