

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

V. Price

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

3. Thy saints in all this glo-r'ous war Shall con-quer tho they die; They see the tri-umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thru blood-y seas.

Sure I must fight, if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

When that il-lus-tr'ous day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine In robes of vic-t'ry thru the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.