

THE BROKEN HELM

My Friend, downcast ;
Against thy better thought
The powers of Ill have fought
And marred thy past—
Beguimed thy years of patient toil
Great heights to dare.
Alas ! thou art the sudden spoil
Of grim Despair.

Thine aim was brave—
To quench the quenchless flame,
To heal the hopeless lame,
The dead to save—
Too brave : thyself not wholly whole,
Unforged thy crown,
The Tempter, with thee, snared thy soul
And hurled thee down.