

Hosts of God Go Forth to Battle

Laura Rice, 1895.

Henri Hemy, 1865.

Hosts of God go forth to battle
In His name and for His laws:
Wrong and sin are camped around you,
Onward! 'tis a glorious cause.
Christ is such a mighty leader
Though the fight be hard and long,
That the end is surely victory,
Heaven will shout the conqueror's song.

Bound in chains your brethren languish,
Slaved by Satan, kept by sin;
Force a way to darkest dungeons,
Let the glorious light stream in.
Only Jesus can release them,
He, your captain, points the way;
Follow, follow, He is waiting:
Where He leads, should we delay?

Dare we rest in ease and pleasure,
Call our lives or gold our own,
While, in heathen darkness lying,
Millions bow to gods of stone?
Beds of ease are Satan's dungeons,
Liberty with Christ is found,
And His hosts are ever marching
Onward to new battleground.

Forward, then, ye ransomed captives!
Christ, the leader, set you free!
Since He saved you from the dungeon,
March with Him to victory!
Living for Him, dying for Him,
Noblest souls were ever found
With this leader and such comrades
This is glorious battleground.