

I do not pine

That the treasures of India are not mine:
 I have feasted on all that gold could buy,
 I have drained the fount men call pleasure dry,
 And I feel the after scorch of pain
 On a lip that would not drink again.
 Oh! wealth on me were only wasted;
 I am far above the usurer's love.
 And all other love on earth I've tasted.

I do not weep

That apart from the noble my walk I keep;
 That the name I bear shall never be set
 'Mid the gems of Fame's sparkling coronet;
 That I shall slink, with the meanest clay,
 To a hasty grave as mean as they.
 Oh! the choice of a sepulchre does not grieve me:
 I have that within a name might win
 And a tomb, if such things could deceive me.

I do not groan

That I life's poison-plant have known;
 That in my spirit's drunkenness
 I ate of its fruit of bitterness,
 Nor knew, until it was too late,
 The ills that on such banquet wait.
 'Tis not for this I cherish sadness:
 I've taught my heart to endure the smart
 Produced by my youth's madness.

But I do sigh,

And deeply, darkly pine, weep, groan, — and why?
 Because with unclouded eye I see
 Each turn in human destiny,
 The knowledge of which will not depart,
 But lingers and rankles in my heart;
 Because it is my chance to know
 That good and ill, that weal and woe,
 Are words that NOTHING mean below;
 Because all earth can't buy a morrow,
 Or draw from breath, or the vital breath,
 Aught but uncertainty and sorrow.