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## KARL BARTH

*Anno aetatis suae sexaginta*

We grazed in our still pastures placidly,  
(How green those water-meadows were, how  
rich!),

Our utmost toil to move from grass to grass,  
Our care to frighten teasing flies away  
With irritated tail and tossing head.  
We lived in leisured wealth and quietness.

Then, dreadful raider, you came upon us,  
Scared us and drove us thundering herd  
Out from our meadow's afternoon calm  
Into a strange and terrible land.

No more a peace but all anxiety;  
No more a rest, but toil and pain;  
No more secureness, but a fearful watch;  
No longer wealth, no more possessing,  
But only emptiness and thirst—  
And in our hearts, desire.

THOMAS LACY.