

Issac Watts

Austin

1. Am I a soldier 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, By faith they bring it nigh.

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.