Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(Christian Soldier. C.M.)

F. Price
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p. 45

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to the skies on flow'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to

win the prize, and sail'd through bloo-dy seas.

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? Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage

Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they
die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies the glory shall be Thine!