

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

4. 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.