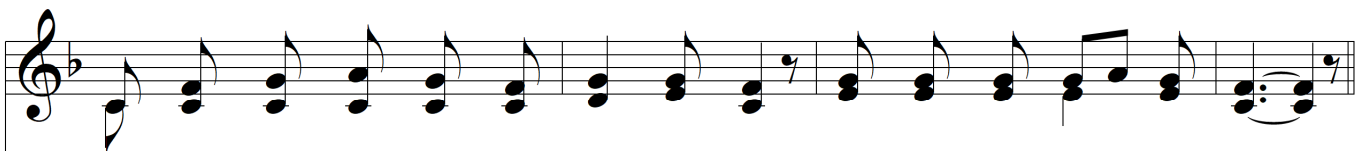


# The Jewels Of God



1. Who are those pil - grims in plain at - tire, Trav - 'ling the King's high-way?  
2. Torn are their feet from the thorn - y path, Still they do not com-plain;  
3. Stones that are pre - cious must pol - ished be, Well do they un - der-stand;  
4. "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts," Cheered by that word are they;  
5. Tho't of His com - ing so near at hand Each to new ef - fort stirs;



Some won - drous hope must their hearts in - spire, Here they re - fuse to stay.  
Cheer - ful - ly ev - er they press their way On - ward the prize to gain.  
Pil - grims must look not for home and cheer, While in a hos - tile land.  
"When I shall make up My jew - els" fair, Bright - ly to shine for aye.  
Thru Him that loves them right soon shall they Be more than con - quer - ors.



## Chorus



They are the jew - els of God, They are the jew - els of God; Rough stones made



beau - ti - ful, Re - bels made du - ti - ful, They are the jew - els of God.

