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**G**LADLIER now crimson morning  
Flushes fair-built Mitylene,—  
Portico, temple, and column,—  
Where the young garlanded women  
Praise thee with singing.

**A**H, but what burden of sorrow  
Tinges their slow stately chorus,  
Though spring revisits the glad earth?  
Wilt thou not wake to their summons,  
O Lityerses?

**S**HALL they then never behold thee,—  
Nevermore see thee returning  
Down the blue cleft of the mountains,  
Nor in the purple of evening  
Welcome thy coming?