

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 live that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

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, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's troubled main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, may take heart again.

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