

## THE ORACLE.

'Tis mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona  
    mountain  
    When winds were in the oakenshaws, and all the cauldrons  
    toll'd,  
And mute's the midland navel-stone beside the singing fountain,  
    And echoes list to silence now where gods told lies of old.  
I took my question to the shrine that has not ceased from  
    speaking,  
    The heart within, that tells the truth and tells it twice as  
    plain ;  
And from the cave of oracles I heard the priestess shrieking  
    That she and I should surely die and never live again.  
O priestess, what you cry is clear, and sound good sense I  
    think it,  
    But let the screaming echoes rest and froth your mouth  
    no more ;  
'Tis true there's better boose than brine, but he that drowns  
    must drink it ;  
    And oh, my lass, the news is news that men have heard  
    before.  
*The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of  
    morning,  
    Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight  
    the air ;  
And he that stands will die for naught, and home there's no  
    returning,  
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed  
    their hair.*

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