

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 woos 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!