

Heartsick the lord from his abode of state

Hurries, then hurries back. With jennets pressed  
As though to save his burning house from doom,  
Headlong he posts down to his country home ;

But on the threshold, seized with weariness,

Yawns, and to heavy slumber lays him down,  
Snatching a moment of forgetfulness ;

Or headlong, as he came, posts back to town.  
Thus each man flies but flying from distress

Escapes not, since the cause is still unknown.  
Peace might be theirs were they but taught to see  
That everlasting calm their lot will be.

O doting lust of life that us constrains

To fret and fume when peril we espy ;  
The end is surely fixed ; delay nought gains  
Except increase of sad satiety.

Nor can man take an hour, with all his pains,

From Death who reigns throughout eternity.  
Though long thy term of being, not the less  
For that will be thy term of nothingness.