

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thy power unconquerable take;
Thy strength put on, assert Thy right,
And triumph in the present fight.

2 Why dost Thou tarry, mighty Lord?
Why slumbers in its sheath Thy sword?
Arise, Lord, for Thine honour's sake;
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

3 Behold what numbers still withstand
Thy sovereign rule and just command,
Reject Thy grace, Thy threats despise,
And hurl defiance at the skies.

4 O come, but come not to destroy;
Mercy is Thine—Thy crown, Thy joy!
Their hatred quell, their pride remove,
Come, melt with grace, subdue with love.

5 Why dost Thou from the conquest stay?
Why dost Thy saving power delay?
O how we plead—hell's kingdom shake,
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!

Henry March, 1791-1869