

The Son Of God Goes Forth To War

Verse 1

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

Verse 2

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

Verse 3

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

Verse 4

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train.
To follow in their train.