

## A Treasury of

On his swarthy temples grew  
Purple veins like clustered grapes ;  
Past his rolling pupils blew  
Wine-born, fierce, lascivious shapes.

Cold the haughty Spartan smiled—  
His the power to knit that day  
Bacchic fires, insensate, wild,  
To the grand Achean clay.

His the might—hence his the right !  
Who should bid him pause ? nor Fate  
Warning passed before his sight,  
Dark-robed and articulate. . . .

“Lo,” he said, “he maddens now !  
Flames divine do scathe the clod :  
Round his reeling Helot brow  
Stings the garland of the god.”

## THE SWORD

At the forging of the sword—  
The mountain roots were stirred  
Like the heart-beats of a bird ;  
Like flax the tall trees waved,  
So fiercely struck the Forgers of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—  
So loud the hammers fell,  
The thrice-sealed gates of Hell  
Burst wide their glowing jaws ;  
Deep roaring, at the forging of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—  
Kind mother Earth was rent  
Like an Arab's dusky tent,  
And monster-like she fed  
On her children, at the forging of the Sword.