

VANITY.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity"

Eccle. Chap. I. Ver. 2.^d

The Music Composed & Arranged for the

Piano Forte

by

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VOICE. 

PIANO. 

The sun that lights the morn - ing sky sinks down a - gain at eve; Thus

hope sometimes il - - lumes the eye, Then leaves the heart to grieve.

2

This head hath worn a regal crown,
 On Israel's throne erewhile;
 Destruction waited on my frown,
 And fortune on my smile:
 I sought to fill my breast with mirth
 From dance, and song, and wine,
 But vain were all the joys of earth
 To light this heart of mine.

3

I gather'd wealth from many a mart,
 Built many a towering fane
 But soon experience taught my heart
 That these were all in vain!
 I gave my mind with ardent zest
 To wisdom's varied lore,
 And found that knowledge lights the breast,
 To make it ache the more.

4

At last, while bitter tears I shed,
 To heaven I raised my prayer,
 And found, when earthly joys are fled,
 There still is comfort there:
 A star that sheds a radiance bright
 O'er life's tumultuous wave;
 And he who guides him by its light
 Shall safely pass the grave.

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