Latin Version:

I
Life is a ship; its pilot, fitful Chance
Who equal rules the coward and the brave;
A gentle breeze favors onward sail, poor Some, gentle minds, with breezy breath, advance,
Some, guns drive on; the port of all— the grave.

II
With tears I entered on this life
With tears I'll die when comes my doom.
This grave with groaning grief is wide
For man can never speak the tomb.

R. L. M. Langhorn
Mary 10th '50