

Prosperity - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

PROSPERITY.

Copyright, 1892, by Marcus G. Harrison.

By Marcus G. Harrison.

There are many who are sleeping in the grave a silent rest.
That have passed away to see this world no more.
Who have had a golden chance to earn a bright and honored name,
But have let it pass like wreck upon the shore.
When the field or earth's prosperity has opened wide its gate,
They've turned their head to take another course.
But have finally found their mishap when the chance would pass away.
And their days would end in sorrow and remorse.

Chorus.

'Tis the same old truthful story that for ages bards have sung,
'Tis he who's labored faithfully who has bright laurels won,
Who's faced the storm adversity until the tempest ceased,
And then has smiled on fortunes hearth to see his goods increase.

This world is big and large enough for all who tread its soil,
To drink its flowing waters and be filled,
But he who stops to tarry when the tide is at its height,
Will wake to find the waters have been stilled.
Although enough And plenty, there are those who strive for all,
Who never stop to hear the poor man's cry,
But sail ahead like mighty ships to reach a foreign port,
Not thinking of God's justice by and by.

Chorus.

It isn't he who has tens on to gain an early crown,
Who often meets success in life with favor and renown;
But he who creeps before he walks as saying goes to say,
And trusting that the words are true, that each shall have his day.

Cheer up you that are burdened, and feel that you can't march on,
Push forth your step and say I will, I must,
For whenever there's an earnest will there always is a way,
To those who undertake to do what's just.
But if success you chance to meet, remember days since passed.
When first you started out to make a mark,
Fail not to hear the hungry voice that daily rings aloud,
And try to make the sun shine where 'tis dark.

Chorus.

Then when von're old and feeble, with your face turned toward the grave,
No fear of death will haunt you nor for Heaven's mercy crave,
There'll be angels standing waiting till the trumpet note does sound,
Who'll bear you into glory, where you'll wear a golden crown.