

IV.

Still the strength his fathers knew
 (Dauntless when the foe they fac'd)
Vein and muscle bounded through,
 Tense his Helot sinews brac'd.

V.

Still the constant womb of Earth,
 Blindly moulded all her part :
As, when to a lordly birth,
 Achean freemen left her heart.

VI.

Still, insensate mother, bore
 Goodly sons for Helot graves ;
Iron necks that meekly wore
 Sparta's yoke as Sparta's slaves.

VII.

Still, O God mock'd mother ! she
 Smil'd upon her sons of clay :
Nurs'd them on her breast and knee,
 Shameless in the shameful day.

VIII.

Knew not old Achea's fires
 Burnt no more in souls or veins—
Godlike hosts of high desires
 Died to clank of Spartan chains.