

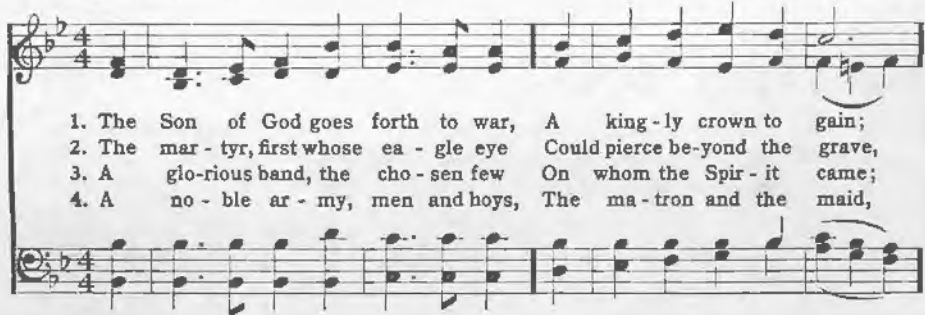
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## The Son of God Goes Forth to War

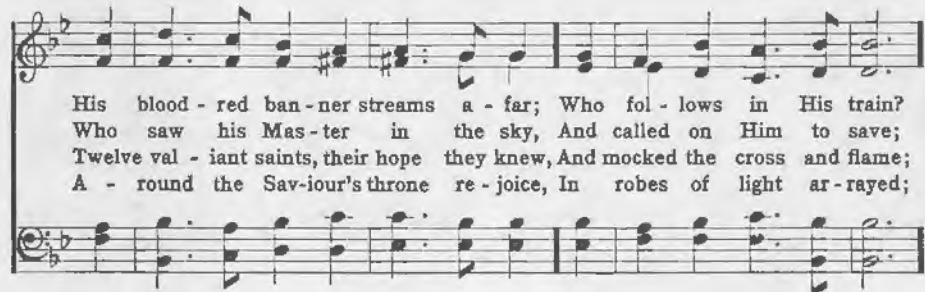
All Saints. C.M.D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827

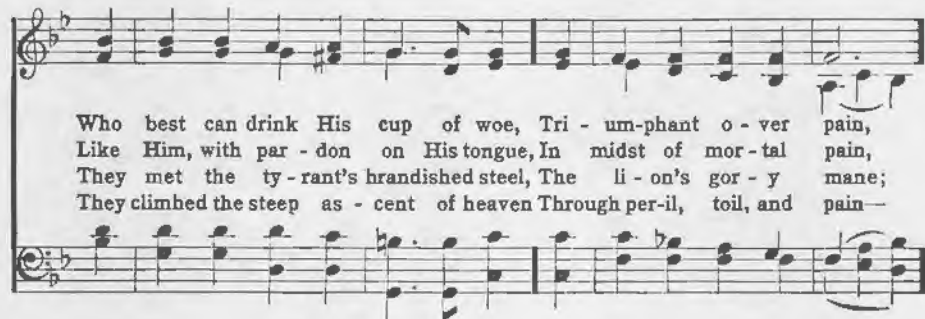
HENRY S. CUTLER, 1872



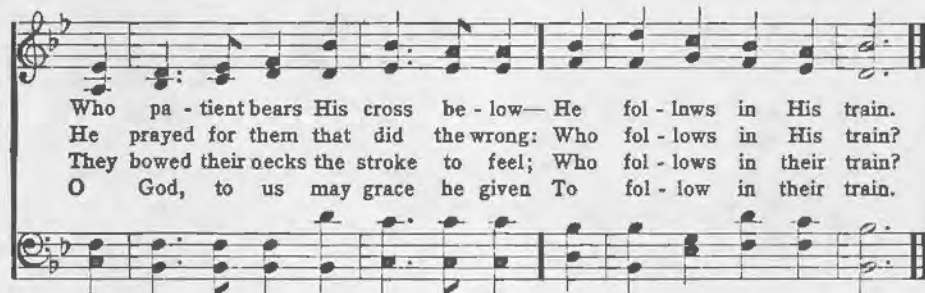
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar-tyr, first whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,  
 3. A glo-ri-ous band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;  
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and hoys, The ma-tron and the maid,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;  
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;  
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-um-phiant o-ver pain,  
 Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,  
 They met the ty-rant's hand-ished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;  
 They climbed the steep as-sent of heaven Through per-il, toil, and pain—



Who pa-tient bears His cross be-low— He fol-lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?  
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.