We are living, we are dwelling



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.