

Yet still we strive midst hopes and fears,
With pleasure's smiles and sorrow's tears,
And tho' our bustling life appears

A transient breath,
It seems possess'd of endless years
'Twixt us and death.

The poor man toils for daily bread;
By him the rich are clothed and fed,
Yet life 's to them a greater dread,

Or idle pest,
Their downy couch too oft a bed
Of sleepless rest.

How many a life 's an idle waste,
Its destined glory seems disgraced,
Its vile possessor has defaced

The man divine,
That not a single mark is traced
Of God's design.

Man 's but a child, a restless boy,
His life a game, the world his toy,
He strives for something to enjoy
Unjoy'd before,
Tho' vicious tastes and passions cloy
He longs for more.

The lust for gold, the love of fame,
The baser passions oft inflame,
And blindly masks the honest name
Of moral worth,

When life exceeds no higher aim
Than this vile earth,