The fight is heart-breaking to the faun, for it is merciless on both sides: the fair women are beaten down or driven flying; he follows them through the forest and comes on one fallen and dead. His voice tolls to a kind of chant as he describes her silent helpless beauty lying "At foot of tall and grandly towering pines." Moved by the wonder of the picture, Laomedon suspects the other has been dreaming.

> No, no! no dream!
> Not far from where that lovely warrior lay
> I sate me down in deep and solemn mood . . .
> And it grew cold.
> And the damp spring-tide evening settled in;
> Between the tall sad trunks the light grew grey,
> And green gave place to blackness in the grass . . .
> Mutely I prayed
> That she to joy might even now return,
> Then looked and saw the stars shine through the boughs,
> And far away I heard a silver sound . . .
> A hallali on horns of crystal sounded.

It was the nymphs of Artemis winding the death-note over those dead queens, and making them ready for burial: a sight of weird and moving splendour.

> So come, for we may see them at their work
> And in our hearts put by so pure a vision,
> That though old age and blindness fall on us,
> We shall know hours of rapture till the end.

Laomedon consents, and the piece ends with a masterly little scene, a tender and humorous anti-climax, in which the wife and children of the shepherd send him off well packed with warnings and a wallet of food.

> If it be wise to try and see the gods
> I know not: but your father is a man,
> And men will not be cautious in such things;
> So let us get to bed and pray for him.

We have written at some length of these two poems because though but of modest extent—some twelve hundred