

O Church of God, Arise!  
Fanny Crosby(1820-1915)  
John Sweney.

O Church of God, arise!  
Reach out thy helping hand,  
And like a trumpet let thy voice  
Go forth to ev'ry land;  
Lay not thine armor down,  
Nor cease by day or night,  
To lift the sword of Gospel truth,  
And wield it for the right.

Refrain

Then arise in thy glory, O Church of God, arise!  
'Tis the dawn of the morrow that greets thy waiting eyes  
But cloud and mist and shadow must all be rolled away.  
But cloud and mist and shadow must all be rolled away.  
Before the world will usher in the long expected day.

O Church of God, arise!  
Thy borders wide extend,  
And o'er the earth's remotest bounds  
Thy heralds quickly send;  
Thine armies now are great,  
But greater they must be,  
For ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime  
Shall yet rejoice in thee.

Refrain

O Church of God, arise!  
The grand old choral strain  
Of peace on earth, good will to man,  
That rang on Judah's plain,  
O'er all the world shall ring,  
And echo far and wide,  
And then the King, thy Lord, shall come,  
And claim His faithful bride.

Refrain