

Rise! To Arms!

Wilhelm Arends, 1714.

Philipp Nicolai, 1599.

Rise! to arms! With prayer employ you!  
O Christians, lest the foe destroy you,  
For Satan has designed your fall.  
Wield God's Word, a weapon glorious!  
Against each foe you'll be victorious;  
Our God will set you over them all.  
Is Satan strong and fell? Here is Immanuel.  
Sing hosanna! The strong ones yield,  
With Christ our shield, and we as conquerors hold the field.

Cast afar this world's vain pleasures,  
Aye, boldly fight for heav'nly treasures,  
And steadfast be in Jesus' might.  
He will help, whate'er betide you,  
And naught will harm with Christ beside you;  
By faith you'll conquer in the fight.  
Then shame, thou weary soul! Look forward to the goal:  
There joy waits thee. The race, then, run;  
The combat done, thy crown of glory will be won.

Wisely fight, for time is fleeting,  
The hours of grace are fast retreating;  
Short, short, is this our earthly way.  
When the trump the dead is waking  
And sinners all with fear are quaking,  
With joy the saints will greet that day.  
Bless God, our triumph's sure, tho' long we did endure  
Scorn and trial. Thou, Son of God,  
To Thine abode wilt lead the way Thyself hast trod.

Jesus, all Thy children cherish  
And keep them that they never perish  
Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy blood.  
Let new life to us be given  
That we may look to Thee in Heaven  
Whenever fearful is our mood.  
Thy spirit on us pour that we may love Thee more  
Hearts o'erflowing; And then will we  
Be true to Thee in death and life eternally.