# I Will Not Yield My Sword

**Doh is D · 4/4** Tune: DIADEMATA

| d - d d m - m - | l - - - - - l - |
I will not yield my sword, I

| s - d - f - m - | r - - - - - r - |
will not bow the knee, But

| m - s - l - s - | fe - m r s - d' - |
I would hear the blessed word That

| t - d' - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
calls my soul to Thee; And

| s - m - r - d - | l - - - - - l - |
through the din of war, And

| l - fe - m - r - | t - - - - - t - |
in the midst of strife, That

| d' - - t l - s - | f - r - m - s - |
word shall be the guiding star To

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - - - |
lead me on to life.

## The other verses

2 And in the midst of snares
Which subtle fingers lay,
I shall not stumble unawares
Upon the upward way;
But keep before my eyes
The goal before me set,
Lest I should miss the glorious prize
Which loyal victors get.

3 O Christ, Who art my King,
Thy cause I make mine own,
Till proud rebellious foes shall bring
Their homage to Thy throne;
Till then my heart revive
With courage brave and strong,
And steel my feeble arm to strive
Against the power of wrong.

4 When from the fateful field
I hail my rightful King,
To Him my trusty sword I'll yield,
And all my trophies bring;
And He shall crown my head
With honours richer far
Than trophies from the conquered dead,
And all the spoils of war.

Tune DIADEMATA by George Job Elvey (1816–1893); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.