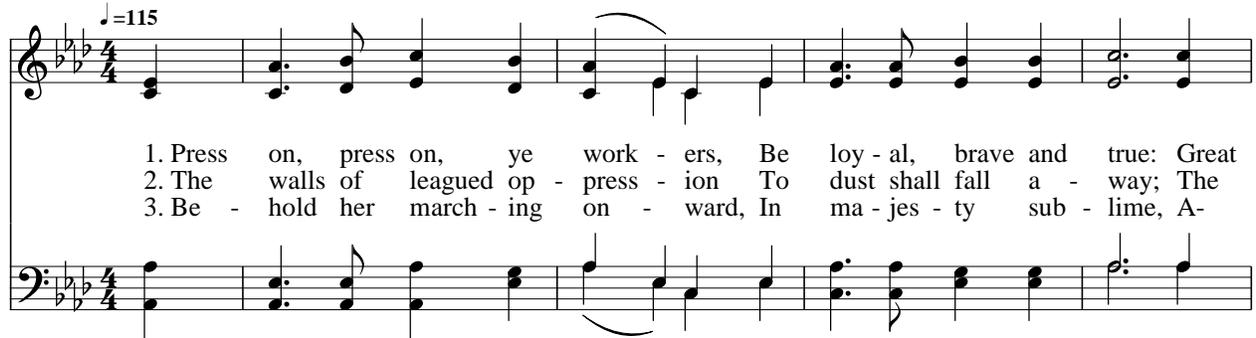


# Press On, Press On, Ye Workers

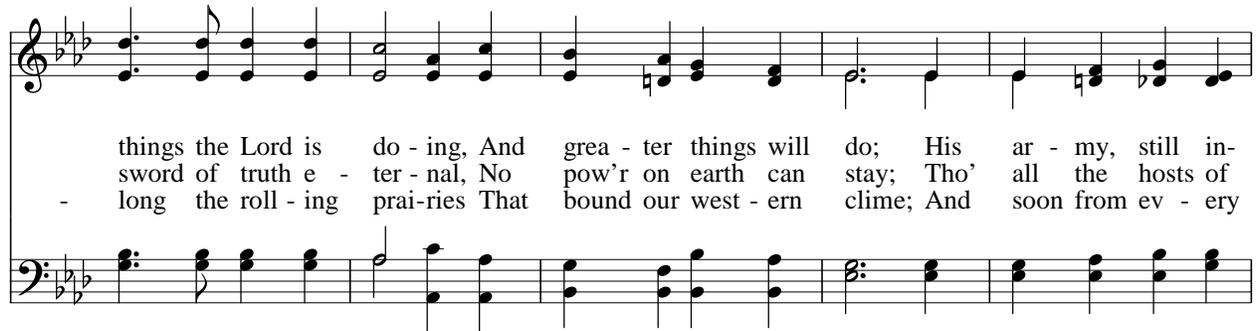
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1894

John Robson Sweney

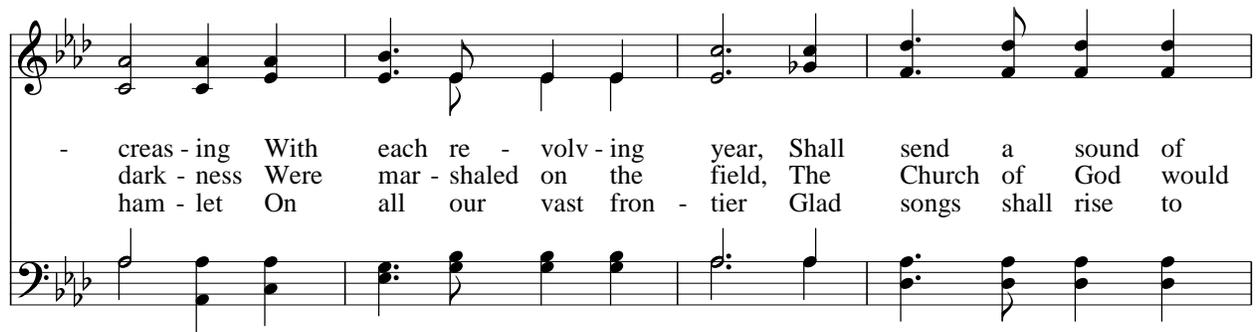
*♩=115*



1. Press on, press on, ye work - ers, Be loy - al, brave and true: Great  
2. The walls of leagued op - press - ion To dust shall fall a - way; The  
3. Be - hold her march - ing on - ward, In ma - jes - ty sub - lime, A -



things the Lord is do - ing, And grea - ter things will do; His ar - my, still in -  
sword of truth e - ter - nal, No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho' all the hosts of  
- long the roll - ing prai - ries That bound our west - ern clime; And soon from ev - ery



- creas - ing With each re - volv - ing year, Shall send a sound of  
dark - ness Were mar - shaled on the field, The Church of God would  
ham - let On all our vast fron - tier Glad songs shall rise to

*Refrain*



rap - ture forth That all the world shall hear. Re - joice, re -  
stand un - moved, With Christ her strength and shield.  
Je - sus, While the skep - tics turn to hear. Re - joice, re -

- re-joice, ye work-ers all, re-joice! O clap your hands and sing, O  
- re-joice, re-joice and sing,

clap your hands and sing! God's ho-ly Church shall tri-umph yet, Tri-umph yet,

tri-umph yet, And He shall reign our King, Shall reign our King.