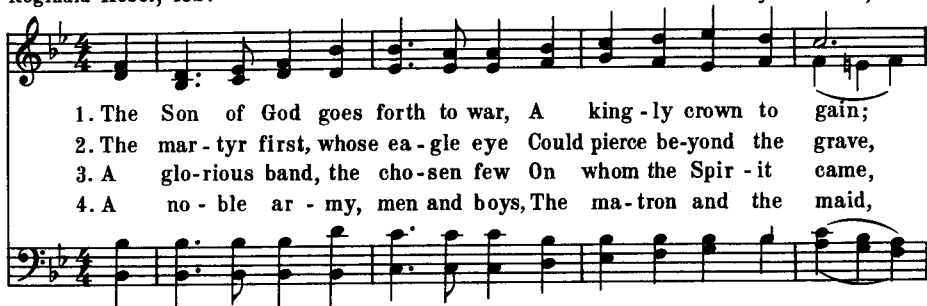


*They loved not their lives unto the death. Rev. 12:11*

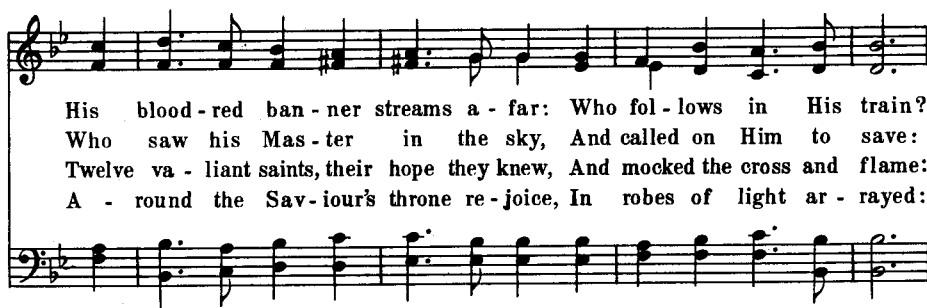
Reginald Heber, 1827

ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

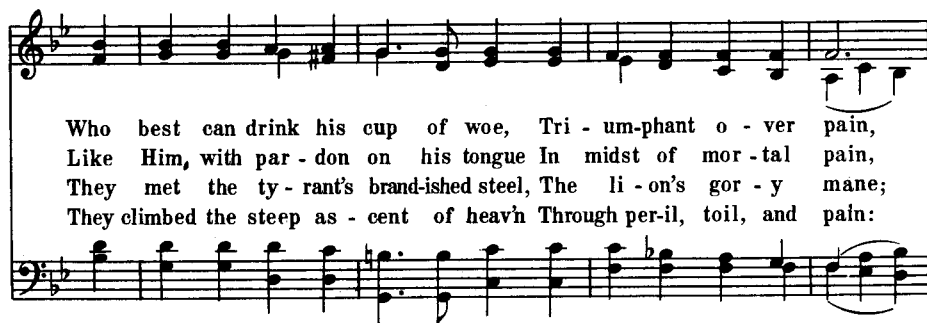
Henry S. Cutler, 1872



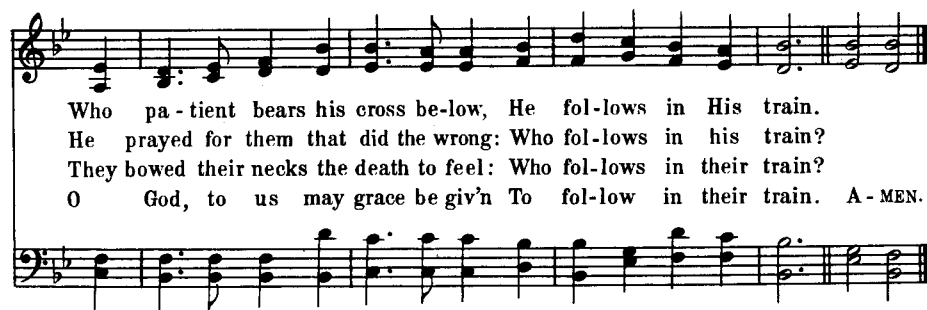
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,  
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,  
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:  
 Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:  
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,  
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,  
 They met the ty-rant's brand-ished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;  
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Through per-il, toil, and pain:



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.