

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,
see, His banners go!

*Onward, Christian soldiers,
marching as to war,
with the Cross of Jesus
going on before.*

At the sign of triumph
satan's legions flee;
on then, Christian soldiers,
on to victory.
Hell's foundation quiver
at the shout of praise;
we shall lift our voices,
loud our anthem raise.

Like a mighty army
moves the Church of God.
Humbly, we are treading
where the Saints have trod;
we are not divided,
all one body we,
one in hope and doctrine,
one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
kingdoms rise and wane,
but the Church of Jesus
constant will remain;
gates of hell can never
'gainst that Church prevail;
we have Christ's own promise,
and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
join our happy throng,
blend with ours your voices
in the triumph song;
glory, laud, and honour
unto Christ the King;
this through countless ages
saints and angels sing.