

We Are Soldiers of Christ

Thomas Pollock, 1889.

William Monk, 1889.

We are soldiers of Christ, who is mighty to save,  
And His banner the cross is unfurled;  
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave  
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,  
And our faith and our hope are the same;  
And we think of the cross on which Jesus has died,  
When we bear the reproach of His name.

At the font we were marked with the cross on our brow,  
Of our grace and our calling the sign;  
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,  
For the armor we wear is divine.

We will watch ready armed if the Tempter draw near,  
If he comes with a frown or a smile;  
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,  
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,  
We will not be the bond slaves of sin,  
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,  
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,  
And we will not be led by the throng;  
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on high,  
And the bright world to which we belong.

Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,  
While we follow where Christ leads the way;  
'Twere dishonor to yield, or the battle to shun,  
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,  
In the might of our God we will stand;  
Oh! what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,  
In the peace of our own fatherland.