

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-ery 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;  
 5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer, though they die;  
 6. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine

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And shall I fear to own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?  
 Whilst oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend of grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.  
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, With faith's dis - cern-ing eye.  
 In robes of vic - tory through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.