The Victor’s Crown

1. Gird thy sword and make thine armor strong, Day by day the warfare
   rag-es long; Join the cause of right a- gainst the wrong,—Thine shall
   be the vic-tor’s crown!

2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de-ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
   an-gels hide; God Him-self is ev-er on thy side,—Thine shall
   Glo-ri-ous crown the Sav-ior’s hand will hold,

3. For-ward still! the vic-t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at
   set of sun; Rich re-ward a-waits the work well done,—Thine shall
   be the vic-tor’s crown,

4. Firm-ly stand! O fal-ter not, nor yield; Brave-ly fight till thou hast
   won the field; "Faith in God" en-graved up-on thy shield,—Thine shall
   Price-less crown of ev-er-last-ing gold, Heav’n-ly crown that

Words: Hattie H. Pierson
Music: D. B. Towner
The Victor’s Crown

Glorious crown the Savior’s hand will hold, Price-less crown of ever-lasting gold,

Heav’n-ly crown that never will grow old - Thine shall be the victor’s crown.