

# Song of the Thespian Dead

All speak of Sparta; their unconquered dead  
Loom large in souls and mind of men;  
With tales, so full of blood and dread.  
Nor shall we see their kind again.  
At Thermopylae they plied their trade  
To fight and die in deadly shade.

But they were not the only Greeks  
To raise proud shield 'fore Persian foe.  
And when retreat the Grecians sought  
The Thespians declined to go.  
They stayed, and fought, and did their part  
To paint that pass with gruesome art.

The Thespians paid dear to stay;  
First all were slain, then Xerxes' rage  
Despoiled their lands, to make them pay  
For refusing a collar and cage.  
Though 'King of Kings' still lost his war.  
And fled, broken, to Persian shore.

All know the name "Leonidas:"  
The Spartan King who died so well.  
But who speaks of Demophilus;  
Which bards still speak of him as well?  
- But Grecian life and ways remain;  
Those unsung deaths were not in vain.

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