

# Faith Is the Victory!

JOHN H. YATES

IRA D. SANKEY

1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And  
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We  
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let  
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n; Be-

press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies. A-gainst the foe in  
tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of triumph trod. By faith, they like a  
tents of ease be left be-hind, And—onward to the fray. Sal-va-tion's helmet  
fore the an-gels he shall know His name confessed in heav'n. Then onward from the

vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know,  
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death  
on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,  
hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,

## CHORUS

That o-ver-comes the world.  
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the  
And ech-o with our shout.  
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the

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vic-to-ry! Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That o-ver-comes the world.  
vic-to-ry!

## Beneath the Cross of Jesus

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ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Be-neath the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand,  
2. Up-on that cross of Je-sus Mine eye at times can see  
3. I take, O cross thy shad-ow For my a-bid-ing-place;

The shad-ow of a might-y Rock With-in a wea-ry land;  
The ver-y dy-ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me;  
I ask no oth-er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face;

A home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way,  
And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con-fess,  
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn-ing of the noon-day heat, And the bur-den of the day.  
The won-ders of His glo-ri-ous love, And my own worth-less-ness.  
My sin-ful self my on-ly shame, My glo-ry all the cross.