Descriptive Song with Refrain

RUINED Through The STRIKE

Words by Richard Boyce
Music by Stanley Clayton

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Ruined Through the Strike.

Descriptive Song with Refrain.

Words by RICHARD BOYCE. Music by STANLEY CLAYTON.

Moderato.

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never rose the morning sun, On hearts more glad and free; We
soldiers fired into the crowd, And I-- I lost an arm! I
soon up on his cot. My little boy lay sick; All
heart that's steeped in bitterness, And never to be glad. I

all were happy in our love, Myself, my wife and boy, Un-
lost an arm, but more than that, I lost my faith in men, And
for the simple wants of life, He pined away and died, And
wonder sometimes, what is life. And where can be my God? Per-

roll.

Ruin through the strife. 3-2.
Refrain.

ruined thro' the strike.  O the wea-ry tho't of it; The long, wea-ry strike,

0 the troubl- le brought of it: Wait-ing, hope-ful of the mor-row,

That was but to bring us sorrow, Pain and care is ev-rywhere. We were ruined by the strike.

Ruined through the Strike. 3-3.