

2110  
1 ST. COPY.

I am weary and faint  
Song and Chorus. IN THE battle of life!

Words by - J. P. Webster - Music by -  
J. P. Webster

Published by Root & Cady, CHICAGO.

Copyright 1894 by J. P. Webster

# I AM WEARY AND FAINT IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Words by P. S. PENNELL. Esq.

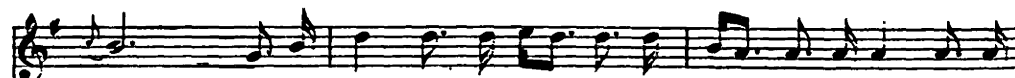
Music by J. P. WEBSTER.



I. I am wea - ry and faint in the bat - tle of life, And the lone au - tumn shad - ows ap -

II. Why, oh, why should we mourn for the loved that are gone, To the land of a win - ter - less

III. But I ask for a sign when The An - gel will come, O'er the lone mys - tic riv - er for



, pear, When I wan - der a way from the world's bu - sy strife, To re -

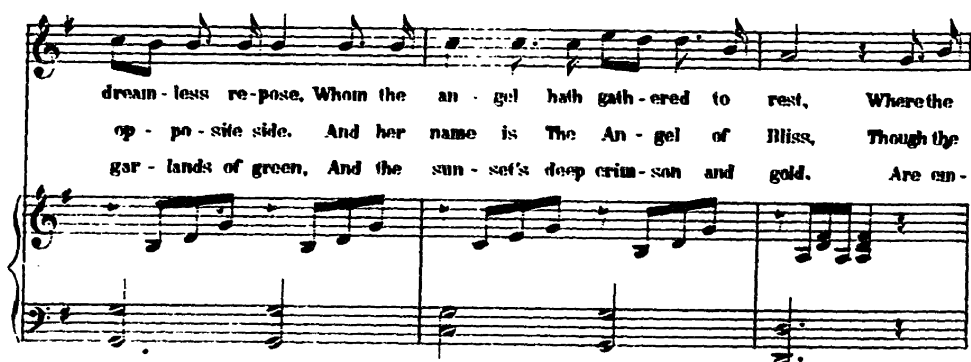
year, Where the li - lies and ro - ses e - ter - nal - ly bloom, And the

me, And a low whispered sound from the dis - tant un - known, Soft - ly

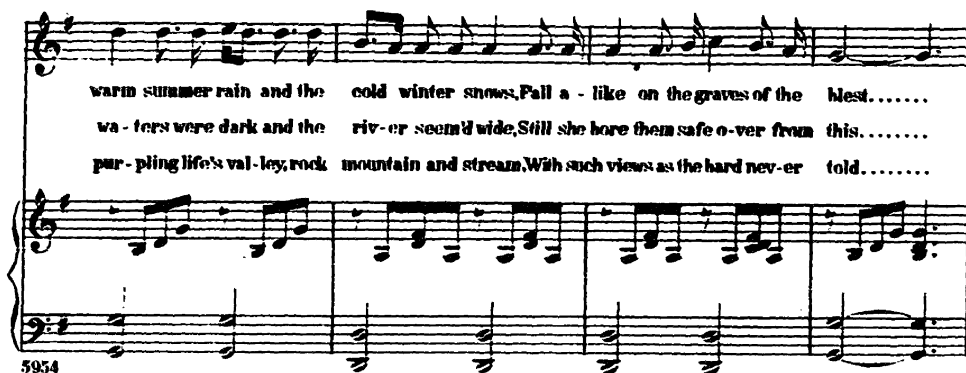




flee by the tomb of the year. Where the lov - ing and loved lie in  
 smile nev - er turns to a tear Their frail bark is now moored on the  
 an - swers 'She's com - ing for thee?' When the Sun - mer lies shorn of her



dream - less re - pose, Whom the an - gel hath gath - ered to rest, Where the  
 op - po - site side. And her name is The An - gel of Bliss, Though the  
 gar - lands of green, And the sun - set's deep crim - son and gold. Are en -

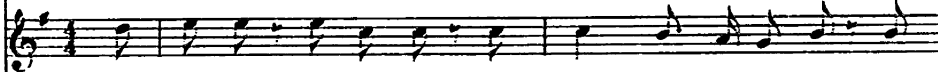


warm summer rain and the cold winter snows, Fall a - like on the graves of the best.....  
 wa - ters were dark and the riv - er seem'd wide, Still she bore them safe o - ver from this.....  
 pur - pling life's val - ley, rock mountain and stream, With such views as the hard nev - er told.....

## C H O R U S.

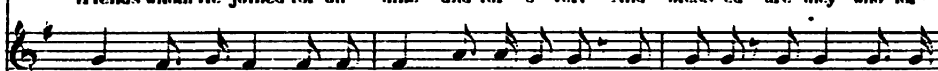
*Alto.*   
O mourn not, and weep not, for death can - not sev - er, The

*Tenor.*   
O mourn not, and weep not, for death can - not sev - er, The

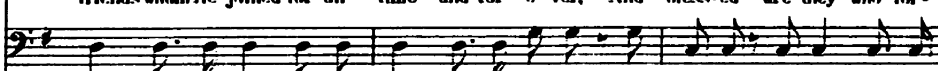
*Bass.*   
O mourn not, and weep not, for death can - not sev - er, The

*Piano.* 

  
friends whom He joined for all time and for - e - ver. And bless - ed are they who fir -

  
friends whom He joined for all time and for - e - ver. And bless - ed are they who fir -

  
friends whom He joined for all time and for - e - ver. And bless - ed are they who fir -

  
friends whom He joined for all time and for - e - ver. And bless - ed are they who fir -

*Piano.* 

5

get-ting us nev-er, Are wait-ing to wel-come us o-ver the riv-er.

get-ting us nev-er, Are wait-ing to wel-come us o-ver the riv-er.

5954

IV.

Then O Father! be with me the tempest to brave.

Of Thy mercy pray grant me rich store.

To dispel the dark mist that hangs over the wave,

And obscures from my vision that shore.

Though the billows may foam and the river be wide,

I shall faint not with Thee at the helm.

When the Angel shall glide o'er the mystical tide,

Bearing me to that Beautiful Realm.