

"Drink, dull slave!" the Spartan cried :  
 Meek the Helot touched the brim ;  
 Scented all the purple tide ;  
 Drew the Bacchic soul to him.

Cold the thin-lipped Spartan smiled :  
 Couched beneath the weighted vine,  
 Large-eyed gazed the Spartan child  
 On the Helot and the wine.

Rose pale Doric shafts behind,  
 Stern and strong, and thro' and thro',  
 Weaving with the grape-breathed wind,  
 Restless swallows called and flew.

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung  
 On the fountains' murmuring brims ;  
 To the bronzed vine Hermos clung—  
 Silver-like his naked limbs

Flashed and flushed : rich coppered leaves,  
 Whitened by his ruddy hair ;  
 Pallid as the marble eaves,  
 Awed he met the Helot's stare.

Clanged the brazen goblet down ;  
 Marble-bred loud echoes stirred :  
 With fixed fingers, knotted, brown,  
 Dumb, the Helot grasped his beard.

Heard the far pipes mad and sweet,  
 All the ruddy hazes thrill :  
 Heard the loud beam crash and beat  
 In the red vat on the hill.

Wide his nostrils as a stag's  
 Drew the hot wind's fiery bliss ;  
 Red his lips as river flags  
 From the strong Cæcuban kiss.