

Chaplain to the Forces

Winifred Mary Letts, 1916

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

♩=110

1. Am - bas - sa - dors of Christ you go Up to the ve - ry gates of hell, Through
 2. It is not small, your priest-hood's price, To be a man and yet stand by, To
 3. But yours, for our great cap - tain Christ To know the sweat of a - go - ny, The
 4. In the pale gleam of new - born day A - part in some tree - sha - dowed place, Your
 5. As sen - ti - nel you guard the gate 'Twixt life and death, and un - to death Speed
 6. Then God go with you, priest of God, For all is well and shall be well. What

fog of pow - der, storm of shell, To speak your Mas - ter's mes - sage: "Lo, The
 hold your life whilst o - thers die, To bless, not share the sac - ri - fice, To
 dark - ness of Geth - se - ma - ne In an - guish for these souls un - priced. Vice -
 al - tar but a pack - ing case, Rude as the shed where Ma - ry lay, Your
 the brave soul whose fail - ing breath Shud - ders not at the grip of fate, But
 though you tread the roads of hell? With nail - pierced feet these ways He trod A -

Prince of Peace is with you still, His peace be with you, His good-will."
 watch the strife and take no part— You with the fi - re at your heart.
 - re - gent of God's pi - ty you, A sword must pierce your own soul through.
 sanc - tu - ary the rain-drenched sod You bring the kneel - ing sol - dier, God.
 an - swers, gal - lant to the end, Christ is the Word— and I His friend.
 - bove the an - guish and the loss Still floats the en - sign of His cross.