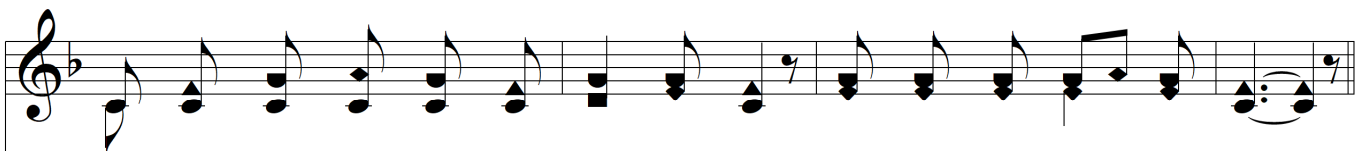


The Jewels Of God



1. Who are those pil - grims in plain at - tire, Trav - 'ling the King's high-way?
2. Torn are their feet from the thorn - y path, Still they do not com-plain;
3. Stones that are pre - cious must pol - ished be, Well do they un - der-stand;
4. "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts," Cheered by that word are they;
5. Tho't of His com - ing so near at hand Each to new ef - fort stirs;



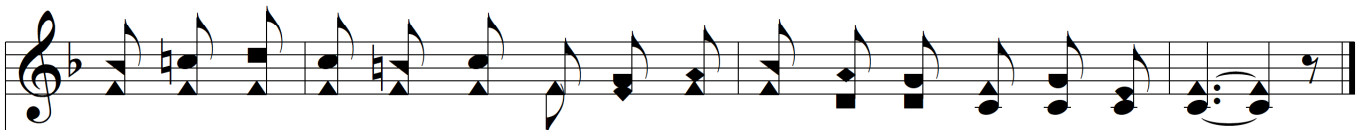
Some won - drous hope must their hearts in - spire, Here they re - fuse to stay.
Cheer - ful - ly ev - er they press their way On - ward the prize to gain.
Pil - grims must look not for home and cheer, While in a hos - tile land.
"When I shall make up My jew - els" fair, Bright - ly to shine for aye.
Thru Him that loves them right soon shall they Be more than con - quer - ors.



Chorus



They are the jew - els of God, They are the jew - els of God; Rough stones made



beau - ti - ful, Re - bels made du - ti - ful, They are the jew - els of God.

