

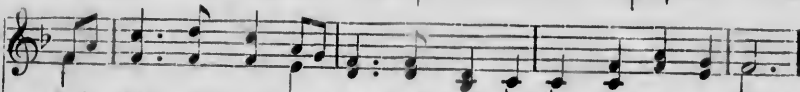
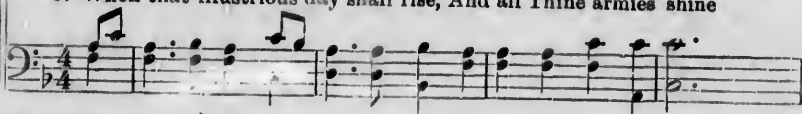
Happy All the Day.

I. WATTS.

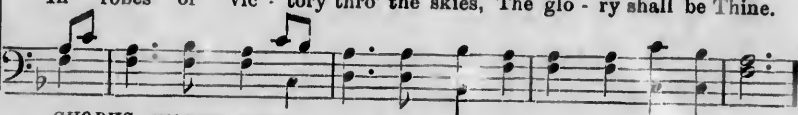
M. J. MAXWELL.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
 3. And there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
 5. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die;
 6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine



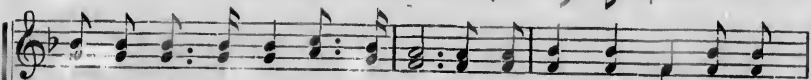
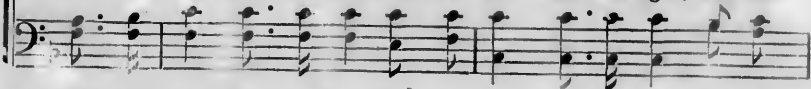
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace? To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support - ed by Thy Word.
 They see the triumph from a - far, By faith, they bring it nigh.
 In robes of vic - tory thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



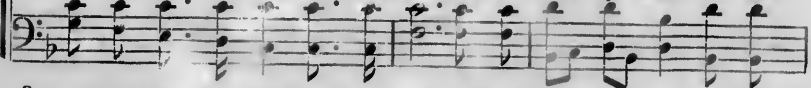
CHORUS. (Old Southern Air.)



At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And th



burden of my heart rolled away—It was there by faith I re-



ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day, (all the day.)

