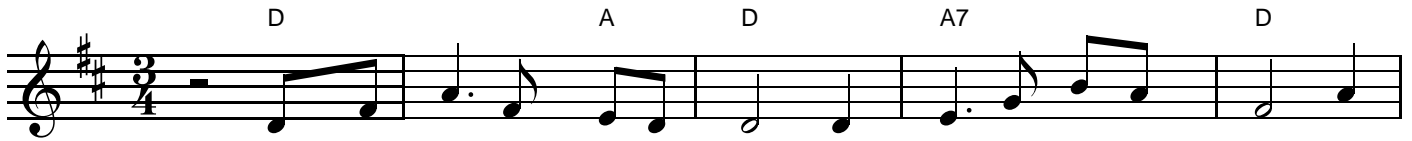


Life Without Joy

Music: Lewis Hartsough 1828-1872 "Gwahoddiad"

Words: Warren Mars 2018



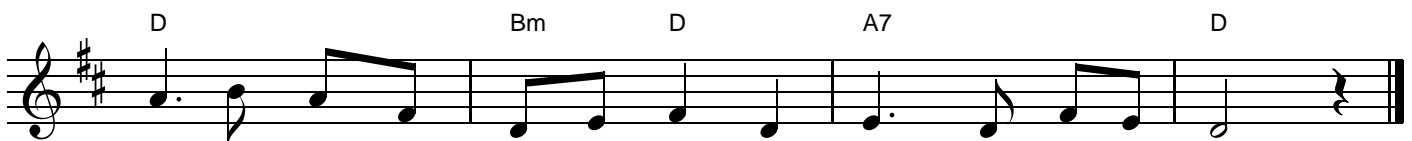
1. When the mor - ning sun - light beams in - to my slee - py eyes, I
2. As I work through - out the day, per - for - ming as I'm told, Some -
3. At the en - ding of the week, I count my hard - earned pay, and
4. In my youth I had a dream, a plan to let me fly. But
5. There's a point in ma - ny lives, where prob - lems cross the line, and



force my - self up out of bed to face a - no - ther day
times I feel just like a slave and wish that I were free.
find when all the bills are paid what's left is ra - ther small.
life has al - ways cut me down and left my dream de - nied.
mi - ser - y is all a - round and no - thing gets you high.



Where is all the fun? Where my wor - thy prize? This
Free to be a - live! Free to find my gold! If
Why should I be poor? Why can I not play? Why
Still I want my chance! Still I want to try! I
No, it is - n't fair. No, the sun won't shine. Each



life is not all that I hoped or else I've lost my way.
ev - ery - thing feels like a chore then what's the point for me?
must I al - ways go with - out, when o - thers have it all?
need to show just who I am be - fore it's dead in - side.
life must have its share of joy or else it's best to die.