The Son Of God Goes Forth To War

Words: Reginald Heber, 1827
Music: Frank N. Shepperd, 1899

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

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?

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

A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid,
A round the Savior's throne rejoice, In robes of light array'd:
A round the Savior's throne rejoice, In robes of light array'd:
O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train! Amen.

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