

# An Endless Line of Splendor

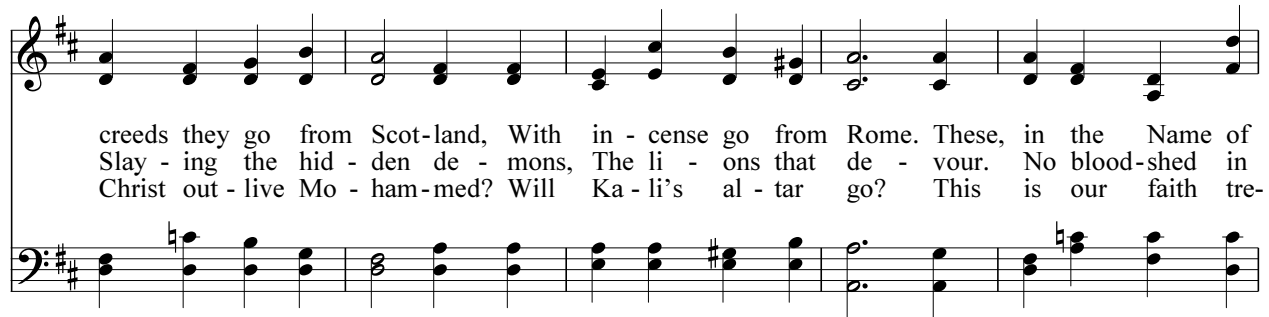
Vachel Lindsay, 1913

Henry Thomas Smart, 1836

♩=110



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, in the Name of  
Slay - ing the hid - den de - mons, The li - ons that de - vour. No blood-shed in  
Christ out - live Mo - ham-med? Will Ka - li's al - tar go? This is our faith tre-



Je - sus, A - gainst the dark gods stand, They gird the earth with val - or, They  
the wrest - ling— But souls new born a - rise— The na - tions growing kind-er, The  
- men - dous— Our wild hope, who shall scorn— That in the Name of Je - sus The



heed their King's com-mand.  
child - hearts grow - ing wise.  
world shall be re - born!