There's a Strife We All Must Wage

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: ST. BEES

| d - d - d - - t, | l, - t, - d - - - |
There's a strife we all must wage,

| r - r - m - s, - | l, - r - t, - - - |
From life's entrance to its close;

| r - f - m - - d | t, - r - d - - - |
Blest the bold who dare engage!

| d - r - d - d - | d - - t, d - - - |
Woe for him who seeks repose!

The other verses

2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

3 What our foes? Each thought impure
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;

4 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

Tune ST. BEES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch (1809–1870). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.