

# CALL TO ARMS.

B.F. White

A.A. Blocker

1. My brethren all on you I call; A-rise and look a-round you; How man-y foes bound to op- pose, Are wait-ing to con-found you?

2. But as we fly, we'll al- ways cry, To God for their sal- va- tion; O God of love, send from a-bove, And save the wick- ed na- tion.

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The gos-pel calls on Zi-on's walls, Shake off your sleep and slum-ber, A - rise and pray; We'll win the day, Tho we are few in num-ber.  
Thy spir-it send their hearts to bend, Ar-rest them by Thy thun-der, Let sweet-est songs em-ploy their tongues, While filled with joy and won-der.

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