

*Andante.*

1. Love not the world: its smiles, its hopes May lure thee on;  
 2. Love not the world: it, with its lusts, Must pass a - way;  
 3. But he who does the will of God, For aye will live,  
 4. Dear fel - low - pil - grim in the path, Look up! look on!

But cup of joy, and dream of bliss, Will soon be gone.  
 Its pleas - ures sweet, its hopes so bright, Must all de - cay.  
 And drink the streams of heav'n's de-ights, Which Christ will give.  
 There waits a - bove, a home of love, Where Christ is gone

Those dreams will fade, as mist in morn; Those hopes will die;  
 Its glo - ries, too, must have an end, Must pale and die,  
 He'll weep no more on that blest shore; No mar - vel this,  
 And pleas - ures bright in courts of light Will sat - is - fy

And in that cup of seem-ing joy, Deep sor - rows lie.  
 And all its emp - ty bub-bles burst; They're Sa - tan's lie.  
 For joys well up, and fill his cup, There's naught but bliss.  
 A heart at rest, su - preme-ly blest, With Je - sus nigh.