

What Shall We Do With The Time?

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A brisk march (until the last verse) (♩ = 240)

What shall we do with the time that we save as we let our beards grow long? We, who wake up and do not stop to shave, shall these mi-nutes we save make us strong? When the sun brings us light, and the day must be faced, If these mi-nutes are lost, they can-not be re-placed. What shall we do with ours that they not go to waste As we let our beards grow long?

What shall we do with the time that we save as we let our beards grow long?
We who wake up and do not stop to shave, shall these minutes we save make us strong?
When the sun brings us light and the day must be faced,
If these minutes are lost, they cannot be replaced.
What shall we do with ours that they not go to waste as we let our beards grow long?

What shall we do with the time that we save as we let our beards grow wide?
Shall we continue the sleep that we crave, though the robins are singing outside?
In a world full of problems that must be addressed,
We will work until late, for that's how we work best.
Do we not then deserve these few minutes of rest as we let our beards grow wide?

What shall we do with the time that we save as we let our beards grow full,
We, who were born with the genes to be brave, like the stallion, the ram, and the bull?
Though we want to be strong and to act without fear,
To be tender will not make our strength disappear.
Every morn we should hug all the ones we hold dear as we let our beards grow full.

What shall we do with the time that we save as we let our beards grow grey?
We who have sons have the knowledge that they've their own lives that they must lead some day,
And we have so few years, maybe twenty or so,
To set paths for their feet, to pass on what we know.
If we just take the time, we can help them to grow as we let our beards grow grey.

[Noticeably slower than the preceding verses, somewhat wistfully]
And what shall we do with the time that we have as we let our beards grow white,
We who might be only months from the grave as the evening of life turns to night?
Though we may lose our strength, though we may lose our hair,
We shall not lose our way: we'll continue to care.
We shall gather the young: we'll have history to share as we let our beards grow white.