The girl's lesson.

'Tis not the way, it's more a matter of degree,

But now the day is done, the work is done.

And every step's the end of a day's toil;

'Gainst which the sun has set, against the sky's gold.

Yet still he toils, he plods, he[strains his heart, till

The limb at last is gone, and death comes to rest.

But still he 's life, though slow and long, and weary;

And yet, he's strong, he's valiant, and he's true;

In every hour of struggle, in every toil;

He's strong, he's valiant, and he's true;

He's brave, he's strong, he's true, his heart to meet;

And yet, he's life, though slow and long, and weary;

He's strong, he's valiant, and he's true;

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