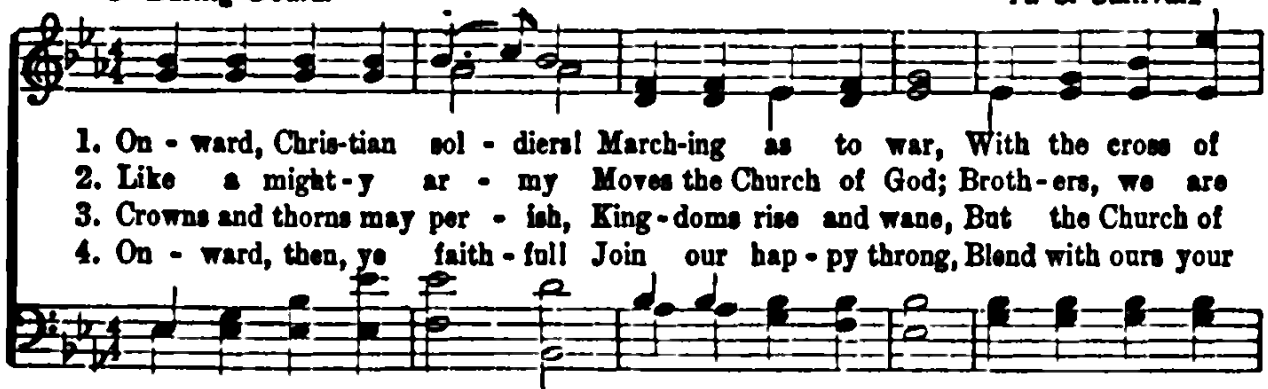


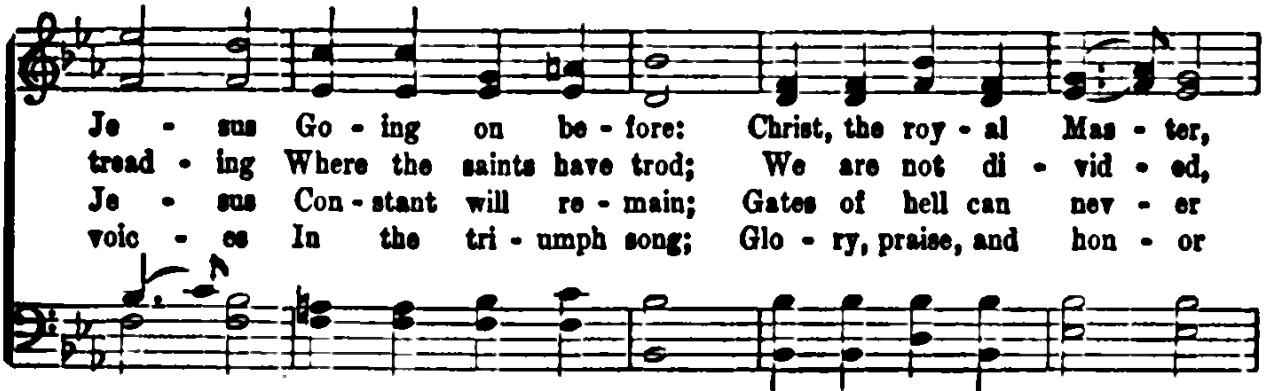
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould.

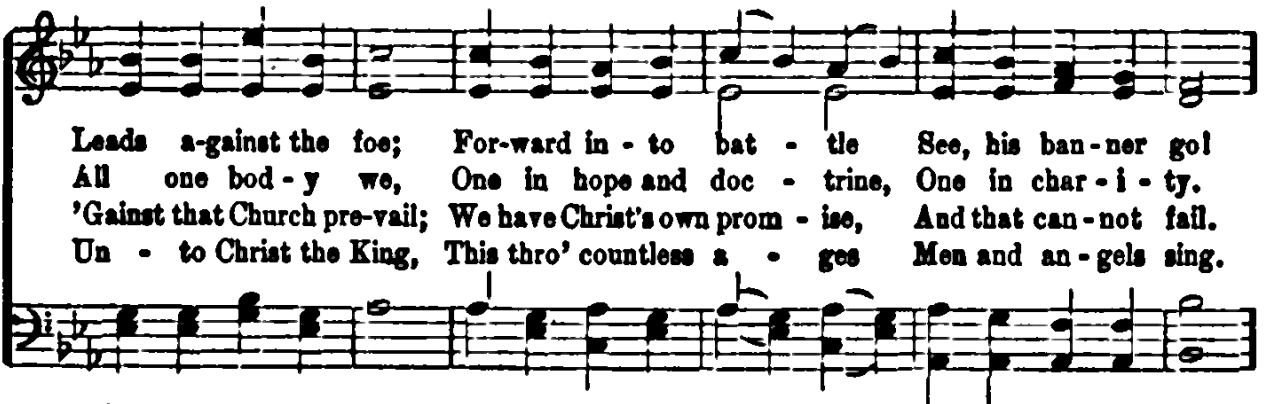
A. S. Sullivan.



1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thorns may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye faith - full Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or

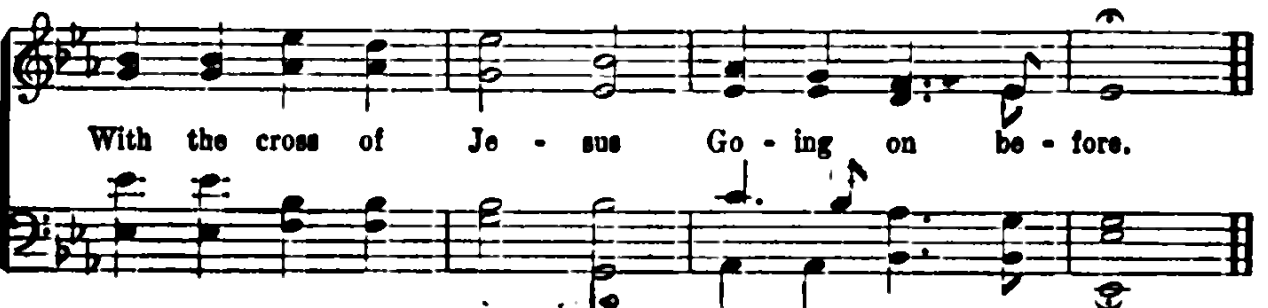


Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See, his ban - ner gol
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.