

MAQUOKETA NEW, 8,7,8,7 D

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

James P. Page

I. 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.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destin'd end or way;
 But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today.

2. Lives of grace
 And depart
 Let us, then,
 Still achiev

eat ones all remind us We can make our lives sublime,
 ting, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.
 n, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate;
 'ing, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.