THE TOP OF THE HILL.

Words by
LINDSAY CLIFFORD.

Music by
HAROLD SAMUEL.

I
Steep is the hill we have to climb day by day,
Lone-some for most of us, and
cheer-less and grey,
The clouds dark-en o'er us,
But ev - er be - fore us The
sun lights the hill - top and points out the way: And he who'd get there must have en...
-durance and pluck, And trust in himself instead of trusting to luck, He must

toil might and main, or his toil is in vain And when once he's begun He must not

rest till he's won, But strive on and on with untiring will Until he's

climbed to the top of the hill. To the

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top of the hill it's steep and it's long, For the one road that's right you've scores that are wrong; And the right road is lonely, each step makes it only seem farther and farther away from you still. But don't stop and say the job can't be done, There is always a way, the goal can be won, So keep a good swinging stride And throw your doubts all aside, And you'll
Sometimes you tire and feel you can't do your part, Rivals ahead may bring an ache to your heart. You're tough and you're strong, yet the journey seems long When the other chap's got all the best of the start; But speed up your pace and put your heart in your stride, You're
near-ing the last few hun-dred yards that de-cide, Car-ry on, bat-tle on, it's a
fight for the right, Just a bit more to climb, You're catch-ing up all the time, The
top of the hill has n't room for two, You bet the one that gets there must be you.
To the top of the hill it's steep and it's long, For the one road that's right you've
scores that are wrong, And the right road is lone-ly, each step makes it on - ly Seem far-ther and far-thera-

way from you still: But don't stop and say the job can't be done, There is al-ways a way, the

goal can be won, So keep a good swing-ing stride And throw your doubts all a-side, And you'll climb to the top of the

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