## O God, Thy Soldiers' Crown and Guard





O God, Thy soldiers' crown and guard, And their exceeding great reward; From all transgressions set us free, Who sing Thy martyr's victory.

The pleasures of the world he spurned, From sin's pernicious lures he turned; He knew their joys imbued with gall, And thus he reached Thy heavenly hall.

For Thee through many a woe he ran, In many a fight he played the man; For Thee his blood he dared to pour, And thence hath joy forevermore. We therefore pray Thee, full of love, Regard us from Thy throne above; On this Thy martyr's triumph day, Wash every stain of sin away.

O Christ, most loving King, to Thee, With God the Father, glory be; Like glory, as is ever meet, To God the holy Paraclete.

John M. Neale

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