

CROWN OF VICTORY.

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1. Thou who didst stoop be - low, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mor - tal - i - ty,
 2. It was no path of flow'rs, Thru this dark world of ours Be - lov - ed of the Fa - ther, Thou didst tread;

3. O Thou who art our life, Be with us thru the strife; Thy own meek head by rud - est storms was bowed;
 4. E'en thru the aw - ful gloom Which hov - ers o'er the tomb, That light of love our guid - ing star shall be;

Thy bless - ed la - bors done, Thy crown of vic - t'ry won, Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.
 And shall we, in dis - may, Shrink from the nar - row way, When clouds and dark - ness all a - round it spread.

Raise Thou our eyes a - bove, To see a Fa - ther's love Beam like a bow of prom - ise, thru the cloud.
 Our spir - its shall not dread The shad - 'wy way to tread, Friend, Guard - ian, Sav - ior, which doth lead to Thee.