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*A Psalm of Life*

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 and way;  
 But to act, that each tomorrow  
 Finds us further than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though strong 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!