

290.—DALLIANCE

Nor time nor tide waits for your dalliance:
They in a trice devour all in their way;
The young, the beautiful, the proud, the gay
Are swallowed Jonas-like in jaws immense.

Nor is there aught on earth can draw them thence;
They're ground to powder fine as mote in ray:
Millenniums it may be or a day;
Their doom is scaled from earth they're driven
hence.

'Tis wisdom then to march with time and tide
Like birch canoes that gambol, toss, and rock;
Or swans that swathe with down seas' ebb and swell:
For if we don't on Fortune's billows ride,
The shallows and the sands of Fate, will mock
Us stranded in life, and burning in hell.