Scenes From The Drama Of Life - song lyrics

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Scenes from the Drama of Life. Copyright, 1894, by Frank Tousey. Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Life is but a mighty drama, wherein each must play a part; Some with happy, smiling features, others with an uching heart. When night falls upon the city, see a man with darken'd face, He's a burglar, und his object breaking in this rich man's place.

Chorus.

Leaps through the window-"Now for it," he cries.
"Hark! what is that? an alarm, a surprise,"
He mutters with terror now rife.
Then comes a flash, a report of a gun,
A man on his knees, crying, "What have I done!
Oh, God! I have killed him, the scapegrace, my son I"
That's a scene from the drama of life.

See with what vigor his "iimmy" he plies.

'Tis the gory field of battle, where the conflict rages high, And the two opposing armies now have sworn to do or die: See this brave young private soldier 'mid the crush of shot and shell, He has proved himself a hero, bravely he has fought and well.

Chorus.

Thinking of those on a far distant shore,
Thinking of those he will see nevermore,
Thinking of his children and wife.
"Merciful God, who is great and all wise,
Save them from danger," he tearfully cries.
One murmured prayer, and he falls back and diesThat's a scene from the drama of life.

Wounded he lies when the battle is o'er,

Hark! what means that cry of "Stop thief!" down a crowded thoroughfare? Some young reprobate's been stealing, after him they madly tear. Hear the shout, at last they've got him, some one strikes him to the ground; Each one eager first to catch him, anxiously they gather 'round.

Chorus.

See, the blood streams from a wound in his head; "Sister was starving, I stole her some bread," He murmurs with agony rife.
"Go to her help," he exclaims, "don't mind me, Soon from this terrible strife I shall be."
Ere the night comes his young soul is set free-That's a scene from the drama of life.

Only a poor ragged boy, nearly dead,