

7. But

But to gaze and mark the insidious Signs that presage our undoing, Grey age stalking, slow, perfidious, Harrying all of us to ruin,-

'Twere in endless pain to languish, Tortures worse than Inquisition; Wiser far to mock thine anguish, Dash thy mirror to perdition!

Lift thy burden, acquiescing, Laugh at age, that fain would scare thee With his dismal skull-cap,-pressing Forward, far as hope may bear thee!

Mock at life when life is mocking! When thy whitening hairs harangue thee, "See, who at thy door stands knocking!" 'Tis the hour-buy rope, and hang thee!