Ye Soldiers Of The Lord, Arise

VICTOR Eight lines, with Chorus.

With accent.

1. Ye soldiers of the Lord, arise! The trumpet calls you from the skies;
2. Put on the armor of your Lord! His holy word your mighty sword;
3. O soldiers, haste to meet the foe! With loyal zeal to battle go!

Be strong in God, and in His might Go forth the evil host to fight!
Let faith's tried shield turn ev'ry dart, And prayer and watching guard your heart.
Your Captain calls you to His side, He waits your eager steps to guide.

For see, they gather far and near, Their mocking bugle-call we hear-
Your breast-plate on, and sword in hand, Against the wiles of Satan stand,
His strength will help you on the field, Till ev'ry enemy shall yield;

A rise, and meet the pow'rs of sin, And in God's name the battle win!
That in the end, when all is done, You may o'ercome thru Christ a lone.
And, when the victory is won, His voice will say, "Well done! well done!"

Words: Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892
Music: Frank N. Shepperd, 1892
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Chorus

And when the battle's o'er, And soldiers fight no more,

Slightly slower

How sweet to rest when shadows come, And wake'en in the heav'nly home.