

I thought with how small profit men take heed
To worship, with bowed heads and suppliant hands
And sacrifice, the everlasting gods,
Who take small thought of men to curse or bless,
Girt with their purples of perpetual peace.
Thus blindly deemed I of them ; yet, and yet
Have late well learned their hate is swift as fire,
Be one so wretched to encounter it ;
Ay, have I seen a multitude of good deeds
Fly up in the pan like husks, like husks blown-dry.
Hereafter let none question the high gods.
I questioned, but these watching eyes have seen
Actæon, thewed and sinewed like a god, ✓
Godlike for sweet speech and great deeds, hurled down
To hideous death,—scarce suffered space to breathe
Ere the wild heart in his changed, quivering side
Burst with mad terror, and the stag's wide eyes
Glared one sick moment mid the dogs' hot jaws.

Cithæron, mother mount, set steadfastly
Deep in Bœotia, past the utmost roar
Of seas, beyond Corinthian waves withdrawn,
Girt with green vales awake with brooks or still,
Towers up mid lesser-browed Bœotian hills,—
These couched like herds secure beneath its ken,—
And watches earth's green corners. At mid-noon
We of Plataea mark the sun make pause
Right over it, and top its crest with pride ;
Men of Eleusis look toward north at dawn
To see the long, white fleeces upward roll
Smitten aslant with saffron, fade like smoke,
And leave the grey-green dripping glens all bare,