

## Guy Penrod "Palms Of Victory"

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I saw the wayward traveler, in garments tattered clad,  
And traveling up the Mountain, it seemed that he was  
sad.

His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost  
gone,  
But he shouted as he journeyed, deliverance will  
come.

Chorus: Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
Palms of victory I shall wear.

The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his  
brow,  
His garments worn and dusty, his step seemed very  
slow.  
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending  
home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed, deliverance will come.

The songsters in the arbor, that stood beside the way,  
Attracted his attention, invited his delay.  
His watchword being Onwards, he stopped his ears  
and ran,  
And shouted as he journeyed, deliverance will come.

I saw him in the evening, the sun was getting low,  
He had overtopped the mounting, and reached the  
vale below.  
He saw the golden city, his everlasting home,  
And shouted hosanna, deliverance will come.

While gazing on the city, just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels came from the throne of God,  
They bore him on their pinions safe o'er the dashing  
foam,  
And joined him in his triumph, Deliverance has come

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