

BLACKFRIARS

VANITY OF VANITIES

OH, be not still deceived! 'Tis but a dream:
These gilded pleasures
Of Bacchic jollity and Pan-taught measures,
They do but seem!
The radiant flush of hectic joy,
(Fond meteor-glow, whose spendthrift course is run
E'en while its life thus gaily hath begun),
The reckless laughter,
Or subtler smile full crafty to decoy;
All these shall fade away, and leave naught after,
Save darkening shades o'er hearts grown ill at ease.
Desires sweet-hued, like Autumn's leafy pomp,
That flutter endless to each new-tuned breeze,
Or vagrant idle romp,
Restless and aimless in fantastic whirl;
All these shall fade e'en 'midst their carefree swirl;
And, o'er the life they litter,
Shall wilt and wither and grow rank,
And leave naught save remembrance dank,
Dank with sad tears and bitter.
Oh, be not still deceived, 'tis all a dream!
These gilded pleasures
Of Bacchic jollity and Pan-taught measures,
They do but seem!

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