

XLIX.

And these same trav'lers, if again they
thirst,

What use for them to think about the first
Or second time they drank the waters
there ;

Perhaps 'twas muddy water and they
curst.

L.

What use I say—T'is nature that decrees
The end of all things. Why on bended
knees

Should I exhort or dream of future life
Beyond the grave? A life which no one
sees !

LI.

But day by day the sun must rise and set,
And I—pray who am I who should forget
That as the sun breathes life upon the
earth,

So is my body in the spirit's debt.

LII.

The
Solitude of
Individual
Existence

And I who have to learn each 'thread of
fate,

Must seek myself before it gets too late,
For though with joy I strive to help a
friend

He must alone his infinite create.