

# Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ARLINGTON

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, a fol-l'wer of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies on flow-ry 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 glor-ious war shall con-quer, though they die;  
 6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, and all Thine arm-ies shine.

And shall I fear to own His cause or blush to speak His Name?  
 while oth-ers fought to win the prize and sailed through blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace to help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, sup-por-ted by Thy Word.  
 they see the tri-umph from a-far by faith's dis-cern-ing eye.  
 in robes of vic-t'ry through the skies, the glo-ry shall be Thine.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1724

MUSIC: Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762

CM

# Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ARLINGTON

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, a fol-l'wer of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies on flow-ry 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 glor-ious war shall con-quer, though they die;  
 6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, and all Thine arm-ies shine.

And shall I fear to own His cause or blush to speak His Name?  
 while oth-ers fought to win the prize and sailed through blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace to help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, sup-por-ted by Thy Word.  
 they see the tri-umph from a-far by faith's dis-cern-ing eye.  
 in robes of vic-t'ry through the skies, the glo-ry shall be Thine.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1724

MUSIC: Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762

CM