

Life's Clock

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop,  
At late or early hour.

The present only is our own,  
Live, love, toil with a will;  
Place no faith in "Tomorrow"  
For the clock may then be still.

To lose one's wealth is sad, indeed,  
To lose one's health is more;  
To lose one's soul is such a loss,  
And no man can restore.

