Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
EMMERICH KALMAN

Life's A Tale.

Piano

Life's a thing of swift sur-
Life how'er you may sur-

Lifes 
is like those tales we've
round it With a gla-
mance Baffling all our wild sur-

ides

T.B.H. Co. 13-4

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When we tried to guess a head
Life's a story which, when
Far more like a game of chance
Fortune whether it be

we begin it, Seemed a jumble long drawn
harsh or kindly Governs all the world I

out, But you'll find the author as you scan it
know, Ev'rything just seems to happen blindly

knows what he's about not a doubt But till the final
I found that was so, long ago But till the final

T.B.H. Co. 13-4
page is turned. That fact cannot be learned And so, the only
die is oast, Your luck may change at last It's nothing if you
way, you see, Is just to read on patiently. For
lose or win, The only rule is "Don't give in." For

Refrain.
Tempo di Valse.

Life's a tale, unfolding slow; What's coming
Life's a game that all must play, If fortune

next we never know Take chapter twenty
turns her face away, Don't yield or falter,
woes a - plen - ty that may hold.
Time may alter her dis - dain.

Latter on you'll find things mend - ing. There will
Tho' today she gives you sor - row. She may

be a hap - py end - ing. Wed - ding bells and
smile on you to - mor - row. Bring - ing joy for

gold. Wait till the sto - ry's all been told.
pain. Rattle the dice and throw a - gain.