1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood,
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own his cause Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro’ blood-y seas?
Is this vain world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I’ll bear the cross, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
   Shall conquer, though they die;
   They view the triumph from afar
   And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illus-trious day shall rise,
   And all thine armies shine
   In robes of vict’ry through the skies,
   The glory shall be thine. Amen.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1724, alt.
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