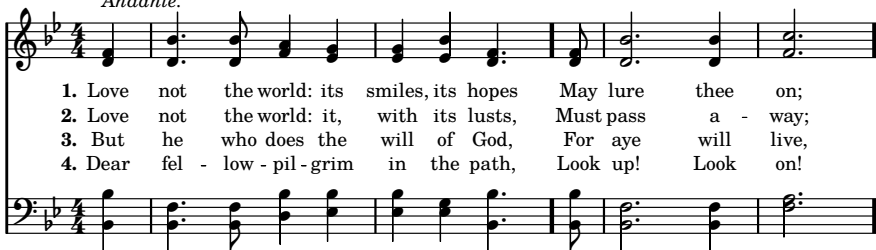
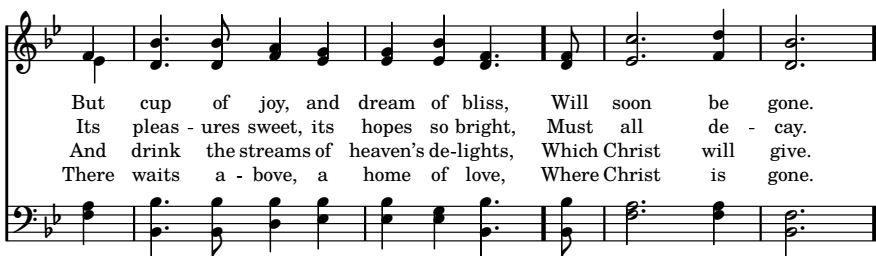
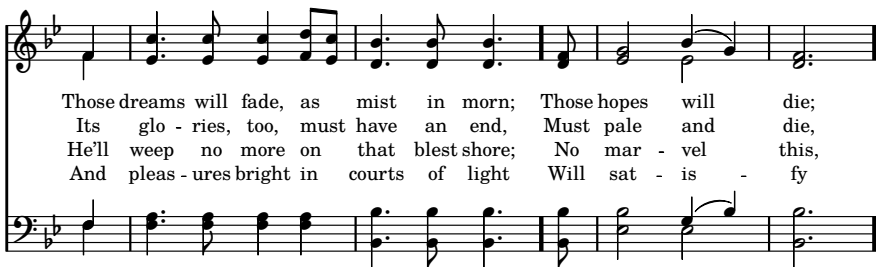


Andante.


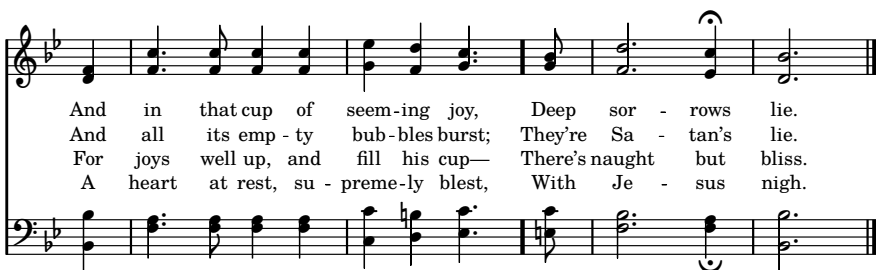
1. Love not the world: its smiles, its hopes May lure thee on;
 2. Love not the world: it, with its lusts, Must pass a - way;
 3. But he who does the will of God, For aye will live,
 4. Dear fel - low - pil - grim in the path, Look up! Look on!



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 heaven's de-lights, 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.