

The Crusaders

For God, my life, my all, I give,
This was the hermit's cry;
It sped on Heaven's fav'ring winds,
Around the gray old earth,
And many men of many minds
Attested then their worth.

To arms! To Arms! The trumpet rang,
The rattling drum gave voice,
And round the hermit rose a clang
That made his soul rejoice.
He speaks; the clamour dies away:
The warriors stay their breath;
And then a song of pow'r holds sway,
A song of life and death.

On Calvary, on Calvary,
My Saviour Jesus died,
For me, His life-blood flow'd away;
For me His soul was tried.
On, then, to Palestine;
On, then, to Palestine,
To where His feet have trod;
Where man is lifted out of earth
To see the face of God.
On, then, to Palestine;
On, then, to Palestine.

Solo

Dim visaged night is giving way to dawn,
As armoured knights prepare for battle
With the desert's dusky sons,
And they kneel in prayer.

Oh Father of Mercy!
Oh God of land and sea!
Protect our lives,
Enrich our souls with Christian bravery,
Direct us with wisdom
To nature's house of doom,
The place where Thou o'er camest death,

Thy lowly earthly tomb. Amen

A trumpet peals across the sandy plain,
And hark! A roar, then a peal again.
A yellow cloud arises to the sun;
A crash! A shout! The battle has begun.
The whirlwind rush of Moslem horde has come!
Steel clangs on steel, loud rolls the angry drum.
The soldiers of the Cross fight on with fiercest zeal,
The Moslems waver, then their bravest wheel.
Press, on brave hearts, your victory is nigh,
Hark! Hark! Above all comes the Christians' cry
For God, my life, my all I give.

The Cross of the Saviour hath triumph'd,
The land where He labour'd is free,
And here all His children may worship
In peaceful devout unity.
But vengeance must not mar our triumph,
Let us all our foe-men forgive,
And teach them the lesson of Heaven
For God, my life, my all I give,
And teach them the lesson of Heaven
For God, my life, my all I give,
For God my life,
For God my life,
My all, my all, I give.