

O Church, Arise

O church, arise, and put your armor on;
Hear the call of Christ our Captain.
For now the weak can say that they are strong
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
We'll stand against the devil's lies;
An army bold, whose battle cry is love,
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war: to love the captive soul,
But to wage against the captor;
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole,
We will fight with faith and valor.
When faced with trials on every side,
We know the outcome is secure;
And Christ will have the prize for which He died:
An inheritance of nations.

Come see the cross, where love and mercy meet,
As the Son of God is stricken;
Then see his foes lie crushed beneath his feet,
For the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away
And Christ emerges from the grave,
This victory march continues till the day
Every eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,
Give grace for every hurdle;
That we may run with faith to win the prize
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of his grace,
We hear their calls and hunger for the day
When with Christ we stand in Glory.