

Psalm of Life

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.*

*Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.*

*Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.*

*Art is long, and Time is fleeting
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.*

*In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,*

*Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!*

*Trust no Future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God overhead!*

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;*

*Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing over life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

*Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.*