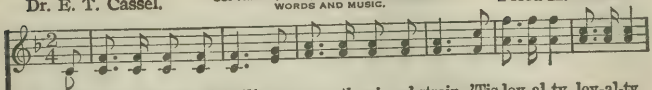


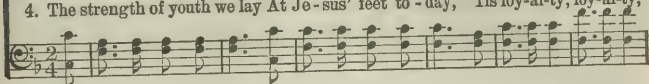
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

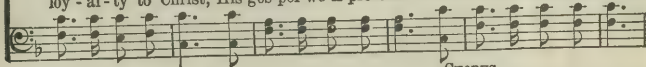
Flora H. Cassel.



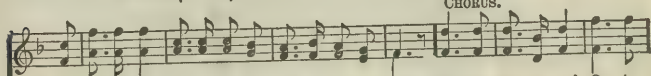
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



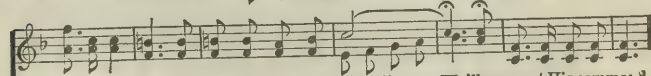
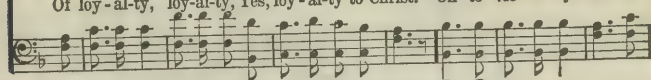
loy - al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy - al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



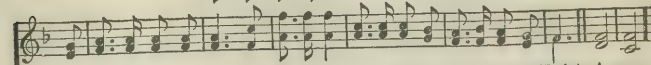
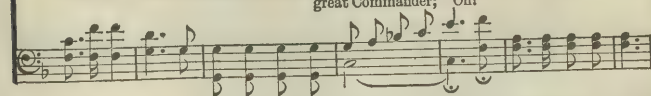
CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His com-mand,
great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

