

**ORION: AN EPIC  
POEM, IN  
THREE BOOKS**

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Orion: An Epic Poem, in Three Books by R. H. Horne

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**R. H. HORNE**

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(PRICE ONE SHILLING)

# ORION

AN EPIC POEM

In Three Books

By R H HORNE

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ORION.

Book II.

## NOTE.

I HAVE adopted the Greek mythological names throughout this poem, with a view of getting rid of commingling associations. It has become an arduous, if not impossible task for the popular imagination to rise up to the purely poetic conception of such abstractions as a Juno, a Neptune, a Diana, amidst all the perverting associations with which they are now surrounded. As to such a change being more correct in writing from an old Greek fable, there can hardly be two opinions. The gods and goddesses of ancient Italy were perfectly distinct from those of ancient Greece, although certain prominent attributes existed in common between the Jupiter of the Romans, and Zeus of the Greeks; between Diana, and Artemis; between Vulcan, and Hephaestus; Neptune, and Poseidon, &c. It has been my object to create new associations, founded upon those of the antique age which are the most purely poetical and suggestive. With this view, the names are of no great importance to those who do not recognise them classically, and I trust that my fable would be perfectly intelligible to all classes of readers, by whatever names the characters were designated. Meantime, the design of this poem of "Orion" is far from being intended as a mere echo or reflection of the Past, and is in itself, and in other respects, a novel experiment upon the mind of a nation.

R. H. H.



## ORION.

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### *Canto the First.*

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YE rocky heights of Chios, where the snow,  
Lit by the far-off and receding moon,  
Now feels the soft dawn's purpling twilight creep  
Over your ridges, while the singing dews,  
Like creatures on a mission from the spheres,  
Swarm down, and wait to be instinct with gold  
And solar fire!—ye mountains waving brown  
With thick-winged woods, and blotted with deep caves  
In secret places; and ye paths that stray  
E'en as ye list; what odours and what sighs  
Tend your sweet silence through the star-showered night,  
Like memories breathing of the Goddess forms  
That left your haunts, yet with the day return!

The shadow of a stag that fled across,  
Followed by a Giant's shadow with a spear!

“Hunter of Shadows, thou thyself a Shade,”

Be comforted in this,—that substance holds  
No higher attributes; one sovran law  
Alike develops both, and each shall hunt  
Its proper object, each in turn commanding  
The primal impulse, till gaunt Time become  
A shadow cast on space, to fluctuate,  
Waiting the breath of the Creative Power  
To give new types for substance yet unknown:  
So from faint nebulae bright worlds are born;  
So worlds return to vapour. Dreams design  
Most solid lasting things, and from the eye  
That searches life, death evermore retreats.

The shadowy chase has vanished; round the swell  
Of the near mountain sweeps a bounding stag—  
Round whirls a god-like Giant close behind—  
O'er a fallen trunk the stag with slippery hoofs  
Stumbles—his sleek knees lightly touch the grass—  
Upward he springs—but in his forward leap,  
The Giant's hand hath caught him fast beneath

One shoulder tuft, and lifted high in air,  
Sustains! Now Phoebos' chariot ring bursts  
Over the summits with a circling blaze,  
Gilding those frantic antlers, and the head  
Of that so glorious Giant in his youth,  
Who, as he turns, the form succinct beholds  
Of Artemis,—her bow, with points drawn back,  
A golden hue on her white rounded breast  
Reflecting, while the arrow's ample barb  
Glams o'er her hand, and at his heart is aimed.

The Giant lowered his arm—away the stag  
Breast forward plunged into a thicket near;  
The Goddess paused, and dropt her arrow's point—  
Raised it again—and then again relaxed  
Her tension, and while slow the shaft came gliding  
Over the centre of the bow, beside  
Her hand, and gently drooped, so did the knee  
Of that heroic shape do reverence  
Before the Goddess. Their clear eyes had ceased  
To flash, and gazed with earnest softening light.

His stature, though colossal, scarcely seemed  
Beyond the heroic mould, such symmetry