Footprints On The Sands Of Time
Commissioned by the 1998 ACDA Eastern Division Children's Honor Choir
Providence, RI, Judith Willoughby-Miller, Conductor
With the generous support of a Butler University Grant

Text by:
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Music By:
James Mulholland

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers.

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

A Tempo
And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow.
Is our destined end or way;

But to act, that each to mor row

Find us far ther than to day.

A Tempo
Trust no Future, how're pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act, act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God overhead!
A Little Faster \( d = 60 \)

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime.

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.
Still Faster  \( \text{ff Unison} \)

Lives of great men all recall

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Tempo Primo

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother.

Tempo Primo

Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing.
Rit.

With a heart for any fate;

Rit.

Still achieving, still pursuing.

A Tempo

Learn to labor and to wait.

Rall.

Let us, then, be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing.

Learn to labor and to wait.

Lives of great men all re-
mind us We can make our lives sub-

And, departing leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of

time, of time.

Very Slow

* This note may be omitted, unless comfortable for a few voices.