

Sometime

Lizzie D. Fielder, 1890

A. B. Carroll

$\text{♩} = 90$



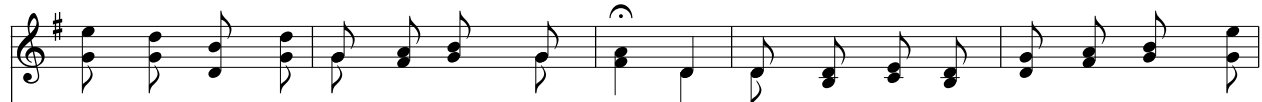
1. Some - time the hands, grown wea - ry with life's toil - ing, Shall fold - ed be a -
2. Some - time the eyes, grown dim with cease - less watch - ing, A - mid the mists that
3. Some - time our pil - grim - age here will be end - ed, Life's bat - tles fought, and



- cross the pulse - less breast, Some - time the heart, with care and pain long ach - ing, Shall
shroud our earth - ly way, Shall close a - while to greet a - gain at wak - ing, A
vic - to - ries be won; Some - time we'll hear the Sav - ior's wel - come plau - dit, "Ser -



be at rest. Some - time the feet that climb life's rug - ged moun - tain, Shall
clear - er day. Some - time the soul, too tired for lon - ger stay - ing, Where
- vant, well done!" Some - time, we know this earth - ly house will crum - ble, Its



leave their prints no more a - long the way, But pause be - side some cool, life giv - ing
dirt - es make the mel - ody of years, Shall fall a - sleep to wake 'mid heav - en - ly
beau - ty fade, its mor - tal powers de - cay. But we'll a - bide with - in the heav'n - ly



foun - tain, No more to stray.
mu - sic, That knows no tears.
man - sions, Thro' end - less day.

