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The Battle of Life. Go torth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day,
For the years go cut and the years come in
Regardless of these who may loose or win,

Of those who may work or play. And the troops march steadily on, my boy, To the army gone belore;

You may hear the sound of their falling feet Going down to the river, where two worlds mest; They go to return no more. There is a place for you in the ranks, my boy

Step into the front with a cheerful face, Be quick or another may take your place And you may be left behind. There is work to be done by the way, my boy, That you never can tread again; Work for the lottiest, lowliest men

And duty, too, assigned;

Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen-Work for the hands and the brain.