

Care mounts the brazen ships, and where  
 The squadrons rush to battle, care  
     Still follows in their train ;  
 More fleet than flying deer, more fleet  
 Than driving on the wintry sleet,  
     The East wind sweeps the plain.

Content with present good, the mind  
 Will little heed what lurks behind ;  
     And if amid its joy  
 Some bitterness should mingle, this  
 A placid smile can soothe, no bliss  
     Is found without alloy.

Short was Achilles' bright career,  
 Tithonus wasting year by year,  
     In age decrepit died.  
 And time for ever on the wing,  
 To me benignantly may bring,  
     Some boon to you denied.