

## LIFE

Oh! I am young and all life mine, I saith  
My time is all the future lit with love;  
To walk with Beauty in a golden grove;  
To mock with youth old Time's great shibboleth.  
And I shall drink me deep, nor pause for breath  
Till I have drained to lees all joy and love.  
The ways of glory still are mine to prove,  
And so I cry: Why should I fear Thee Death?

Oh! I am old and tired with grasping at  
The leering mock'ry of a transient gleam;  
I bend before the storm cloud's freezing breath,  
My weary arms still feebly clasping at  
The one sad wreck left of my youthful dream.  
Love still remains.—I do not fear Thee Death.

—J. R. H. F.