

The Call to Arms Is Sounding

Claudia Hernaman, 1886.

George Garrett, 1889.

The call to arms is sounding,
The foemen muster strong;
While saints beneath the altar
Are crying, "Lord, how long?"
The living and the loving
Christ's royal standard raise,
And marching on to conflict
Shout forth their captain's praise.

No time for self-indulgence,
For resting by the way;
Repose will come at even,
But toil is for the day;
Work, like the blessed Jesus,
Who from His earliest youth
Would do His Father's business
And witness for the truth.

For the one Faith, the true Faith,
The Faith which cannot fail,
For the one Church, the true Church,
'Gainst which no foes prevail;
Made one with God incarnate,
We in His might must win
The glory of self-conquest,
Of victory over sin.

Behold! upon Mount Sion
A glorious people stand,
A crown on every forehead,
A palm in every hand;
Lo! these are they who boldly
The name of Christ confessed,
And now triumphant praise Him
In Heav'n's unresting rest.

O Jesu! who art waiting
Thy faithful ones to crown,
Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,
Our loving service own;
Come in each heart forever
As king adored to reign,
Till we with saints triumphant
Uplift the victor strain.