

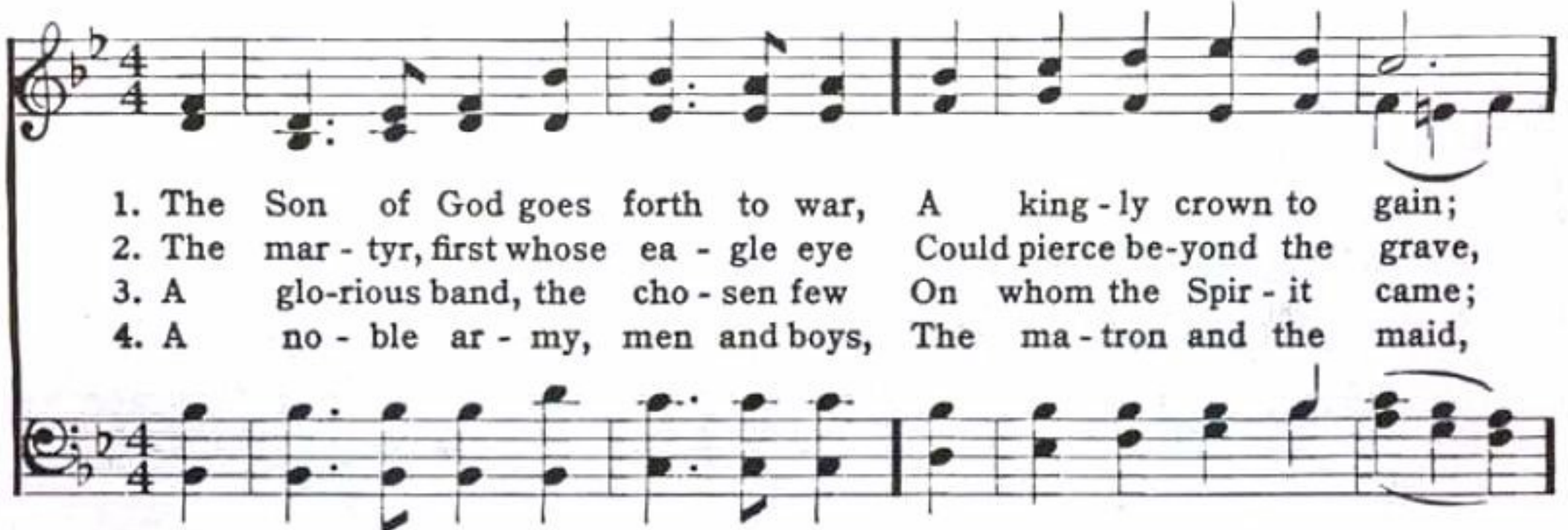
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The Son of God Goes Forth to War

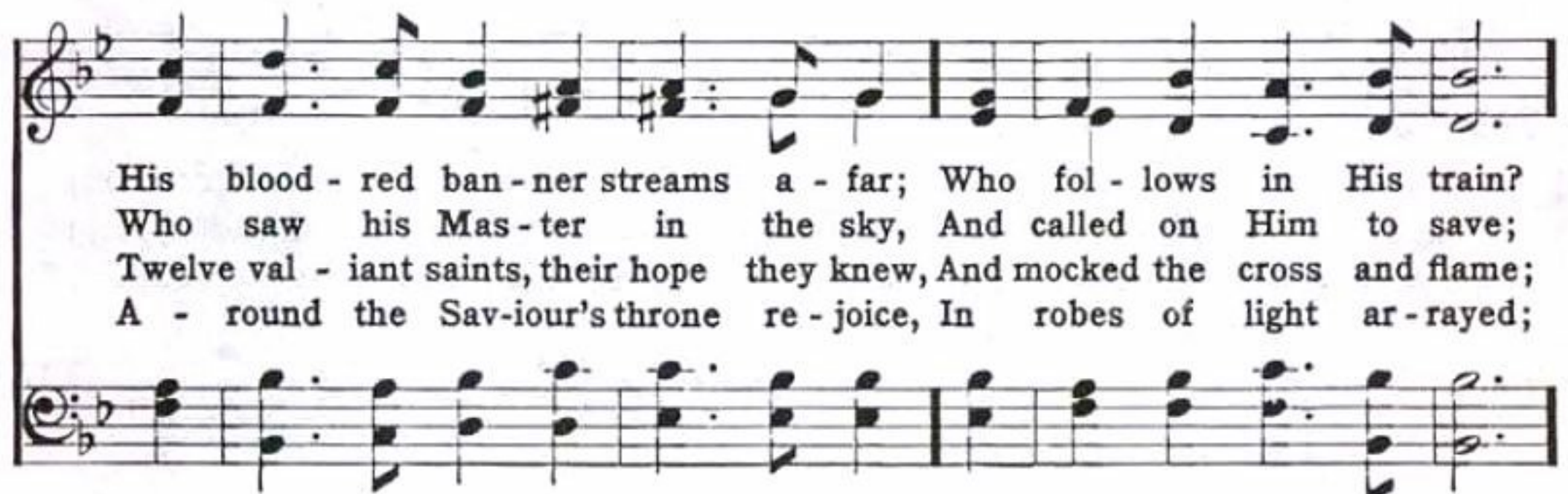
All Saints. C.M.D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827

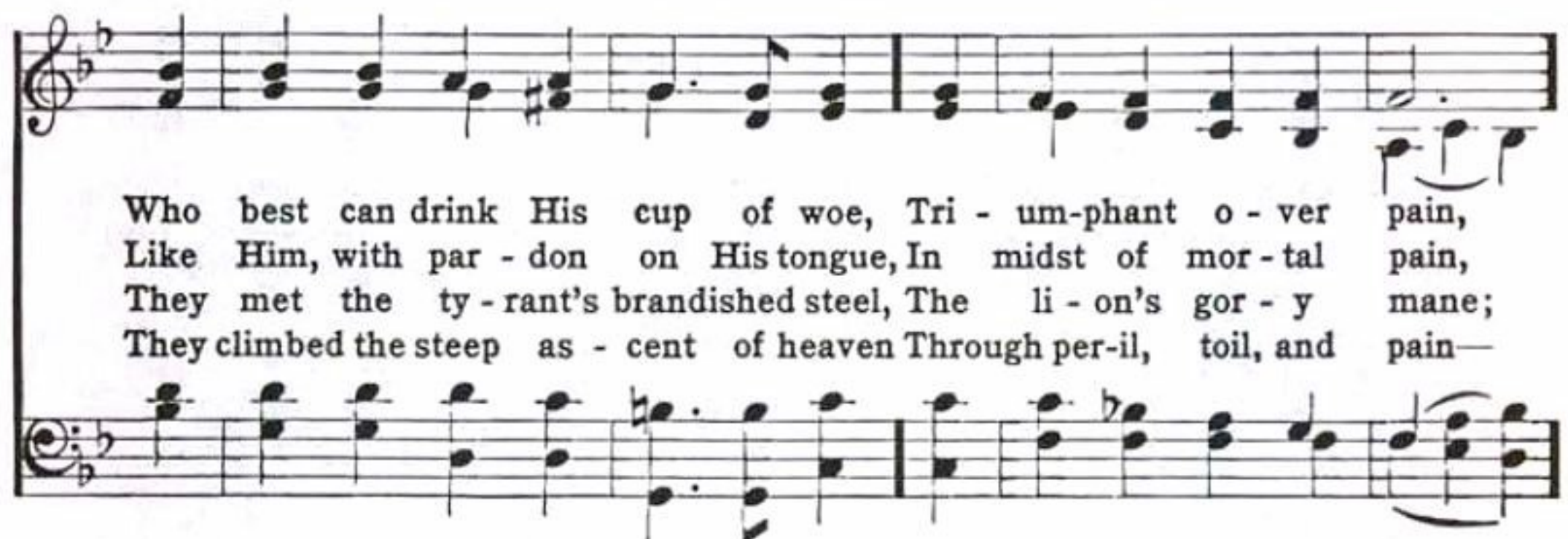
HENRY S. CUTLER, 1872



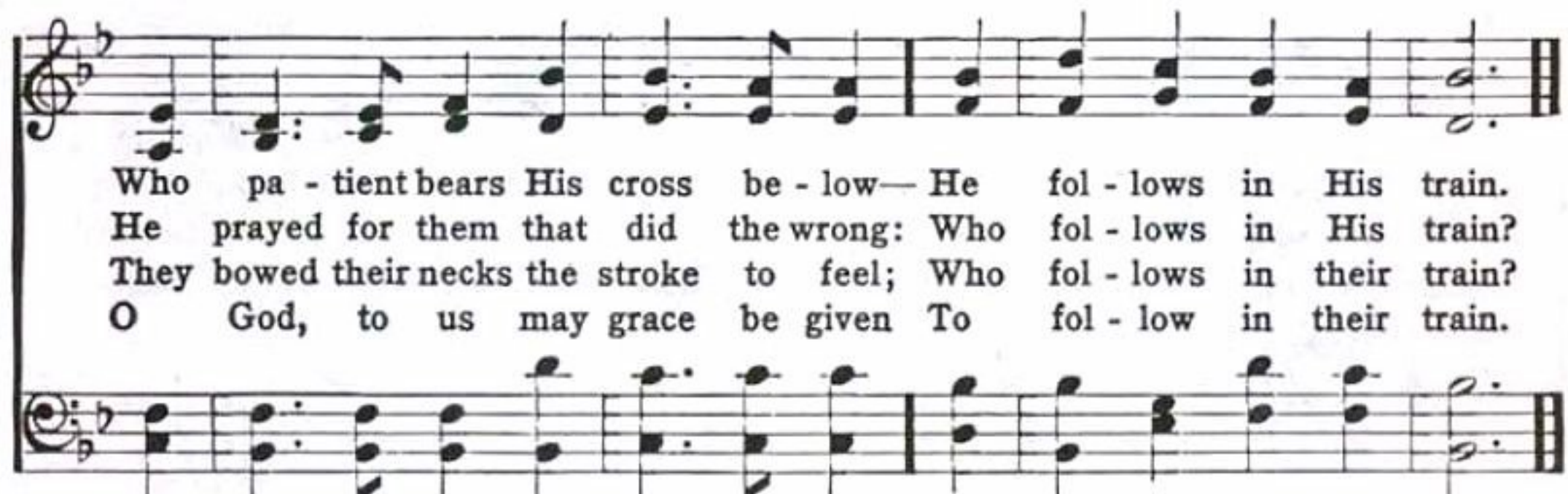
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr, first whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-um-phiant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil, and pain—



Who pa-tient bears His cross be-low— He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.