

The Victor's Song

A_b

1. Press on - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, press on - ward to the prize! Tho' shad - ows
2. Press on - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, the Mas - ter know - eth best! Thy way He
3. Press on - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, and gird thine ar - mor strong! The walls of

deep may gath - er and dis - mal clouds a - rise; Some-time the rays of sun - light will
hath ap - point - ed, and He will give thee rest; His face must be re - flect - ed, His
sin are trem - bling, the fight will not be long; The hosts of sin and dark - ness are

pierce the deep - est gloom, And round thy rug - ged path-way the flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
fire all dross con - sume, Then in His arms pro - tect - ed the flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
march-ing to their doom, Then in thy heart for - ev - er the flow'rs of peace shall bloom.

Chorus

Press on-ward, on-ward, The prize lies just be-yond! Press on-ward,
up-ward, on-ward, for The prize lies just be-yond! up-ward,

Press on-ward, on-ward, The prize lies just be-yond! Press on-ward,
up-ward, on-ward, for The prize lies just be-yond! up-ward,

The Victor's Song

on-ward, Soon shall thy crown be won! Press on-ward, on-ward! Fear not, tho'
on-ward press! up-ward, on-ward, and

foes be strong; Re - joice! for yours in glo - ry Shall be the vic - tor's song.
press on!

foes be strong; Re - joice! for yours in glo - ry Shall be the vic - tor's song.
press on!