

Down the mines for buried treasure

R.R. Terry, 1865-1938

Ecclesia

6

11

16 *Refrain*

21

Down the mines for buried treasure,
See our gallant comrades go,
Down into the lonely darkness,
Seeking lost ones far below.
"Hold the ropes," their voice is calling,
"Hold the ropes, the while we bring
Back from the depths of sin and sorrow,
Gems most precious for our King."

Refrain.

*Hold the ropes, then,
hold them bravely,
Hold them firmly to the end:
O remember, O remember
Precious lives on you depend.*

Learn how Jesus loves the lost ones,
Down amid the darkness there,
All the gold of all the mountains
Cannot with their worth compare;
Freely of His grace receiving,
Boldly His great cause maintain,
They most blest who give most nobly,
Other souls for Christ to gain.

Refrain.

Work for those, who, in the darkness,
Toil to set the captives free,
You may share in all their labour,
Friend and helper you may be;
Pray for them with heart grown tender,
You are near them when you pray,—
O the power divine a prayer brings
To the labourers far away!

Refrain.

Frederick Arthur Jackson