

Gather Jewels for the King

Myra Goodwin Plantz (1856-1914), alt.

Oskar Ahnfelt, 1872

♩=100



1. O ea - ger hand, what are you seek - ing? For the
 2. O rest - less brain, what keeps you burn - ing? Is it
 3. O ran - somed soul, for what the liv - ing? Fo - r
 4. The gold of mount - ain, gems of o - cean, Were worth
 5. There are jew - els worth a life's hard toil - ing Lost in
 6. There is not a soul so black with sin - ning That the



gold the rug - ged mount - ains keep? For the pure white pearls, their beau - ty
 se - crets hid in an - cient lore? Or the mys - tic leaves of na - ture
 what your la - bors, prayers and tears? O - h, what is worth the price - less
 strug - gling if life meant much less; Bu - t what re - pays a soul's de -
 sin and shame's dark o - cean waves, An - d gems that world - ly rust is
 Lamb's pure blood can - not re - store; Then let all your strength be spent in

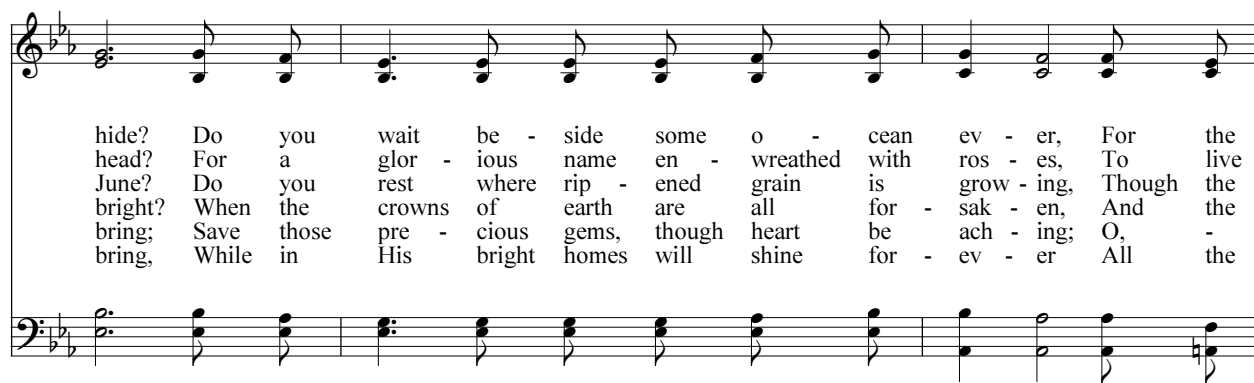


ly - ing 'Neath the tan - gled sea - weed of the deep? Do you
 turn - ing, Read - ing where so ma - ny failed be - fore? Do you
 giv - ing— Time pre - par - ing for im - mor - tal years? Do you
 - vo - tion, But that which e - ter - nal years will bless? Can the
 spoil - ing, And gold bur - ied deep in liv - ing graves; Ga - ther
 win - ning Th - e lost to lov - ing arms once more. Then will

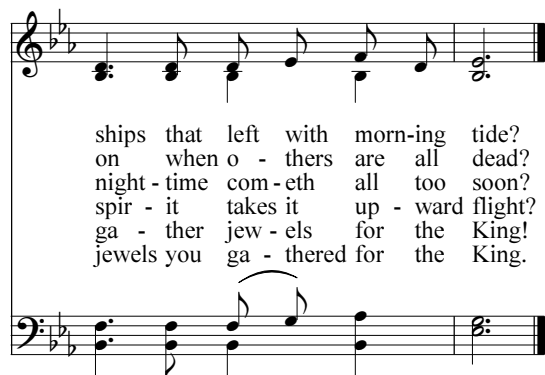


search the sands of dist - ant riv - er, Where the pre - cious star - like dia - monds
 strive that ere the strug - gle clos - es Laur - el crown at last may grace your
 ga - ther flowers that fade while blow - ing All their sweet - ness on the air of
 gold and gems of earth be tak - en When the King comes for His jew - els
 them, though bil - lows cold are break - ing, And the tem - pest bit - ter - ness may
 life be like a peace - ful riv - er, And then death "Well done!" and crown will





hide? Do you wait be - side some o - cean ev - er, For the
 head? For a glor - ious name en - wreathed with ros - es, To live
 June? Do you rest where rip - ened grain is grow - ing, Though the
 bright? When the crowns of earth are all for - sak - en, And the
 bring; Save those pre - cious gems, though heart be ach - ing; O, -
 bring, While in His bright homes will shine for - ev - er All the



ships that left with morn-ing tide?
 on when o - thers are all dead?
 night - time com - eth all too soon?
 spir - it takes it up - ward flight?
 ga - ther jew - els for the King!
 jewels you ga - thered for the King.