

## 07 A CHANT OF LIFE

While the day lasts, work on:  
For night will come apace,  
Life is but a narrow space,  
A breath -- and it is gone!

Press onward to the fight!  
In Life's embattled field,  
The victory shall yield  
To him who toils aright.

Gaze not with careless eye,  
Stand not with folded hands:  
Burst Sloth's enervate bands,  
And bid her quickly fly.

Where Duty calls, be bold --  
Though in the Summer's heat  
Thy fevered pulse should beat --  
Nor dread the Winter's cold.

And if, with earnest heart,  
And firm, unbending will,  
Life's duties you fulfill,  
You may in peace depart.

Perchance some hand will strew  
Your grave with flowers, and trace  
O'er your lasting resting place  
These words, so simply true:

"He worked while it was day;  
In Labor's dusty track  
He toiled, and turned not back,  
But still kept on his way.

"A victor in the fight,  
He lays his armor down,  
To wear a more than mortal crown  
In realms of endless light."

### Sources:

Boston Transcript, April 11, 1853.

Alger Street, 1964.

Newsboy, May-June, 1987.