Yet we learn to quarrel And to hate;

Afterwards regret it when too late.
"Tis a little journey
This we walk;
Hardly time for murmurs

Time for talk.
Yet we learn to quarrel
And to hate;

Yet we learn to quarrel...
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Af - ter wards re - gret it when to late.

And to hate; Af - ter wards re - gret it

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Now and then 'tis sun - shine Some - times dark;

rall. . . . . ,

rall. . . . . ,
Sometimes care and sorrow leave their mark.

Yet we walk the pathway Side by side;
Where so many others lived and died.

We can see the moral, understand;
Yet we walk not always hand in hand.

Why must there be hatred? Greed and strife?
Do we need such shadows here in life?

Why must there be hatred?
Greed and strife?

Do we need such shadows

Here in life?