

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 - 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.