

O Church, arise, and put your armour 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 valour.

When faced with trials on every 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 is rolled away,  
And Christ emerges from the grave,

This victory march continues till the day  
Every eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come put strength in every stride,  
Give grace for every 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.

AS WE ARE GATHERED Jesus is here;  
One with each other, Jesus is here.  
Joined by the Spirit, washed in the blood, Part of  
the body, the church of God.  
As we are gathered Jesus is here,  
One with each other, Jesus is here.