

Our souls the golden god inspires,
And feeds the life-destroying fires,
Until the fevered heart desires

With selfish greed,
More than it actually requires
For nature's need.

Life's hardest ills its spirit braves,
O'er mountain-crags and ocean-waves,
Then make ourselves the worst of slaves,

A slave to self,
To satisfy the thirst that craves
For yellow pelf.

The golden wand with magic art
Throws out the power to charm the heart,
But ah, we feel its bitter smart

When selfish greed
Has robb'd from life that better part
We so much need.

Alas, when gold absorbs our cares
Life's wheels get dry, the axle wears,
And heavier grows the load it bears,

And faster driven,
Its very dust defiles the prayers
We send to heaven.

Life's chariot wheels revolve with speed,
Yet faster still we urge our steed,
And scarcely slack the reins to feed

Or ease its breath,
The journey seems but short indeed,
When closed in death,