O Church, Arise

O church, arise and put your armor on; hear the call of Christ our captain;

For now the weak can say that they are strong in the strength that God has given.

With shield of faith and belt of truth we'll stand against the devil's lies;

An army bold whose battle cry is "Love!" reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war, to love the captive soul, but to rage against the captor;

And with the sword that makes the wounded whole we will fight with faith and valor.

When faced with trials on ev'ry side, we know the outcome is secure,

And Christ will have the prize for which He died— An inheritance of nations.

Come, see the cross where love and mercy meet, as the Son of God is stricken;

Then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet, for the Conqueror has risen!

And as the stone lies rolled away, and Christ emerges from the grave,

This vict'ry march continues till the day ev'ry eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in ev'ry stride, give grace for ev'ry hurdle,

That we may run with faith to win the prize of a servant good and faithful.

As saints of old still line the way, retelling triumphs of His grace,

We hear their calls and hunger for the day when, with Christ, we stand in glory.

Ooo-ooh!