Soldier, soldier, fighting

R. Hudson Pope







Soldier, soldier, fighting in the world's great strife, On thyself relying, battling for thy life; Trust thyself no longer, Trust to Christ—He's stronger; I can all things, all things do Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

In your daily duty, standing up for right, Are you sometimes weary—heart not always light? Doubt your Savior never, This your motto ever: I can all things, all things do Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

If your way be weary He will help you through— Help you in your troubles and your pleasures too; Say, when Satan's by you; Say, when all things try you: I can all things, all things do Through Christ, which strengtheneth me. In a world of trouble, tempted oft to stray, You need never stumble, Satan cannot stay, Will but tempt you vainly, If you tell him plainly: I can all things, all things do Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

Jesus' power is boundless, boundless as the sea; He is always able, able to keep me, Power bring from my weakness, Glory from my meekness: I can all things, all things do Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

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