

The Forlorn Hope

But worse than death,
Exposed in branding heat to public gaze,
A naked form between two men of crime
As if their chief, the victim sees the crowd
Around his cross, a rabblement of ruled
And ruler, priest and scribe and merry youth
And white-haired elder, with the passer-by
Of wagging head and railing tongue, a crowd
That once astonished heard His gracious
words

And saw His saving deeds divine, but now
Derisive, cruel as the fiends of hell,
The most imagined of the pagan lore,
A people drawn from fair Jerusalem,
O'er which He wept.

'Tis this dread death
The Son of Man in lone Gethsemane
Foresees. He kneels and prays three times,
Imploring, while the sweat of anguish falls
As if great drops of blood, that God might
let

The bitter cup, if possible, pass by ;
If not, then, that the Father's will be done.