



Death The Leveller

The glories of our blood and
state
Are shadows, not substantial
things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe
and spade.
Some men with swords may reap
the field,
And plant fresh laurels where
they kill:
But their strong nerves at last
must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their
murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep
to death.
The garlands wither on your
brow;
Then boast no more your mighty
deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim
bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in
their dust.



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