

Onward, Upward

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1876. Music: Ira Sankey.

Onward! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword,
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord.
From the great white throne eternal,
God Himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee,
Take the cross and win the crown.
He it is who now commands thee,
Take the cross and win the crown.

Onward! upward! doing, daring,
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger whatsoe'er it be.
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down,
Thou canst almost hear them shouting:
"On! let no one take thy crown."
Thou canst almost hear them shouting:
"On! let no one take thy crown."

Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith thro' persecution,
Never give the battle o'er.
Onward! upward! till victorious,
Thou shalt lay thy armor down,
And thy loving Savior bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.
And thy loving Savior bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.