



XV.

Yet seems it hopeless mortal might can win
The lofty keep that shuts thy bravest in ;
Sheer to the wave, at awful depth below,
The trusted rock confronts the dreaded foe !
Well may a new-born hope thy spirit cheer
As moon succeeds to moon with nought to fear
Save fruitless blows against that rock-bound face,
If, haply, valor tempt thee from thy base ;
While he, great leader of that baffled host,
Whose dauntless soul is known and dreaded most,
With body frail, stands dying at his post !

