

Only resting 'neath the willow,
After all her toil and pain,
Sleeping on her grassy pillow
Till the morn shall break again.

ONWARD.

Onward, still onward,
A little each day,
And plant thy feet firmly
To mark out the way ;
For fame's golden goblet
Is waiting for thee,
If onward and upward
Thy motto shall be.
Then onward, still onward,
A little each day,
And set thy feet firmly
To mark out the way.

The path thou hast chosen
Is tedious and long,
But onward and upward
Let this be thy song ;
For it leads to true glory,
To honor and might,
If thy soul shall not falter
Or fail in the right.
Then onward, still onward,
A little each day,
And set thy feet firmly
To mark out the way.

Leave footprints behind
In each difficult place
That time's troubled waters
Can never erase ;