

V.

Life is the palace where the senses play
Hither and thither; yet perhaps some day
Pleasures will pass and to my sorrow then
The wind that cometh blows all else away.

VI.

If in my mem'ry sorrows still remain,
Giving my life the one discordant strain,
What thing of good can find a corner
there?
Evil brings evil, pain will bring me pain.

VII.

All that I am, or all I have to be,
Comes from myself. 'Tis how I feel or see
The thing which nature lovingly displays
Before my eyes, that makes futurity.

VIII.

Whether in North or South, in East or
West,
Whether adored by all—by all opprest,
All that I have to know when death
arrives
Is that throughout it all I did my best.