

BALLADE OF THE MUTABILITY OF
HUMAN AFFAIRS.

WILD briar's a blossom that fades,
 (Like litmus with strong alkalies);
And the love of terrestrial maids
 Is tender—too tender—to prize,
 In a minute it droops and it dies,
And happiness spills at the brink;
 Love opens the window and flies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Prosperity favoureth trades:
 An hour, and then troubles arise,
The workers drop axes and spades,
 And Brandenburg labour supplies
 The goods. It is very unwise
Your money in labour to sink.
 It will vanish, the blue in the skies!
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

And even the woe that invades
 Will pass, I make bold to surmise,
Like a man who for salmon-trout wades
 Till the water comes over his thighs.
 He's wet, but he speedily dries
More quickly than most of us think:
 His gaff he repeatedly plies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Envoi.

Prince, we sell it in various shades,
 In azure and purple and pink:
Things change by perceptible grades.
 But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

A.C.