

DREAM OF THE POET

O that in ringing lines or music's sweep
I could depict that windy, crimson plain
Where Hector brave kept Ilion's lofty steep,
And Grecian heroes found their valor vain!

But for a moment catch that battle still,
And to the world its wild eyed fury paint,
Or on the side of Ida hear the rill,
And send throughout all lands its music faint!

And in pale, trembling lines filled full of fear,
Rehearse the awful clash of Myrmid's war,
Or shriek the warnings of Assandra seer,
And the dread thunder of Achilles' car!

O that Calliope did favour me!
That I could climb atop the Muse's hill
And sing of heroes bold, for minstrel's fee,
And ladies bright who haunt this old world still!

Then would I write you of heroic deeds
And make this glory lost to live again,
Until old Homer from his Aegean leads
To earth once more his host of glorious men.

—J.R.H.F.