

FRIEDLAND.

(AFTER MEISSONIER.)

The thunder of a hundred thousand horse  
Rushing like driven leaves in autumn storms;  
The blaze and glitter of proud uniforms;  
The frenzied shouts that silence all remorse.  
All tremulous, mad, save thou imperious one  
Whose brow of gloom would fit a cynic well!  
Those half-curved lips no inward rapture tell:  
Calm art thou always, victor or undone.

This is the summit! On the topmost crest  
Thy bark is riding now! The coast shows clear!  
Yet in thy triumph dart strange gleams of fear,  
For one small cloud keeps threatening in the west.  
Methinks beyond this triumph thou dost see  
An ocean strand, exile and misery.