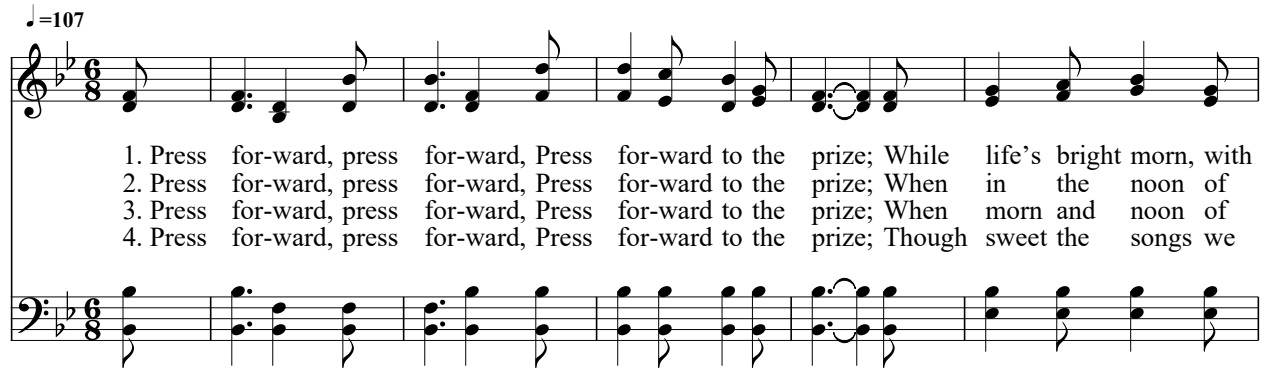


Press Forward

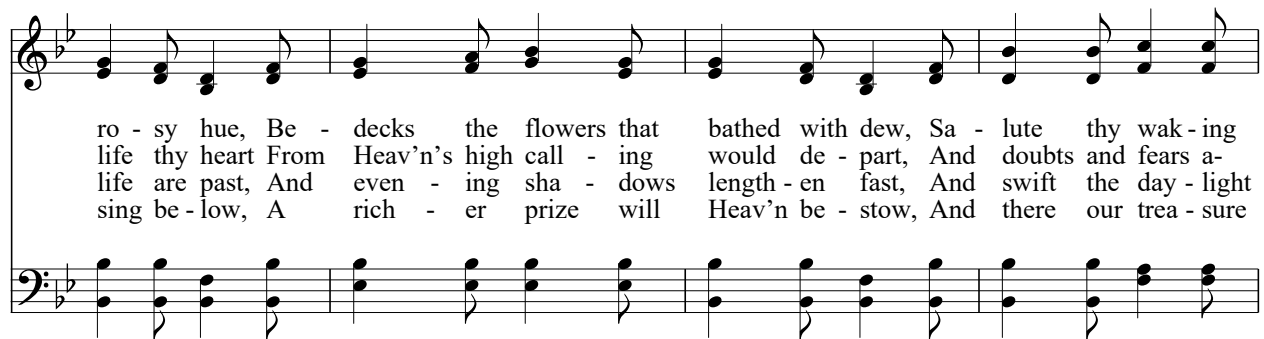
Philip Paul Bliss, 1870

Philip Paul Bliss

$\text{♩} = 107$



1. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; While life's bright morn, with
2. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; When in the noon of
3. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; When morn and noon of
4. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; Though sweet the songs we

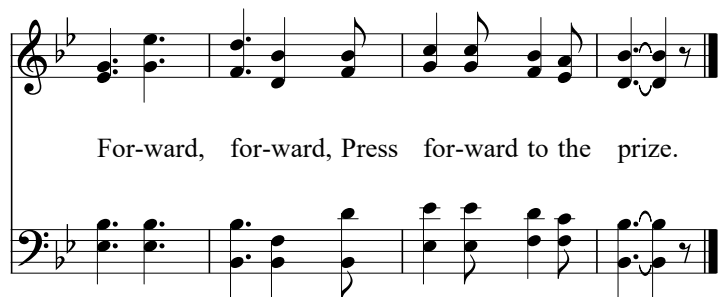


ro - sy hue, Be - decks the flowers that bathed with dew, Sa - lute thy wak - ing
life thy heart From Heav'n's high call - ing would de - part, And doubts and fears a -
life are past, And even - ing sha - dows length - en fast, And swift the day - light
sing be - low, A rich - er prize will Heav'n be - stow, And there our trea - sure

Refrain



eyes, Press for-ward to the prize.
- rise, Press for-ward to the prize. For-ward, for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize.
flies, Press for-ward to the prize.
lies, Press for-ward to the prize.



For-ward, for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize.