

But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the Good Old Way.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

1. When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing.
Start not at its swift decreasing,
Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.
2. When the pangs of death assail me,
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me,
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever!

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;