

## THE CLOCK OF LIFE

Robert H. Smith

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop  
At late or early hour.

To lose one's wealth is sad indeed,  
To lose one's health is more,  
To lose one's soul is such a loss  
That no man can restore.

The present only is our own,  
So Live, Love, toil with a will  
Place no faith in "Tomorrow"  
For the clock may then be still.