

# Is Life Worth Living - song lyrics

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.  
Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

A merry gath'ring all on a train,  
Laughing and joking, no thought of pain;  
All bent on pleasure, they gave no care  
To one poor soul who sat so silent there.  
Close in his arms a child very young,  
Crying for mamma; why don't she comet  
Do call its mother, where can she he?  
"Dead in the car, sir, and left babe with me."

Chorus.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,  
When one you loved so well has gone beyond recall,  
Lips are forever closed, silent now is she,  
Is life worth living, after all?

A loving father walking alone,  
Smiling and happy-he's going home,  
Longs for his dear wife and bony boy,  
He has been gone just a year from his joy.  
Home he approaches-what can this meant  
Closed are the blinds and no light is seen;  
Oh, can it be, there's crape on the door-  
Father cries out, "My dear boy is no more."

Chorus.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,  
When little ones we loved have gone beyond recall,  
When baby's voice is hushed, and its eyes are closed;  
Is life worth living, after all?

Love is so bitter, often Is pain,  
Many true hearts are broken in twain.  
She was so constant, glad by his side,  
'Twas the old story, she would be his bride.  
His vows were broken, he sailed away;  
She longed to see him, prayed night and day,  
Her prayers unanswered, all was in vain;  
And with her secret, she cried out in pain:

Chorus.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,  
When hearts that once were true, are faithless after all,  
When vows are broken and you are left to mourn,  
Is life worth living, after all?

Two loving brothers so staunch and true,  
Both were brave soldiers and wore the blue;  
When trumpets called to war both did go,  
Fighting for country, to vanquish the foe.  
One day, in fighting, poor John fell dead,  
Lying there cold, and Bill raised his head,  
"Speak to me, brother, one word, oh say "-  
No word was spoken, for John passed away.

Chorus.

Is life worth living then, tell me after all,  
When brother whom we loved must for his country fall;  
No more in battle he'll hear the trumpet call.  
Is life worth living, after all?