

Say not the struggle naught availeth

Text: Arthur Hugh Clough, 1849, alt.

WAYFARING STRANGER 98.98 D

Music: American traditional

arr. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021

1 Say not the strug - gle naught a-vail-eth, the wounds and la - bour are in vain,

the fear-some foe faints not, nor fail-eth, and all un - chang - ing doth re-main.



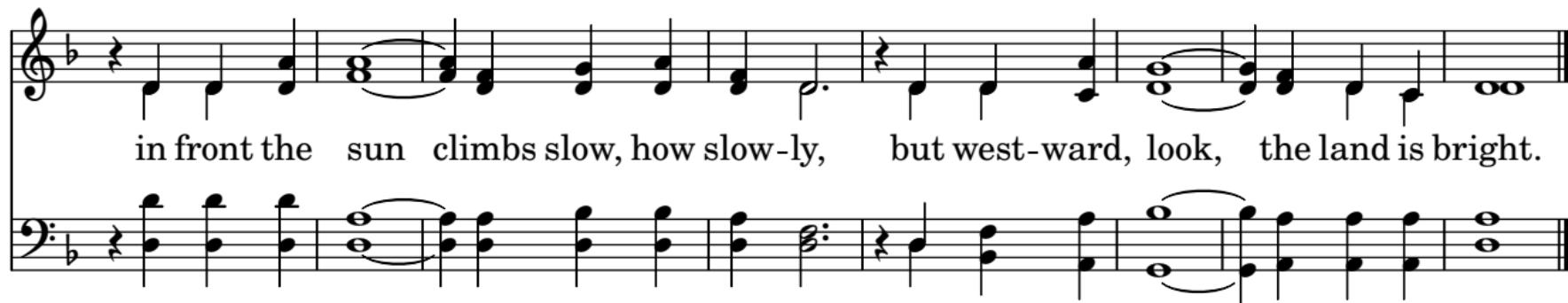
For not by east - ern win-dows on-ly,

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.



2 If hopes were dupes, fears may be li-ars. It may be, in yon smoke con-cealed,

our com-rades chase e'en now the fli-ers, and, but for us, pos-sess the field.



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.

3 For while the tired waves, vain-ly break-ing seem here no pain - ful inch to gain,

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.