

Soldiers, Who Are Christ's Below

John Clark, 1865.

Ignaz Pleyel, 1791.

Soldiers, who are Christ's below,  
Strong in faith resist the foe:  
Boundless is the pledged reward  
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
That the conqueror's hand receives;  
Joys are his, serene and pure,  
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome,  
Waits the beautiful heavenly home,  
Where the blessed evermore  
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth  
Are the things that tempt on earth;  
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;  
God Himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,  
Savior, by whose death we live,  
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,  
Three in One, Thy name we praise.