

# Sometime

Lizzie D. Fielder, 1890

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$\text{♩} = 90$



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.

