Onward, Christian, Tho’ The Region

1. Onward, Christian, tho’ the region Where thou art be drear and lone:
   God has set a guardian legion Very near thee: press thou on.
   Listen, Christian, their hosanna Roll eth o’er thee—“God is love.”
   Write upon thy red-cross banner, “Upward ever—heaven’s above.”

2. By the thorn-road, and none other, Is the mount of vision won;
   Tread it without shrinking, brother Jesus trod it—press thou on.
   By thy trustful, calm endeavor, Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
   Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver: Oh, for their sake press thou on!

3. Be this world the wiser, stronger, For thy life of pain and peace;
   While it needs thee, O no longer Pray thou for thy quick release.
   Pray thou, Christian, daily rather, That thou be a faithful son;
   By the prayer of Jesus, “Father, Not my will, but Thine, be done.”

Words by S. Johnson
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