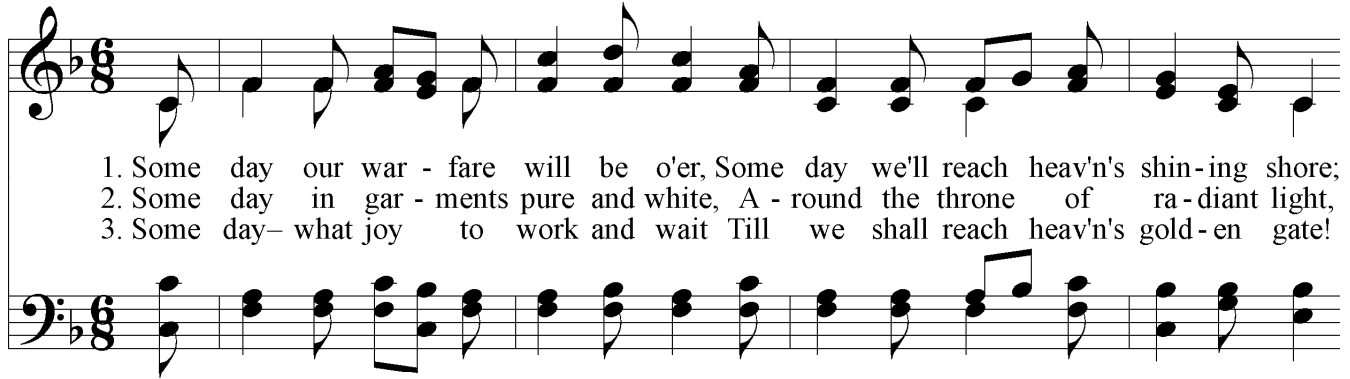
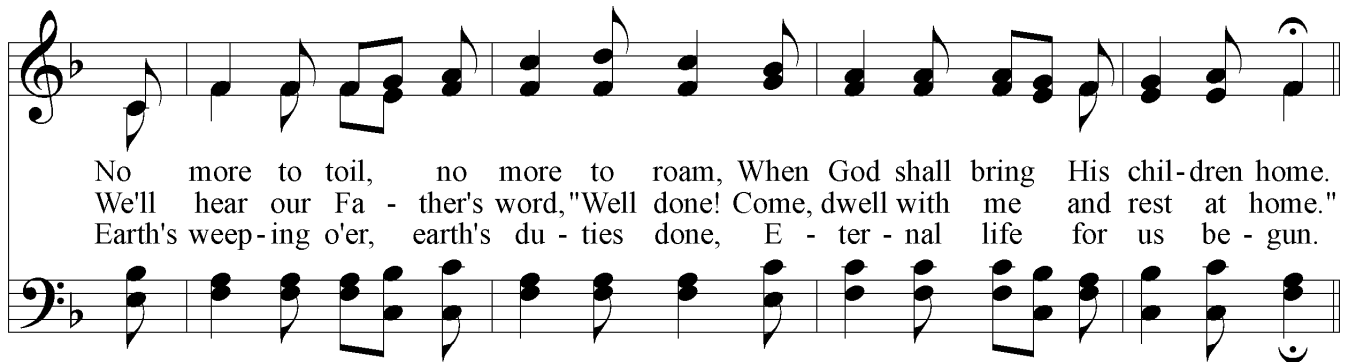


# When Victory Is Won



1. Some day our war - fare will be o'er, Some day we'll reach heav'n's shin-ing shore;  
2. Some day in gar - ments pure and white, A - round the throne of ra - diant light,  
3. Some day - what joy to work and wait Till we shall reach heav'n's gold - en gate!

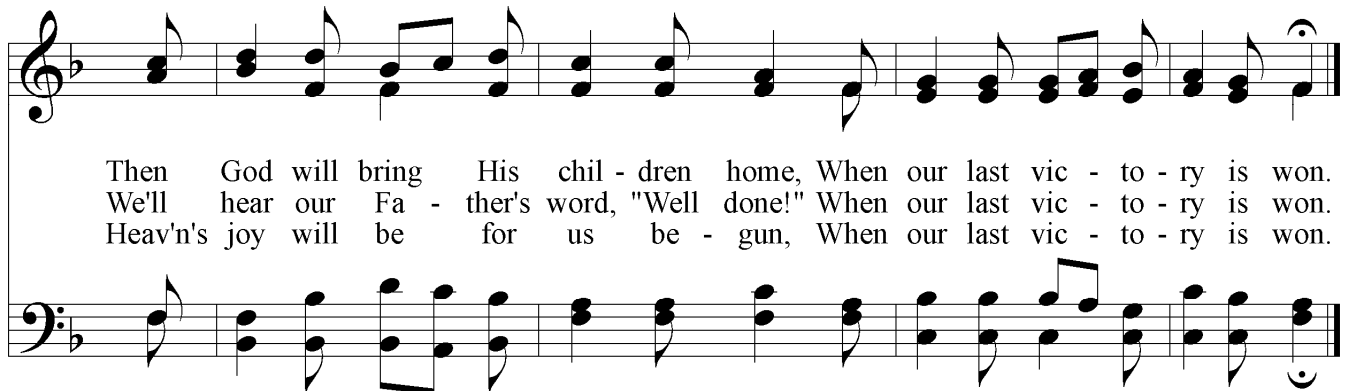


No more to toil, no more to roam, When God shall bring His chil - dren home.  
We'll hear our Fa - ther's word, "Well done! Come, dwell with me and rest at home."  
Earth's weep - ing o'er, earth's du - ties done, E - ter - nal life for us be - gun.

## Chorus



Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,  
Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,  
Some day, some shin - ing, gold - en day, All toil and war - fare past for aye,



Then God will bring His chil - dren home, When our last vic - to - ry is won.  
We'll hear our Fa - ther's word, "Well done!" When our last vic - to - ry is won.  
Heav'n's joy will be for us be - gun, When our last vic - to - ry is won.