

Keep the Heart Young

Keep the heart young and free from idle sorrow,
Cheerfully journeying life's appointed way,
Why should we fear for greater ills tomorrow,
Than we perchance have met and borne today.

Keep the heart young through time with busy fingers,
Silvers the head, or lays the temples bare,
What matters when a youthful spirit lingers
Under that wrinkled brow and scattered hair.

Keep the heart young and gather up the flowers
That goodness strews around us on the way,
Surely uncounted blessings still are ours,
And wherefore not enjoy them while we may.

So shall we fall as leaf in autumn falleth,
Bearing our honours to the latest day,
Ready to go when the great Master calleth,
"Come to thy place appointed, come away!"