

Throw overboard toil misdirected,
 Throw overboard ill-advised hope,
With aims which, your soul has detected,
 Have self as their centre and scope.
Throw overboard useless regretting
 For deeds which you cannot undo,
And learn the great art of forgetting
 Old things which embitter the new.

Sing who will of dead years departed,
 I shroud them and bid them adieu,
And the song that I sing, happy-hearted
 Is a song of the glorious new.