

William Walker

1. My breth-ren all, on you I call; a - rise and look a-round you; How man-y foes bound to op - pose are wait-ing to sur-round you;  
 2. To God we'll cry, and hell de - fy, tho Sa-tan roars like thun-der; The voice of prayer makes sin-ners stare while filled with awe and won - der.

3. While grace di-vine in oth-ers shines, with such we are de - light - ed; With them we crowd and sing so loud, poor sin - ners are af - fright - ed.

4. Some mourn-ful-ly for mer-cy cry, and stub-born hearts are bend - ed; If we but smile some say we're wild, and so go off of - fend - ed.  
 5. 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:

The trum-pet 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.  
 While mu-sic sweet makes some re-treat, our Je - sus still draws nigh-er; His pre-cious name lights up the flame That sets our souls on fi - re.

The sweet-est joys our pow'r em-ploy, to see the cause ad - vanc - ing Tho some go off and bold-ly scoff, and say that we are danc-ing.

If souls are born, we bear the scorn; - let sin-ners tell the sto - ry - For Je - sus' name we'll bear the blame, and give Him all the glo - ry.  
 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.