

Press On, Press On, Ye Workers**Words: Fanny Crosby, 1894. Music: John Sweeney.**

Press on, press on, ye workers,
Be loyal, brave and true:
Great things the Lord is doing,
And greater things will do;
His army, still increasing
With each revolving year,
Shall send a sound of rapture forth
That all the world shall hear.

Refrain

Rejoice, rejoice, ye workers all, rejoice!
O clap your hands and sing,
O clap your hands and sing!
God's holy Church shall triumph yet,
Triumph yet, triumph yet,
And He shall reign our King,
Shall reign our King.

The walls of leagued oppression
To dust shall fall away;
The sword of truth eternal,
No pow'r on earth can stay;
Tho' all the hosts of darkness
Were marshaled on the field,
The Church of God would stand unmoved,
With Christ her strength and shield.

Refrain

Behold her marching onward,
In majesty sublime,
Along the rolling prairies
That bound our western clime;
And soon from every hamlet
On all our vast frontier
Glad songs shall rise to Jesus,
While the skeptics turn to hear.

Refrain