

# Am I A Soldier Of The Cross

McAnally



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb?  
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,  
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;  
5. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, tho' they die;  
6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine,



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thru blood - y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.  
They see the tri - umph from a - far, With faith's dis - cern - ing eye.  
In robes of vic - t'ry thru the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

