

And worshipped, and made offerings ; it may be  
They heard amid their peace and were well pleased,—  
A little music in their ears perchance,  
A grain more savour for their nostrils, sweet  
Though scarce accounted of. But when for me  
The mists of Acheron have striven up,  
And horror was shed round me ; when my knees  
Relaxed, my tongue clave speechless, they forgot.  
And when my sharp cry cut the moveless night,  
And days and nights my wailings clamored up  
And beat about their golden homes, perchance  
They shut their ears ;—no happy music this  
Eddying through their nectar-cups and calm.  
Then I cried out against them, and died not ;  
And rose, and set me to my daily tasks ;  
So all day long with bare uplift right arm  
Drew out the strong thread from the carded wool,  
Or wrought strange figures, lotus-buds and serpents,  
In purple on the himation's saffron fold ;  
Nor uttered praise with the slim-wristed girls  
To any god, nor uttered any prayer,  
Nor poured out bowls of wine or smooth, bright oil,  
Nor brake and scattered cakes of beaten meal  
And honey, as this time, or such a god,  
Required ; nor offered apples summer-flushed,  
Scarlet pomegranates, poppy-blooms or doves.  
All this with scorn and waiting all day long,  
And night long with dim fear, afraid of sleep,—  
Seeing I took no hurt of all these things,  
And seeing my eyes were dried of their tears  
So that once more the light grew sweet for me,  
Once more grew sweet the fields and valley streams,