

WHAT'S THE USE

Oh, what's the use of fussing
And kicking up a row;
The past is dead and buried,
And all we have is now.

Oh, what's the use of courting
The shadows and the rain;
Our present golden moments
Will never come again.

Oh, what's the use of grieving
O'er what life might have been;
Let's get a hustle on us,
Go in the fight—and win.

And this our daily motto:
To do some gracious deed;—
The kindly word, the loving act
To some poor soul in need.

There is but one ambition
That's noble, just and true;
It is, to do to others as
You would they'd do to you.

Each happy habit stronger grows;
We're creatures of our thought
And in the last account, we'll get
Exactly what we've sought.

The sun is shining o'er us,
God's blessings all are ours,
If we but winnow out the weeds
And pluck the perfumed flowers.