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## The Days Pass By

Van Deusen Clark

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## FRAGMENT

*Translated and Adapted by* CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

Life  
 It nothing but a journey.  
 When you have begun to live  
 You have begun to die.  
 All of your time  
 Goes to death, and he will  
 Nevermore  
 Yield it back again.  
 All of your splendors and blisses  
 Go into sorrow  
 And your boasting into weeping;  
 Your garlands and your carols fail you.

Life is but a journey  
 In truth a very short one.  
 It is gone more quickly  
 Than a shadow cast from a winged bird  
 Or a bolt discharged from a crossbow.

[In 1340 A. D., an Augustine monk of Canterbury finished a religious treatise in prose, entitled "The Ayenbite of Inwit or Remorse of Conscience." It treated the ten commandments, the twelve articles of faith, the seven deadly sins, etc., with occasional illustrative tales, anecdotes, or lines of Santos. The language was that of the Southern dialect of Middle English. The author, Dan Michel, of Northgate (Kent), used around 2,335 words in the selection from which this is taken, namely, "How to Learn to Die."—C. S. M.]

## THE DAYS PASS BY

*By* VAN DEUSEN CLARK

The days pass by  
 Like arrows flung into the sun,  
 As each returns  
 The same—another is begun.

The days, the sun  
 And all, what do they mean to me?  
 I shot my arrows  
 And they fell into the sea.