

$\text{♩} = 102$

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
 2. Our Lord sees eve - ry Chris - tian die, And feels each dy - ing breath,
 3. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies.
 And calls out from a field near - by, "Be faith - ful un - to death"
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize And saled thru blood - y seas?

Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Our breth - ren, dead be - neath the plain, Whose spir - its nev - er died,
 Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord.

The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread And ech - o with our shout.
 Rise up to march and shout a - gain, "O Christ, be glo - ri - fied!"
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.