

Angels Your March Oppose
By Charles Wesley

Angel your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible.
With rage that never ends
Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

On earth the usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power,
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their power defy?

Jesus' tremendous Name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesus' blood,
We still to conquer go.

Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake My victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath.
And thou shalt reign with Me."