

No sooner life than death comes on the stage,
Not now O Death ! and fierce the fight we wage.
When later on our wine-cup emptied stands :
" O Death ! " we cry, " come claim thy heritage.

How strange a thing is life with its few years,
Then silence of the grave, forgotten tears,
Dust we become within a space of time,
While on forever roll the mighty spheres.

DOING NOTHING

" Papa," said a little maid in discontented voice,
" You never romp, or run, or play,
But sit and write, and write away.
Now I would do just *nothing* if I only had *my* choice."

I gave the little maid a kiss and granted her desire,
To curl up in my big arm-chair,
To play at doing nothing there ;
The joy of doing nothing, only blinking at my fire.

" Papa," sighed the little maid, somewhat later it is true,
" I'd like to see what you have writ,
Or perhaps you'd read a little bit ;
I'm tired of doing nothing, and there's nothig else to do."

Then I told the little maid, as she sat upon my knee,
How giants Idle-hands and Empty-mind
Were the miserahlest of all mankind,
Because, forsooth, they suffered so from *ennui*.