

Arthur Hugh Clough  
(1819-61)

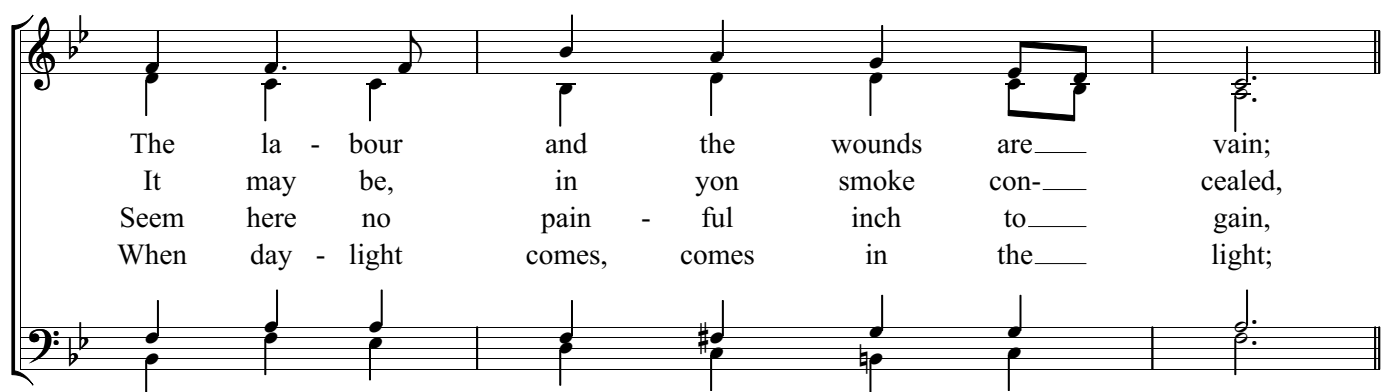
# Say not, 'The struggle nought availeth'

S. S. Wesley  
(1810-1876)

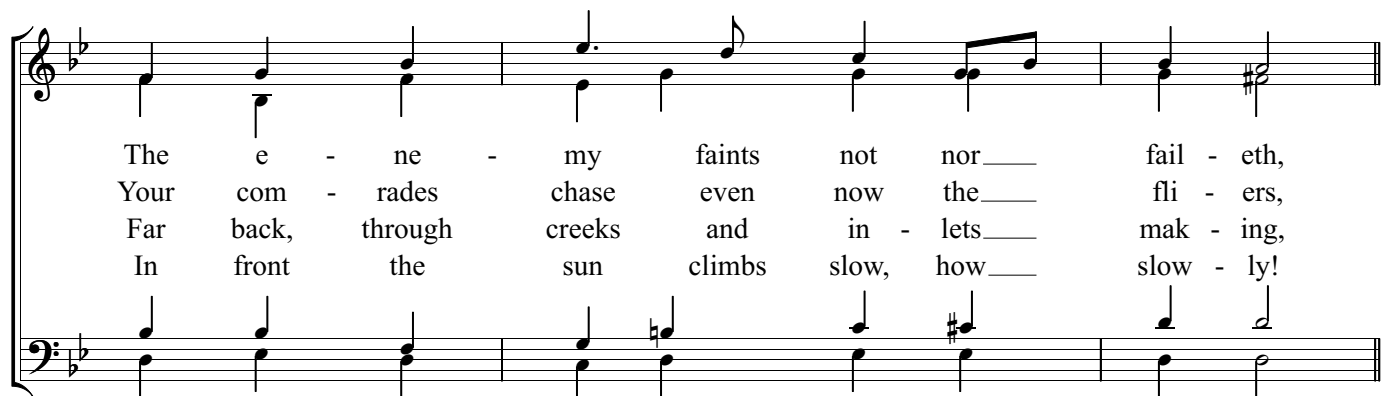
Grace Dieu



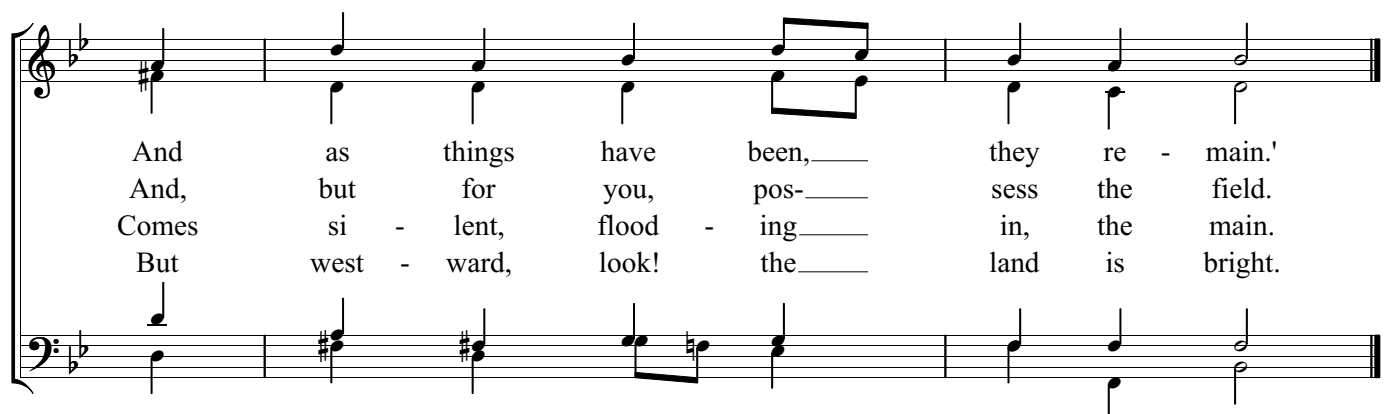
1. Say not, 'The stug - gle nought a - vail - eth;  
2. If hopes were dupes, fears may be li - ars:  
3. For while the tired waves, vain - ly break - ing,  
4. And not by east - ern win - dows on - ly,



The la - bour and the wounds are — vain;  
It may be, in yon smoke con - cealed,  
Seem here no pain - ful inch to — gain,  
When day - light comes, comes in the — light;



The e - ne - my faints not nor — fail - eth,  
Your com - rades chase even now the — fli - ers,  
Far back, through creeks and in - lets — mak - ing,  
In front the sun climbs slow, how — slow - ly!



And as things have been, — they re - main.'  
And, but for you, pos - sess the field.  
Comes si - lent, flood - ing — in, the main.  
But west - ward, look! the — land is bright.