

A Psalm of Life

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

What The Heart Of The Young Man Said To The Psalmist.

**Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
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 returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.**

**Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way!
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther 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
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.**



Conduct
yourselves...



so that...

they may
see your



honorable
deeds and
glorify God.



1 Peter 2:12