

But still the silence, and no answer came.
 Then Helen rose with anger in her eye
 And half appalled the goddess by her gaze.
 "What wilt thou?" said she, "seek again the shades
 Of Ida's pines, or where Adonis waits
 Thy wanton love, if love be fitting name
 For loves as countless as the countless sands!
 Ah! leave me! leave me to my peace and love,
 For I am purer than the spotless down
 On yonder snow-white swan! Why seek to mar
 Mine honour, or to make my name a sound
 Of loathing to my lord, the noble King?
 Hast thou no memory of my childish years
 When by Eurotas' stream I used to play
 In loving gambols with my brothers twain,
 And Clytemnestra! Was I more than child
 When the Athenian-Theseus wrought my shame,
 And I, a maiden still, save by the deed
 Unsought, unwished, became the scourge, the bane
 Of mine own land! For now no blood can purge
 My name, once spotless as fresh fallen snow!"
 Then Helen ceased, and Aphrodite smiled,
 Ere from her lips the liquid music rolled,
 Which calms the anger in all mortal breasts
 And wooes e'en virtue by its dulcet tones:
 "Fair child, ere since a babe, I loved thee well,
 And on this day my love I come to prove.
 Now dry those tears, thy lovely eyes should beam
 With sparks of love, for in thy veins there flows
 The purple blood of an immortal sire.
 From Nemesis and from the Swan, art thou!
 Why tarry here the toy of mortal lord,
 Or fold in thine embrace a form of clay!