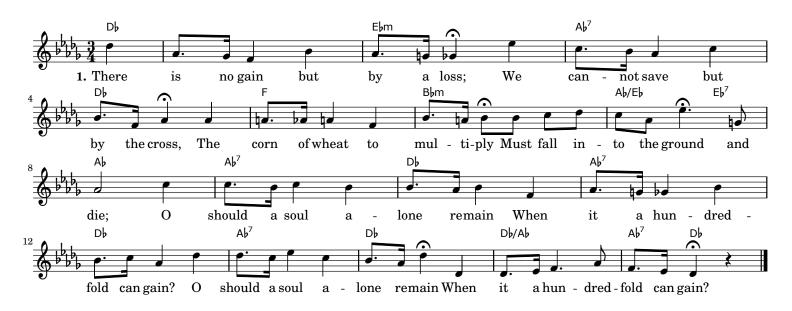
There is no gain but by a loss

The Way of the Cross — Gain by Loss

623



- 2. Our souls are held by all they hold;
 Slaves still are slaves in chains of gold;
 To whatsoever we may cling,
 We make it a soul-chaining thing.
 Whether it be a life or land,
 And dear as our right eye or hand.
 Whether it be a life or land,
 And dear as our right eye or hand.
- 3. Wherever you ripe fields behold,
 Waving to God their sheaves of gold,
 Be sure some com of wheat has died,
 Some saintly soul been crucified;
 Someone has suffered, wept and prayed,
 And fought hell's legions undismayed.
 Someone has suffered, wept and prayed,
 And fought hell's legions undismayed.