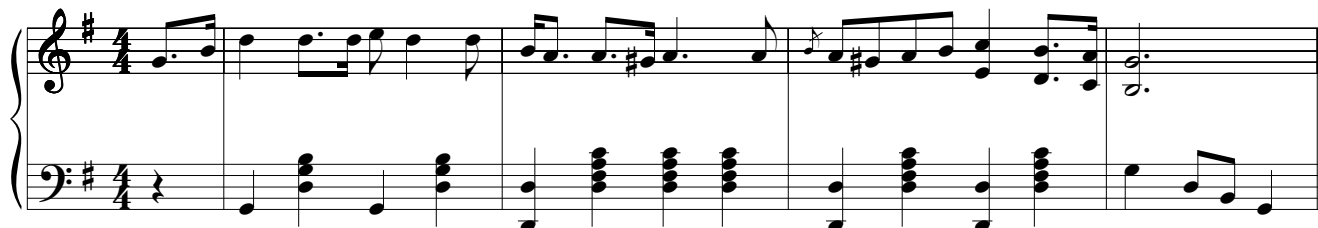


I Am Weary and Faint in the Battle of Life

Words by
P. S. Pennell

Music by
Joseph P. Webster



6

1. I am wea - ry and faint in the bat - tle of life, And the lone au - tumn shad - ows ap -
2. *Why, oh why should we mourn for the loved that are gone, To the land of a win - ter - less*
3. But I ask for a sign when The An - gel will come, O'er the lone mys - tic riv - er for
4. *Then O Fa - ther! be with me the tem - pest to brave, Of Thy mer - cy pray grant me rich*

The second system continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment features chords in the bass staff, with specific chords labeled 'G' and 'D' in the original image. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with four different versions of the text provided for the melody.

10

- pear, When I wan - der a - way from the world's bus - y strife, To re -
year, Where the lil - ies and ros - es e - ter - nal - ly bloom, And the
me, And a low whis - pered sound from the dis - tant un - known, Soft - ly
store, To dis - pel the dark mist that hangs o - ver the wave, And ob -

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes chords labeled 'G' and 'D'. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff, with the melody concluding on a half note G4.

13

flect 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 Sum - mer lies shorn of her
 scures from my vi - sion that shore. Though the bil - lows may foam and the

16

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 em-
 riv - er be wide, I shall faint not with Thee at the helm, When the

19

warm sum - mer rain and the cold win - ter snows, Fall a - like on the graves of the blest.
 wa - ters were dark and the riv - er seemed wide, Still she bore them safe o - ver from this.
 pur - pling life's val - ley, rock moun - tain and stream, With such views as the bard nev - er told.
 An - gel shall glide o'er the mys - ti - cal tide, Bear - ing me to that Beau - ti - ful Realm.

23 Chorus

0 mourn not, and weep not, for death can-not sev-er, The friends whom He joined for all time and for-ev-er, And

0 mourn not, and weep not, for death can-not sev-er, The friends whom He joined for all time and for-ev-er, And

G C C/G G D7 D7 G

28

bless-ed are they who for-get-ting us nev-er, Are wait-ing to wel-come us o-ver the riv-er.

bless-ed are they who for-get-ting us nev-er, Are wait-ing to wel-come us o-ver the riv-er.

C G D7 G D G