

# Fight On

Civilla Durfee Holden Martin, 1912

Peter Philip Bilhorn

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. In the fight of faith en-gag-ing, Where the bat-tle fierce is rag-ing, Go-ing  
2. Go-ing where your cap-tain leads you, True to Him wher-e'er He needs you, Let your  
3. When the roll is called in Hea-ven, Crowns of life to men are giv-en, If you

forth be-neath the roy-al ban-ner: Love. Not a word of sad re-pin-ning, With your  
high-est plea-sure be to fol-low on; If you're true when friends op-press you, True when  
fight the fight of faith while here be-low; To the joys that are e-ter-nal, To the

*Refrain*

ar-mor bright-ly shin-ing, Clothed with pow-er from a-bove.  
men shall curse, not bless you, You shall wear the vic-tor's crown. On, on,  
life for-ev-er ver-nal, With your cap-tain you may go.

keep your ar-mor bright, On, on, sol-diers of the light; For the vic-to-ry of Hea-ven To the

faith-ful will be giv-en, Who are fight-ing for the right.