

Battle Of Life - song lyrics

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BATTLE OF LIFE.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

Life is one long battle, which all must fight,
Though no firearms rattle, nor armor bright,
Heroes we find in this struggle for life,
Facing the billows where danger is rife.
Bravely, yet quietly, with no flag unfurled,
Unknown to all the world.
See how the lifeboat goes out to the wreck
Waves, mountains high, now sweep over her deck;
One man is dashed, by the force of a wave
Into a watery grave.

Chorus.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty,
Fighting with those of a gallant band,
With a fearless hand.
What tho' he falls in the conflict now,
Will heroes' laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a hero's name.

Bee the firemen speeding the flames to fight,
All their courage needing this fearful night;
Shrieks of despair from the doomed ones we hear,
Shrieks for that help which is now drawing near;
There, at the window, a poor woman stands,
Wringing her thin white hands;
Mark now the fireman who climbs to her aid;
"Rescue or death," is the vow he has made.
Saved! she is saved! shriek the vast seething horde.
Yet what is his reward?

Chorus.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty;
Risking his life midst the burning brands,
Flame on ev'ry hand.
Ah! see, he falls, all is over now;
Will they with laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a hero's name.

At a railway station I stood one day,
Deep in meditation of life's strange way;
Hark! 'tis the sound of the lightning express.
Tearing along with a shriek of distress.
There, on the crossing, an old man we see,
Blind to his danger is he;
Whizz! comes the train, and the crowd hold their breath.
Strong arms have rescued the man from his death.
But he who saved him lies mangled and stilled;
'Tis but a youth lies killed!

Chorus.

Fighting the battle of life was he,
Fighting for some one's sweet liberty;
Saving the life of his dear old friend,
Thus he meets his end.
Yes, he has ended the conflict now;
Shall we with laurels decorate his brow?
No; he is poor, so he has no claim
To a deathless name.