

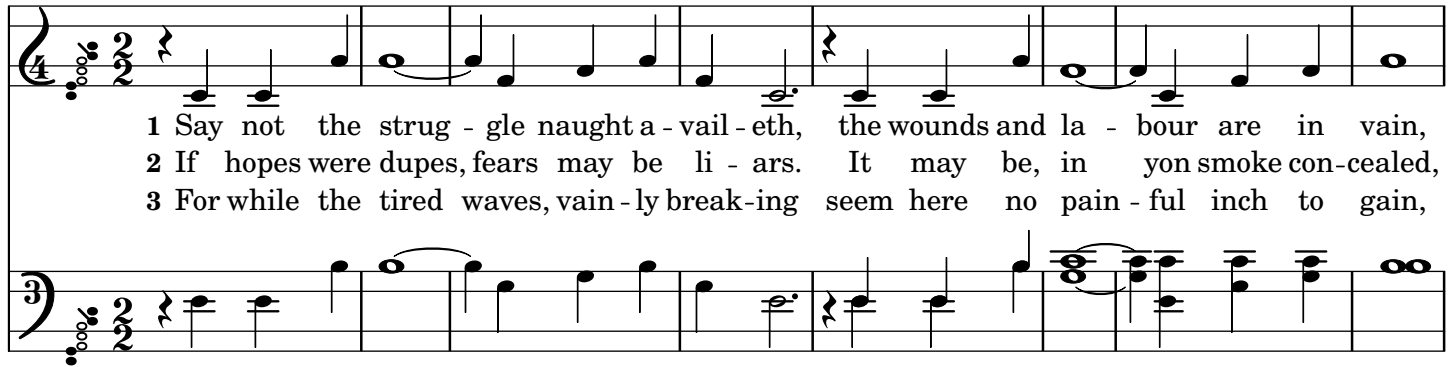
# Say not the struggle naught availeth

Text: Arthur Hugh Clough, 1849, alt.

Music: American traditional

WAYFARING STRANGER 98.98 D

arr. Kenan Schaeferkofer, 2021



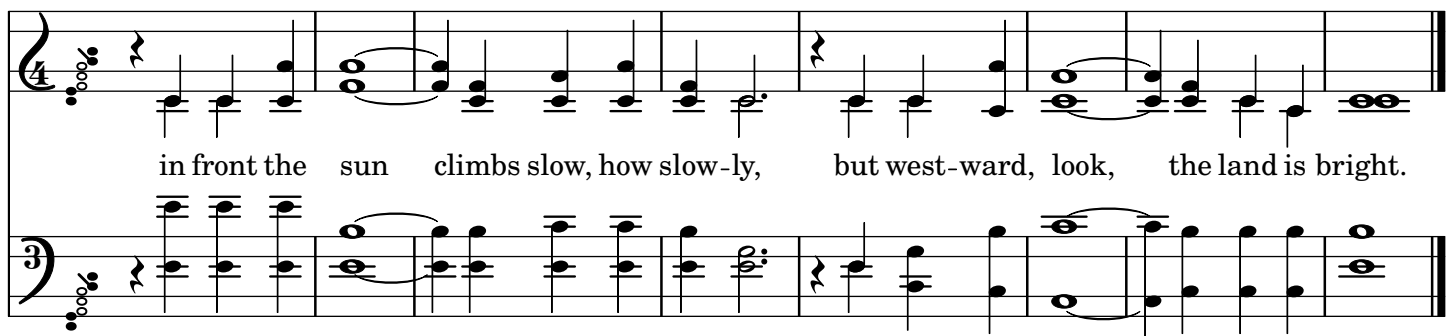
1 Say not the strug - gle naught a - vail - eth, the wounds and la - bour are in vain,  
2 If hopes were dupes, fears may be li - ars. It may be, in yon smoke con-cealed,  
3 For while the tired waves, vain - ly break-ing seem here no pain - ful inch to gain,



the fear - some foe faints not, nor fail - eth, and all un - chang - ing doth re-main.  
our com - rades chase e'en now the fli - ers, and, but for us, pos-sess the field.  
far back through creeks and in-lets mak-ing, comes sil-ent, flood - ing in, the main.



For not by east - ern win-dows on-ly, when day-light comes, comes in the light;



in front the sun climbs slow, how slow-ly, but west-ward, look, the land is bright.