

To the Winged Victory

Grant us the skill to shape the form
And spread the color living-warm
(As they who wrought aforetime did),
Where love and wisdom shall lie hid,
In fair impassioned types to sway
The cohorts of the world to-day,
In Truth's eternal cause, and trace
Thy glory down from Samothrace!

Oh, in the hour of our despair
Be near us, that we still may dare,
And reach through bitter fortitude
Thy glad unconquerable mood!
Lift up the hearts that still must ache
With the long striving, and remake
And strengthen them a little space,
O Victory of Samothrace!