

BALLADE OF THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN
AFFAIRS

WILD briar's a blossom that fades ;
The lily as easily dies ;
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 axles 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 pessimists 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.