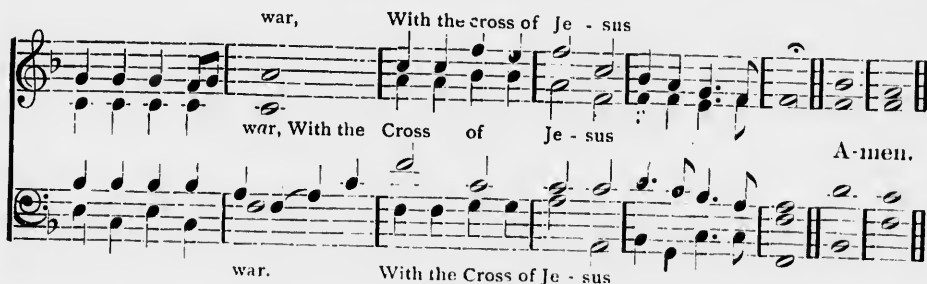
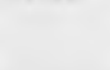
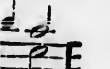
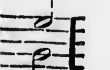
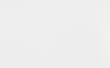
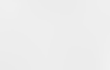
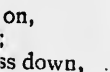
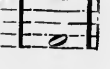
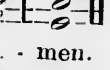
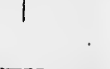
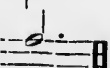
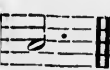


PSALTER.



1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as
to war,
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against
the foe;
Forward into battle do his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching
as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus going on before!

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth
flee!
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of
praise: (anthems raise.
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army moves the Church of
God. [have trod.
Brothers, we are treading where the saints

We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms
rise and wane:
But the Church of Jesus constant will
remain: [prevail;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church
We have Christ's own promise, and that
cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward then, ye people, join our happy
throng; [song—
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the
King! [angels sing.
This through countless ages men and
Onward, &c. Amen.