



1. We have not the burden of sor - row, That rests on the heart of the
2. We've left all the paths of vain glo - ry, For safe-ty in hon - es - ty's
3. Thro' time lies a straight line of du - ty; To us is the pathway made



world, Who know not on what coming morrow, Fair Fortune's bright flag will be
vile, Where truth, like the a - ges all hoary, Gives treasures that never can
plain, The soul's wealth of glory and beauty, Comes on-ly thro' tri-al and



furled; For often they find without warning, Their hopes and their trust are be-
fail. Proud Fortune ne'er walked thro' this valley, Nor here would her votaries
pain. Who catches at joy's fleeting bub - ble, And pleasure pursues as a



trayed, Her riches take wings of the morning, Her pleasures like blossoms soon fade.
dwell, With doubt and deception they tally, All bound in their magical spell.
theme, Will find that their ways end in trouble, And life proves a vain passing dream.

