

We Are Living, We Are Dwelling

Arthur Coxe, 1840.

Welsh melody.

We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling; to be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth is creation's groaning for the latter day.

Will ye play, then? will ye dally far behind the battle line?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally; God's own arm hath need of thine.
Worlds are charging, heaven beholding; thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding, on, right onward for the right!

Sworn to yield, to waver, never; consecrated, born again;
Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever, O for Christ at least be men!
O let all the soul within you for the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on ages, tell for God.