

The Forlorn Hope

Each hopes he will escape to live a prince
Of men, and each from each receiveth
strength,
As if in circuit of magnetic fire,
Far from forlorn.

II

And that is human strife.
But see the strife divine. A Figure clothed
In lowly garb withdraws Him from the street
To yonder garden fair. 'Tis not to strive
Against, but for, mankind. 'Till this dark
hour
A conqueror, He striveth now to quell
'Temptation tense to flee from death,
For he that will not overcome himself
Can never truly teach another. Death,
Such Death! A dog hung up, transfixed,
to die
A halting death, compassion would evoke
An indignation deep ; a guiltless man
Much more, if in the human breast the fiend
Had not usurped the throne of love.