

Onward Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go!

Refrain: Onward, Christian soldiers!

**Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.**

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God:
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one Body we—
 One in faith and Spirit,
 One eternally.

Refrain

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane;
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst the Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 Which can never fail.

Refrain

4 Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song.
 Glory, laud and honor
 Unto Christ, the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Refrain**1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,**

Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 Ye that are men now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

1 He leadeth me: O blessed thought! O words with
 heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I
 be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. **Refrain:**
 He leadeth me, He leadeth me; By His own hand He
 leadeth me: His faithful follower I would be, For by
 His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters
 calm, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that
 leadeth me. **[Refrain]**

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever
 murmur nor repine; Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. **[Refrain]**

4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by
 Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave
 I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth
 me. **[Refrain]**

