

## Soldier of God

Intro: Em D Em D (x2)

**Em**

**D**

**C**

A cleric rode out from the lands of the East,

**Bm**

**D**

**Em**

Too wise for a warrior, too strong for a priest,

**Em**

**D**

**C**

Well-versed in letters and honored abroad,

**D**

**Bm**

**Em**

Called Don Jeronimo, soldier of God.

**Capo 2**

“Mine is the charge to bring men to the Lord  
By sermon, or psalm, or the point of a sword,  
If I have my fill of the fight ere I sleep,  
At the end of my living, let no Christian weep.

Chorus: **Em D Bm Em**  
I am your song, I am your word,  
**C Bm D Em**  
I am your herald when trumpets are heard;  
**Em D Bm Em**  
I am your staff, I am your rod,  
**C D Em**  
I am your sword as a soldier of God.”  
**Em D Bm Em C D Bm Em**

Before a great battle he sings the High Mass,  
And grants absolution, for all flesh is grass;  
“The man who dies fighting his foe face-to-face  
Will sleep without stain and his soul will find Grace.”

He goes to his liege when the Mass has been said,  
And begs him a boon—“Let me ride at your head;  
A price I would have for the bread and the wine--  
Let the first blow struck in battle be mine.” CH

Saint Michael goes armored with buckler and steel,  
And George with his lance brought the dragon to heel;  
In Heaven above as on Earth here below,  
From one hand a blessing, the other, a blow.

Perhaps in the future all hatred will cease,  
And all men of God will be agents of peace,  
But until the day when the Fiend walks no more  
Then angels and men must make ready for war! CH