

Carry On

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Homer Rodeheaver

1. It's eas - y to fight when ev - ry thing's right,
2. And so in the strife of the bat - tle of life
3. There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,

And you're mad with the thrill and the glo - ry; It's eas - y to cheer when vic - to - ry's near, And
It's eas - y to fight when you're winning; It's eas - y to slave, and starve and be brave, When the
And some who in brut - ish - ness wal - low; There are others, I know, who in pi - e - ty go Be -

wal - low in fields that are gor - y. It's a dif - fer - ent song when ev - ry thing's wrong, When you're
dawn of suc - cess is be - gin - ning. But the man who can meet de - spair and de - feat With a
- cause of a heav - en to fol - low. But to la - bor with zest, and to give of your best, For the

feel - ing in - fer - nal - ly mor - tal; When it's ten a - gainst one, and hope there is none, Buck
cheer, there's the man of God's choos - ing; The man who can fight to heav - en's own height Is the
sweet - ness and joy of giv - ing; To help folks a - long with a hand and a song; Why,

up, lit - tle sol - dier, and chor tle: Car ry on! Car ry on! There is - n't much punch in your
 man who can fight when he's los-ing. Car ry on! Car ry on! Things nev - er were looming so
 there's the real sun-shine of liv-ing. Car ry on! Car ry on! Fight the good fight and

blow. You're glar-ing and star-ing and hit-ting out blind; You're mud - dy and blood-y, but
 black. But show that you have-n't a cow-ard - ly streak, And though you're un-luck - y you
 true; Be - lieve in your mis-sion, greet life with a cheer; There's big work to do, and that's

nev - er you mind. Car ry on! Car ry on! You have-n't the ghost of a show. It's
 nev - er are weak. Car ry on! Car ry on! Brace up for an - oth - er at - tack. It's
 why you are here. Car ry on! Car ry on! Let the world be the bet - ter for you; And at

1,2
 look ing like death, but while you've a breath, Car ry on, my son! Car ry on!
 look ing like hell, but you nev - er can tell: Car ry on, old man! Car ry on!

last when you die, let this be your cry: Car ry on, my soul! Car ry on!