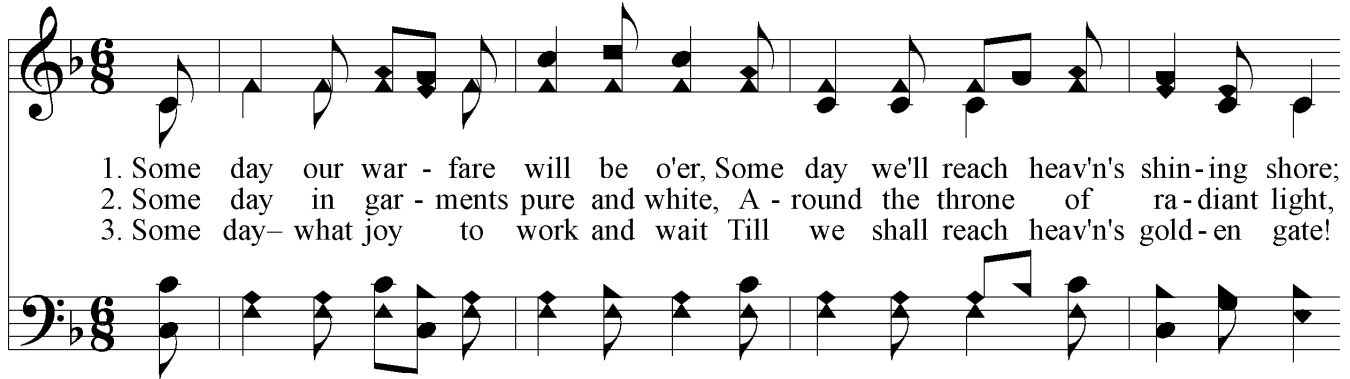
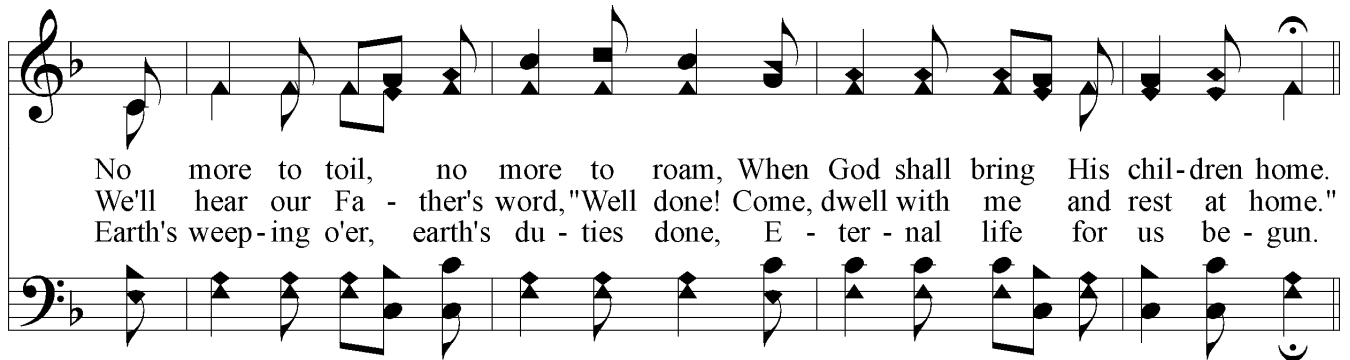


When Victory Is Won




1. Some day our war - fare will be o'er, Some day we'll reach heav'n's shin-ing shore;
2. Some day in gar - ments pure and white, A - round the throne of ra-diant light,
3. Some day- what joy to work and wait Till we shall reach heav'n's gold-en gate!

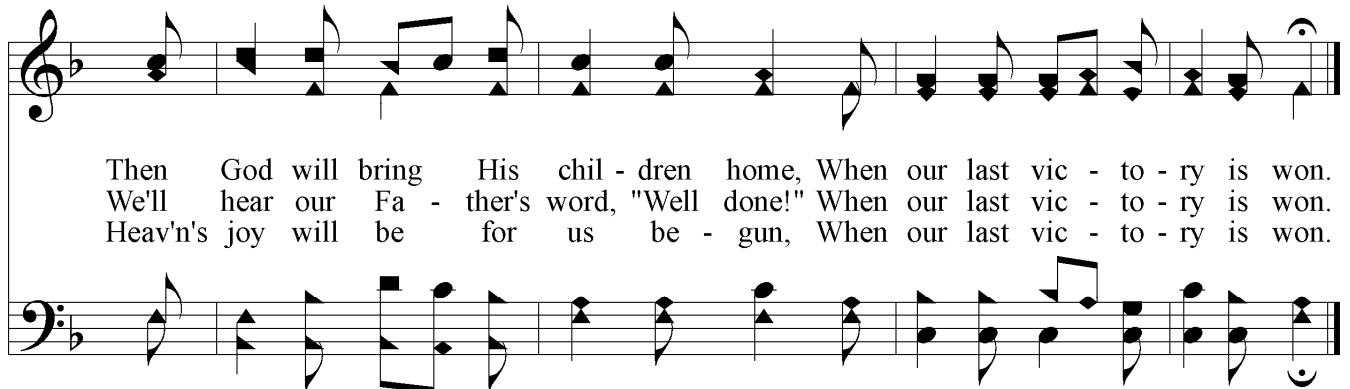


No more to toil, no more to roam, When God shall bring His chil-dren home.
We'll hear our Fa - ther's word, "Well done! Come, dwell with me and rest at home."
Earth's weep-ing o'er, earth's du - ties done, E - ter - nal life for us be - gun.

Chorus



Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,
Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,
Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,



Then God will bring His chil - dren home, When our last vic - to - ry is won.
We'll hear our Fa - ther's word, "Well done!" When our last vic - to - ry is won.
Heav'n's joy will be for us be - gun, When our last vic - to - ry is won.