The Great Battle for Truth

Barney E. Warren, c.1893

1. Behold, mighty angels are flying, All chosen and faithful and called,
   To rescue the dead and the dying, In Babylon cages enthralled.
   The ransomeds are homeward returning, With joy everlast ing and songs,
   Long ages in Egypt sojourn ing, Held bound in the fetters and thongs.

2. The “evening” is light as the “morning,” The clouds are all vanished away;
   The Bride in white arrayed is dawning, God’s remnant in battle array.
   The saints are now joyful in glory, Re hearsing again and again,
   The wonder ful, wonder ful story, The love of the Lamb that was slain.

3. The armies of heav’n are advancing, They follow the Faithful and True,
   On fiery “white horses” they’re prancing, The armies of hell to subdue.
   The “beast” and his image are fighting, Defending their creeds and their cliques,
   Secret foes are uniting, Six hundred and sixty and six.

4. While Jesus the battle is waging, Gainst Babylon confusion and sin,
   And Satan is foaming and raging, Our Savior is reigning within.
   The wolf and the lamb and the lion, Made one in the dear Savior’s love,
   Are feeding togeth er in Zion, As pure as in heaven above.

5. And when this great battle is ended, When Jesus shall come for His own,
   By myriads of angels attended, We’ll meet ’round our Father’s white throne,
   And part never more, never, never; With loved ones and saved ones we’ll sing,
   And praise Him forever and ever, Our Savior, our God, and our King.