



## THE HELOT.

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### I.

Low the sun beat on the land,  
Red on vine and plain and wood ;  
With the wine-cup in his hand,  
Vast the Helot herdsman stood.

### II.

Quench'd the fierce Achean gaze,  
Dorian foemen paus'd before,  
Where cold Sparta snatch'd her bays  
At Achaea's stubborn door.

### III.

Still with thews of iron bound,  
Vastly the Achean rose,  
Godward from the brazen ground,  
High before his Spartan foes.