

298.—WISDOM

To-days, to-morrows, yesterdays will creep
With noiseless tread, till thieving treacherous time
Steals from youth's eyes the light sublime;
And leaves dark night, where beetles death's brink
steep.

What boots it for the ageing wight to weep?
If he's enjoyed the wanton ways of prime;
And tasted of the fruit of every clime:
Good grace calls him in nighting clothes to creep.

'Tis wisdom not to quarrel with old Time,
When with a blunting sword he kills the year;
Leaving but minutes, hours, and days to play:
Nay it is noble, worthy, high, sublime
To keep with all the romping rout in gear;
And cull a coronet for our doom's day.