

The Crowning Day

Thomas O. Blair, 1889

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♩=95



1. Are you march-ing in the ar-my of our king, To that gold-en land of bliss be-yond the
2. Are you fight-ing 'neath the ban-ner of the cross, True and faith-ful to your Sav-ior till you
3. Hear the Sav-ior's voice a-bove the strife and din, While the fier-y darts of Sa-tan 'round you
4. We'll press on-ward to that coun-try won-drous fair, To that fair-y land of peace be-yond the

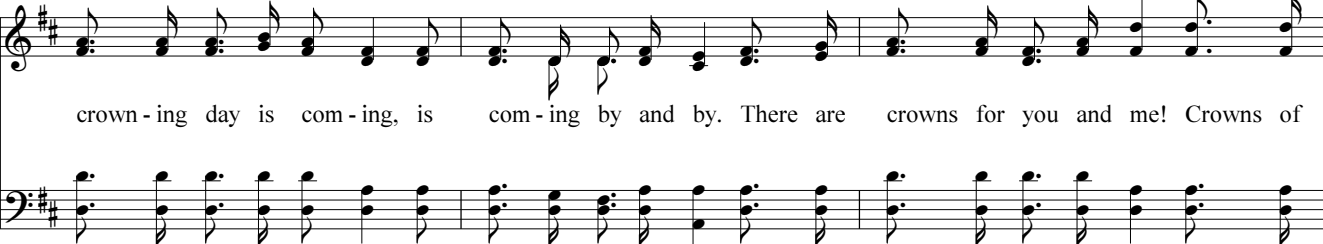


sky? Ev-en now His prais-es bring, Let the chor-us loud-ly ring, For the
die? If sus-tain-ing earth-ly loss, Know these trea-sures are but dross, And the
fly! You the vic-to-ry shall win, O-ver death, and hell, and sin, For the
sky; Earth-ly crowns can-not com-pare With the crowns the saints shall wear, In the



Refrain

crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
crown-ing day is com-ing by and by. Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing, is com-ing by and by, Yes, the
crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.



crown-ing day is com-ing, is com-ing by and by. There are crowns for you and me! Crowns of



gold, by faith, we'll see, Crowns and king-doms in a bet-ter world on high.