

Standing on the Battlements

Fanny Crosby, 1899.

John Sweney.

Army of the living God,
Lo, our King is near!
Trusting in His mighty arm,
Falter not nor fear;
If to Him we consecrate
All our ransomed powers,
Tho' a host against us rise,
Victory will be ours.

Refrain

On the battlements, blessed battlements,
Standing on the battlements of immortality;
O the countless multitudes soon our eyes shall see!
Standing on the battlements of immortality.

Since by clouds of witnesses
We are compassed round,
In the path that once they trod
Let us all be found;
Holding up the cross of Christ,
Praising Him in song,
Preaching truth and righteousness
While we march along.

Refrain

Never sheath the Spirit's sword
Till the war is done;
Never lay our armor down
Till the crown is won;
When our greatest trial comes,
Trust the promise true;
Grace will give the strength we need,
Faith will bring us thro'.

Refrain