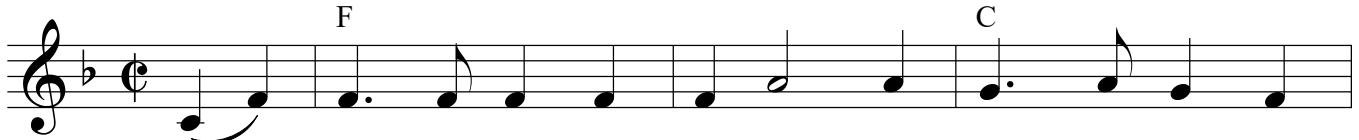
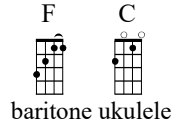
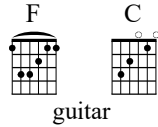
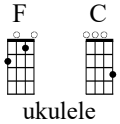
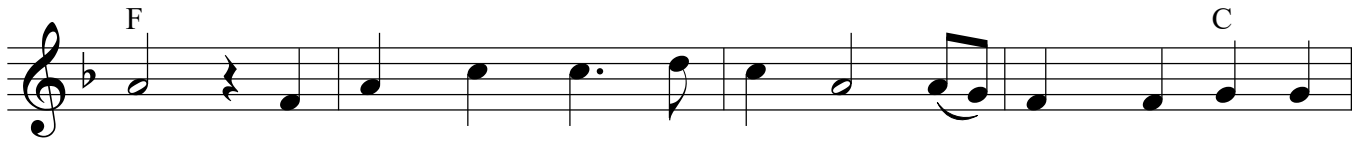


# Palms of Victory

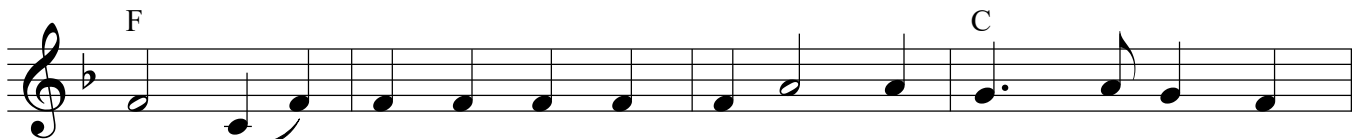
American Hymn



I saw the way - worn trav - 'ler in tat - tered gar - ments  
The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, the sweat was on his  
I saw him in the even - ing, the sun was ben - ding



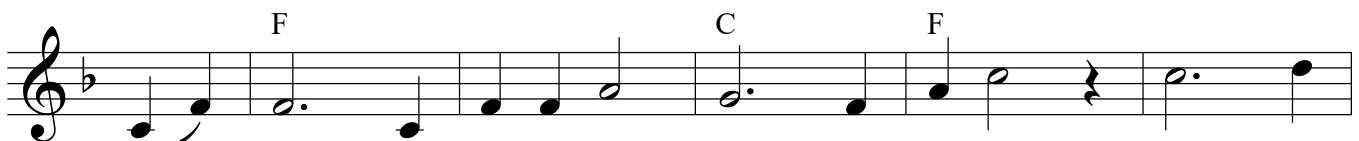
clad, And strugg - ling up the moun - tain, it seemed that he was  
brow, His gar - ments torn and dust - y, his step was ve - ry  
low, He'd o - ver - topped the moun - tain and reached the vale be -



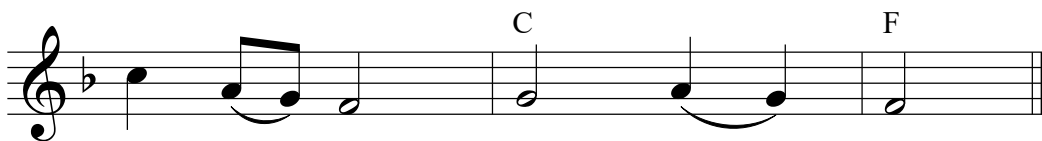
sad. His back was heav - y la - den, his strength was al - most  
slow. Still he kept press - ing on - ward, for he was wend - ing  
low. He saw that Ho - ly ci - ty, his ev - er - last - ing



gone; He shout - ed as he jour - neyed, "De - li - ver - ance will come!"  
home; And shout - ed as he jour - neyed, "De - li - ver - ance will come!"  
home; And shout - ed loud, "Ho - san - na, De - li - ver - ance has come!"



Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of



vic - to - ry I shall wear.