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Titanic Disaster

Mox reficit rates.—HORACE.

Forth flashed the serpent streak of steel,
 Consummate crown of man's device;
Down crashed upon an immobile
 And brainless barrier of ice.

Courage!

The grey gods shoot a laughing lip:—
Let not faith founder with the ship!

We reel before the blows of fate;
 Our stout souls stagger at the shock.
Oh! there is Something ultimate
 Fixed faster than the living rock.

Courage!

Catastrophe beyond belief
Harden our hearts to fear and grief.

The gods upon the Titans shower
 Their high intolerable scorn;
But no god knoweth in what hour
 A new Prometheus may be born.

Courage!

Man to his doom goes driving down;—
A crown of thorns is still a—crown!

No norm of nature shall withstand
 At last the spirit of mankind,
It is not built upon the sand,
 It is not wastrel to the wind.

Courage!

Disaster and destruction tend
To taller triumph in the end.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.