

The serf may drink mead by the light of the moon,  
But the princes must drink, and be drunken,  
by noon.  
Away with the laurel, bring leaves from the vine,  
And wreaths for the brows of the victor-chief  
twine.

He scoffs at the tidings his satraps relate,  
"A squadron comes forth from Samaria's  
gate—"  
"Or come they to yield them, or come they to  
strive,  
Bid seize them, and bind them, but bring  
them alive."

Inspired by the promise the Hebrew comes on,  
He deems of the battle already as won,  
As the spring of the panther when driven to bay—  
As the swoop of the eagle when impaling his prey,  
He bounds on the foe from the mountain's  
steep crest—  
The line and the phalanx are forming in haste;  
The charge and the melee—a moment, and  
then

The wreck of the battle spreads over the plain.  
The cohorts are broken, the standards are  
down,  
The riders dismounted, the chariots o'er-  
thrown,  
And the legions of Ashur are melting away  
Like the mists on Mount Ebal when summer  
winds play.

Where now is Benhadad, to fight in the van,  
To lead on the rally 'gainst Ephr'im and Dan,  
To charge with the horsemen, to stand with  
the foot,  
To rein up his war-steed, and stay the pursuit?

The monarch is mounted, but not for the  
fight—  
Benhadad is leading, but 'tis in the flight—  
And the kings of the Gentiles, his partners in  
shame,  
The guests of the banquet, sweep on in his  
train.

Now hie thee to Ramoth, to Aphek away,  
And tell of the feats thou hast acted to-day;  
The Hebrew has burst from the Syrian's  
thrall,  
But the wines of Damascus will solace for all.

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Abba, Father, we entreat  
That to thy glory we may eat;  
That Thou, the Giver of all good,  
Would grant a blessing with this food,  
That eat our meat and drink may be  
To do thy will and live to Thee.  
With single hearts our bread may break,  
And live by faith for Jesus' sake.

