

Without Face, Sands Of Time

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, dust returnest,"
was not spoken of the soul.

And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
is our destined end or way;
but to act that each tomorrow
finds us farther than today

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Footprints on the sands of time

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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.