

# THE VANQUISHED.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, when the Poet from whose mighty lyre  
Rung those deep chants of a lost Paradise,  
Burned with the awful glow of that strange fire  
By which his spirit rose and walked the skies,  
And with the earth's dim light shut from his eyes,  
Saw the full glory of the Heavens, did he  
See in the seraph-pride that sought to rise  
And sway the scepter of Eternity,  
More of fierce will—and vain—than I have seen in thee?

For never, never, *never*, since the hour  
When Lucifer aimed at the throne of God,  
Was there such struggling with a stronger Power.  
And when the starry heights by angels trod  
Were fading from him, did he deem the rod  
That drove him down to the abyss of night  
And fire and chains, more horrid than the God  
Where thou art gasping seems to thee—while bright  
As Heaven need be, and, oh, more distant is the light.

That, thou hast sought to reach. And thou must fall.

The woes that make a shadow of the sun,  
And shroud the stars, and raise the winds with all  
The wailing of that world the soul would shun,  
Have been around thee, grand and lonely one!  
But when the thunderous tempest hurled its dooms  
In waves and lightnings at thee, and begun  
A mocking dirge—the haughty spirit's plumes  
With more than eagle-pride, rose, glittering, o'er the glooms.

And thou must fall? Thou—the most desperate  
And proud and wounded, and sublimely strong  
Of gladiators in the lists of Fate—and wrong;  
Thou, who hast borne the most of pain  
Made half-divine by just defiance long?  
And *thou* must fall? Yet why? Oh, as of yore,  
By the high splendors that thy spirit throng,  
Thou Lucifer—in all save sin—once more  
Grasp at *thy* Heaven's starred throne—alas! thy might  
is o'er.

Yes, lost; before thy half-closed, weary eye,  
Glimmer the crown and purple of thy dreams;  
And, fainting, far-off, like a broken sigh,  
The music that had thrilled thy triumph, seems,  
Yet still that eye burns with the glorious gleams  
Of that unsleeping lightning, which had made  
The Ages kneel and tremble at its beams,  
Like new fire-worshippers! had not the shade  
Of ten-fold Death—and more—have fallen where it played.