

ORPHEUS FORSAKEN (Prologue)

Orpheus is forsaken! never shall Eurydice inspire his wailing
lyre

To music so divine as that which followed
In wild abandonment from its wild strings
When, on the peak of some Thessalian mount,
They harped to Zeus in his Olympian home,
But down among the filmy shades of Hell
Must weep alone, while Orpheus, forlorn,
Seeks Death amid the barren wastes of earth,—
Seeks, but ne'er finds, for Death has fled away
To the deep confines of abysmal night.

Orpheus is forsaken! evermore
He wanders o'er the vasty emptiness
Of mother earth, except at intervals
When Hades opes its gates to feast his eyes
For one brief moment on Eurydice,
And he, to pay for that one moment's joy,
To Plato harps as he had once to Zeus.

Orpheus is forsaken! evermore
He wanders o'er the wind-swept wastes that strew
Plutonian lands,—the borderland of Hell,
And through the darkness to the realms of day.
And then he wanders through the years, unseen,
His wailing lyre heard in the mournful winds
That sweep across the far Thessalian hills
Out to the wideness of the unknown sea.

F. S. C. '26.