

Life

By Horatio Bonar

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief.

And sin is here.

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,

A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours;

All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we –

One, only one;

How sacred should that one life ever be –

That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.