

Who, in their turn when Fortune deigns to smile,  
And lifts them a few rounds above the rest,  
Practise the dreadful lessons so well learned  
From Gold—when he, its hapless missions, served—  
But what of those, who seek to stem the tide,  
That onward bears their fellows to shipwreck ;  
And with a puny hand but courage high  
Fight manfully or even dare to die ?  
Their fellows whom, perchance, the right once swayed,  
Laugh mockingly, as they their struggle see ;  
Nor stop to offer once a helping hand.  
And even some, who boldly sallied forth,  
Soon sickened at the sight their eyes beheld ;  
Fight weaker, weaker, weaker till at last  
They join the tide, and with it onward roll.  
But will we cease to hope, or trust, or strive,  
E'en if the way, with clouds, be overcast ?  
Ah, no ! there is a Beacon Light to guide the way,  
That shines through all the world to lead mankind.  
And Truth will conquer, what the odds may be ;  
And 'neath this tide there is a mightier Force  
That soon will rise and drive the False away  
And all the world shall brighten forth with Love