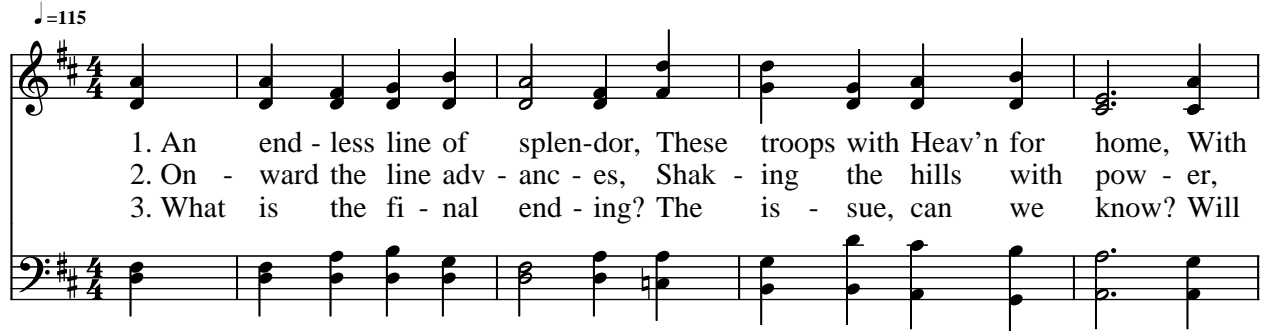


An Endless Line of Splendor

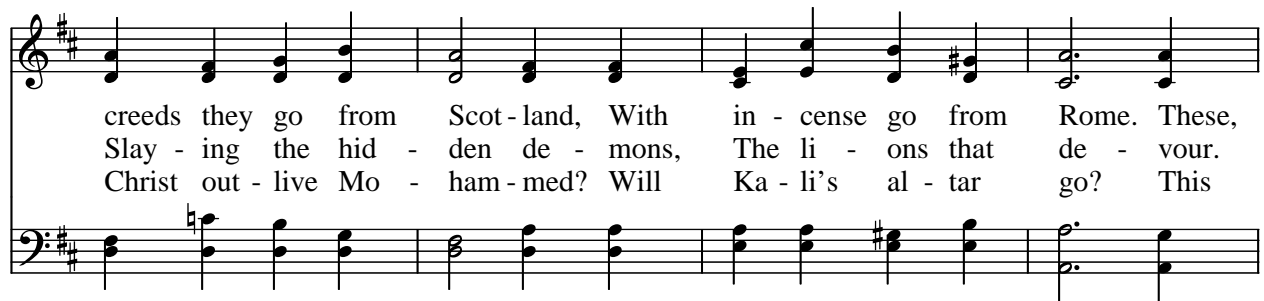
Vachel Lindsay, 1913

Henry Thomas Smart, 1836

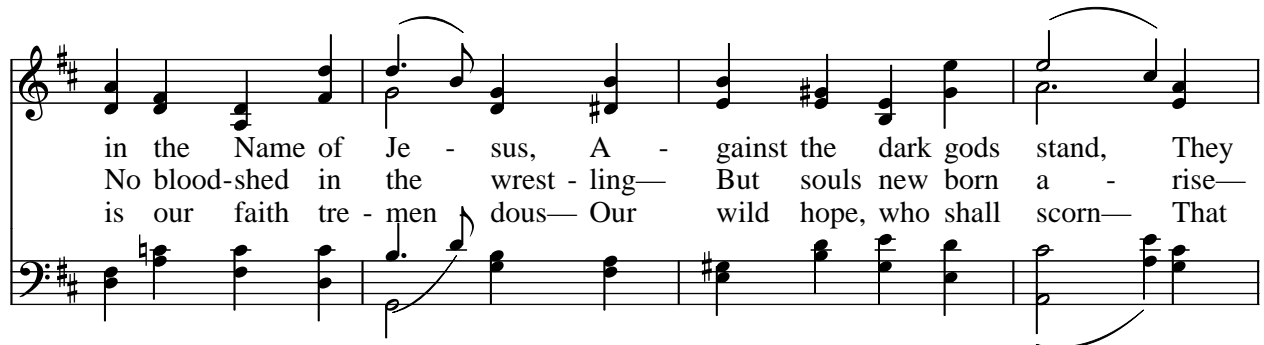
♩ = 115



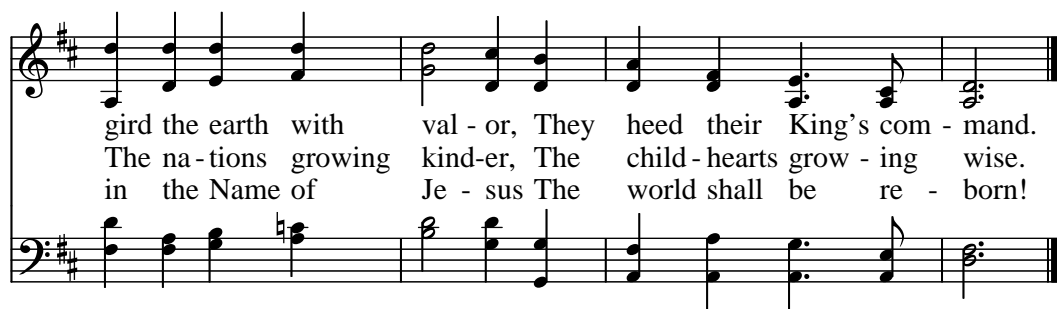
1. An end - less line of splen - dor, These troops with Heav'n for home, With
2. On - ward the line adv - anc - es, Shak - ing the hills with pow - er,
3. What is the fi - nal end - ing? The is - sue, can we know? Will



creeds they go from Scot - land, With in - cense go from Rome. These,
Slay - ing the hid - den de - mons, The li - ons that de - vour.
Christ out - live Mo - ham - med? Will Ka - li's al - tar go? This



in the Name of Je - sus, A - gainst the dark gods stand, They
No blood - shed in the wrest - ling— But souls new born a - rise—
is our faith tre - men - dous— Our wild hope, who shall scorn— That



gird the earth with val - or, They heed their King's com - mand.
The na - tions growing kind - er, The child - hearts grow - ing wise.
in the Name of Je - sus The world shall be re - born!