

A last faint radiance lights the distant surge  
That moans around Ægina's holy verge,  
And eastward, o'er Hymettus' crest afar  
Melts the soft splendour of the earliest star.  
Daughter of Jove—look down—earth's fairest hour  
Robes thy white fane with beauty's holiest power.  
Look on thy Attic home! to greet thee there  
Wait gift and vow, and agony of prayer.  
Now on Hope's waxen wings, the accents rise,  
Now, in a wail the strain despairing dies!

A sound upon the torpid street!  
A hurried sound of coming feet  
By Diomea's gate the scout  
Breaks the long silence with a shout  
That echoes round with startling might.  
"He comes! a Herald from the fight!"  
He comes—He comes. Now Life and Death  
Hang on the Herald's earliest breath!  
He comes—he comes—his weary feet  
Slow bear him up the sacred street  
Toward the crown'd Virgin's altar place  
He staggers on with faltering pace—  
"'Tis Eucles! Eucles!" onward flies  
The glance of recognizing eyes.  
No voice the dreadful silence breaks  
No eager lip the question speaks—  
They mark the blood upon his breast—  
The wounded feet—the sullied vest,  
The flowing locks all bare—  
The wildness of the blood-shot eye—  
Gods! Doth it fire with victory  
Or burns it with despair?  
See! from the distant battle field  
He carries home his dinted shield.  
Soft—now his path is stay'd;  
By the white shrine the Herald stands,