A PSALM OF LIFE
What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist

FRAGMENT
From
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's
POEMS

by
ALBERT H. WOOD.

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Fragment from the Poems of
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Music by
ALBERT H. WOOD.

Andante con Espress.

crescendo

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an emp-

dream, For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things

are not what they seem, and things are not what they
seem, Life is real!
Life is earnest, And the

grave is not its goal. Dust thou art to dust re-

rit.

turnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow, Is our
destined end or way

But to act that each to-

morrow Finds us further than today

But to

colla voce

act that each tomorrow Finds us further than to-

day.
Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing Learn to labor and to wait;
Still achieving, still pursuing Learn to labor and to wait.