

O, in the Morn of Life
Thomas Blacklock, 1781.
Joseph Funk, 1842.

O, in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose.

Deep in thy soul before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils in endless round
Encompass all thy ways;
And cares and toils in endless round
Encompass all thy ways.

Ere yet the heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys
That now return no more;
And sadly muse on former joys
That now return no more.