

## Passing On

Still passing on!—Still passing on!  
Another night!—Another noon!

So rolls time's swift and silent wave,  
So move we onward to the grave.

Now prattling childhood round us plays,  
Now youth's fair cheek the rose displays.

Anon that cheek and polished brow,  
Are furrowed deep by age's plough.

Too soon a bent and tottering form,  
Lies down in death, to feed the worm.

Still passing on!—Still passing on!  
Days, months, years, lives, succeed—are gone!

Gone—have for ever ceased to be!  
Commingled with eternity.

Thus man with all his hopes and fears,  
His vaulting schemes—his childish tears,

Sees, one by one his projects fail,  
Like blossoms swept before the gale;

Sees one by one his joys recede  
Swifter than flying courser's speed.

O happy be! Who in that hour  
When death's dark shadows round him lower,

When all the skill of earth were vain  
One fleeting moment to retain.

Shall hear no inward voice complain,  
One breath of time was spent in vain.