

A. Festival Hymn.

Words by REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS, M.A.
(Prebendary of St. Paul's.)

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN, Mus. Doc.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

VOICES IN UNISON.
mf Rather slowly. *cres.*

1. In the Faith of Christ proceed-ing On-ward ev - er till we die; Scorn and ha - tred
2. Thine the Faith we march, pro-fess-ing; Thine the fight that wa-geth still: Ours the Creed they

ORGAN. *mf* *cres.* *mf*

all un-heed-ing, For His ban-ner floats on high! Saints and mar-tyrs marched be-fore us,
died con-fess-ing—We their emp-ty pla-ces fill. Now they rest in God's own keep-ing,

cres. *ff*

cres. *molto e . . . ff*

With their blood the path is red; Lo! the Cross that shin-eth o'er us With their crowns is gar-land-ed.
Where no e-vil thing is known, Whilst their bo-dies, calm ly sleep-ing, Wait His sum-mons to the throne.

dim. *mf*

dim. *mf* *dim.*

3 Some day all the east shall brighten,
Greeting our returning Lord,
Who the load of sin shall lighten,
Crowns vouchsafing for the sword:
Then, all toil in triumph ended,
We will greet the endless day,
And ascend where He ascended,
Where all tears are wiped away.

4 Friends and loved ones gone before us
Call us onward through the night,
Angels float in measured chorus,
Seen by faith, though hid from sight:
Soon with them shall we be raising
Alleluias to the skies,
Sharing all the joys amazing
Of the restful Paradise!

