



THE HELOT.

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.