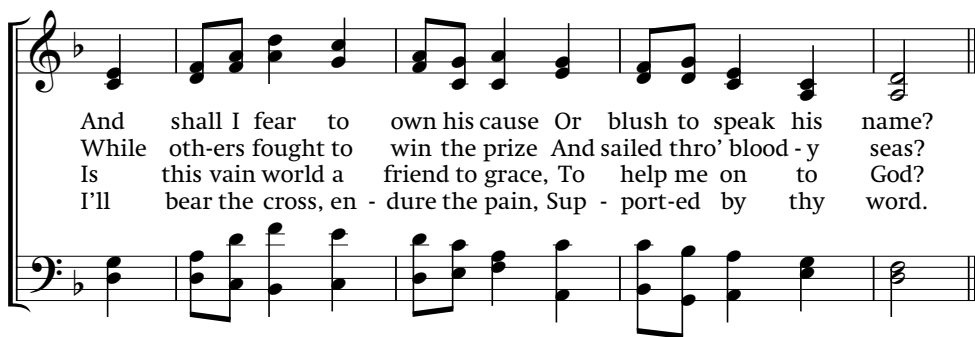


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



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 illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine. Amen.



A - men.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1724, alt.
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