Hark, how the watchmen cry



Hark, how the watchmen cry, Attend the trumpet's sound! Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh, The powers of hell surround: Who bow to Christ's command, Your arms and hearts prepare!

Go up with Christ your Head, Your Captain's footsteps see; Follow your Captain, and be led To certain victory. All power to him is given, He ever reigns the same; Salvation, happiness, and heaven Are all in Jesu's name.

The day of battle is at hand!

Go forth to glorious war!

Jesu's 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 Jesu's blood, We still to conquer go.

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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!

Charles Wesley