

# Even This Shall Pass Away

Robert Plant

Once in Persia reigned a king,  
Who upon his signet ring  
Graved a maxim true and wise,  
Which, if held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel at a glance  
Fit for every change and chance.  
Solemn words, and these are they,  
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand  
Brought him gems from Samarcand;  
Fleets of galleys through the seas  
Brought him pearls to match with these;  
But he counted not his gain  
Treasures of the mine or main;  
"What is wealth?" the king would say;  
"Even this shall pass away."

'Mid the revels of his court,  
At the zenith of his sport,  
When the palms of all his guests  
Burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his figs and wine,  
Cried, "O loving friends of mine;  
Pleasures come, but not to stay,  
'Even this shall pass away."

Lady, fairest ever seen,  
Was the bride he crowned his queen.  
Pillowed on his marriage bed,  
Softly to his soul he said:  
"Though no bridegroom ever pressed  
Fairer bosom to his breast,  
Mortal flesh must come to clay  
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,  
Once a javelin pierced his shield;  
Soldiers, with a loud lament,  
Bore him bleeding to his tent.  
Groaning from his tortured side,  
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;  
"But with patience, day by day,  
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,  
Twenty cubits in the air,  
Rose his statue, carved in stone.  
Then the king, disguised, unknown,  
Stood before his sculptured name,  
Musing meekly: "What is fame?  
Fame is but a slow decay,  
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sore and old,  
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,  
Said he with his dying breath,

"Life is done, but what is Death?"  
Then, in answer to the king,  
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
Showing by a heavenly ray,  
"Even this shall pass away."