Chaplain to the Forces

Winifred Mary Letts, 1916
John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

1. Ambassadors of Christ you go
   Up to the very gates of hell,
   Through though you tread the roads of hell?
   With nail pierced feet these ways He trod
   Above the anguish and the loss
   Still floats the ensign of His cross.

2. It is not small, your priesthood's price,
   To be a man and yet stand by,
   To hold your life whilst others die,
   To speak your Master's message: "Lo, The
   Prince of Peace is with you still,
   His peace be with you, His good-will."

3. But yours, for our great captain Christ
   To know the sweat of agony, The
   To hold the brave soul whose failing breath
   Shudders not at the grip of fate, But
   To re-ceive of God's pity you,
   A sword must pierce your own soul through.

4. In the pale gleam of new-born day
   A part in some tree-shaded place, Your
   To watch the strife and take no part—
   You with the fire at your heart.
   Re-ceive of God's pity you,
   A sword must pierce your own soul through.

5. As sentinel you guard the gate between life and death, and unto death Speed
   To bless, not share the sacrifice,
   To speak your Master's message: "Lo, The
   An-swers,- gallant to the end, Christ is the Word— and I His friend.
   An-swers, gal-lant to the end, Christ is the Word— and I His friend.

6. Then God go with you, priest of God,
   For all is well and shall be well. What
   To speak your Master's message: "Lo, The
   Above the anguish and the loss Still floats the ensign of His cross.
   An-swers, gal-lant to the end, Christ is the Word— and I His friend.

J=110

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