

To the Winged Victory

With all the ease and splendid poise
Of one who triumphs without noise,
Wilt thou not teach us to attain
Thy sense of power without strain,
That we a little may possess
Our souls with thy sure loveliness?—
That calm the years cannot deface,
Thou Victory of Samothrace.

Then in the ancient ceaseless war
With infamy, go thou before!
Amid the shoutings and the drums,
Let it be learned that Beauty comes,
Man's matchless paladin to be,
Whose rule shall make his spirit free
As thine from aught of mean or base,
Thou Victory of Samothrace!