

FROM ST AUGUSTINE

'Multum enim splendida sunt, et saeculariter fucata, quae illi diviti morienti exhiberi potuerunt. Quae potuerunt agmina plangentium esse servorum et ancillarum? quae pompa clientium? qui splendor funeris? quod pretium sepulturae? Credo eum aromatibus obrutum. . . Superbus temporis mendicus inferni'. *Sermo CII.*

What crowd of clients, and important friends,
 The funeral of this wealthy man attends.
 In graduated ranks they pass along,
 With slow pace measured by the leader's gong;
 While household chiefs with ceremonial staves,
 Marshal the mourning companies of slaves,
 And bands of wailing women with loud cries
 Sell their feigned sorrow for the obsequies.
 Then comes the man feet first upon his bier,
 Leaving behind his precious earthly gear;
 Wrapped in fine linen, embalmed with costly myrrh,
 Bound for his quiet costly sepulchre.

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Even when dead was Dives treated well,
 With impressive pomp, borne to the gates of Hell.

JOHN SEARLE