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.

Christian rouse and arm for conflict, nerve thee for the battlefield; Bear the helmet of salvation, and the mighty gospel shield; Let the breastplate, peace be on thee, take the Spirit's sword in hand; Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, in Jehovah's strength to stand.

And the prince of evil spirits, great deceiver of the world! He who at the blessed Jesus once his deadly weapons hurled, Cometh with unwonted power, knowing that his reign will cease When the kingdom shall be given to the mighty Prince of peace.

Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare, cease not till the victory's won, Till your Captian loud proclaimeth, "Servant of the Lord, well done!" He, alone, who thus is faithful, who abideth to the end, Hath the promise, in the kingd Arthur C. Coxe

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