

DE RERUM NAT., III. 894-1094.

Jam, jam non domus piet te laeta—

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

“**T**HY home no more will welcome thee, nor wife
And loving children run thy kiss to share,
And make thy heart o’erflow with joy. Now life
And life’s delights are gone without repair :
One day has reft all that with bliss was rife,
And widowed all that hung upon thy care.”
So say they ever, but forget to say
All cravings ended on that selfsame day.

Were but this truth upon their hearts impressed,
Changed were their rede. “Thy troubles all are
o’er,”

Then would they say, “This day hath brought thee
rest,

Thou sleepest well after thy travail sore,
While we, round thy pale corpse with heavy breast
Gathering, with ceaseless tears thy loss deplore.”
Sweet after toil is sleep, then wherefore sorrow
For him who sleeps and will not wake to-morrow?

So, at the festive board, as crowned with flowers
And cup in hand they sit, the revellers cry :
“Drink, comrades, drink ; a fleeting span is ours,
Poor mortals that we are, of jollity ;

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