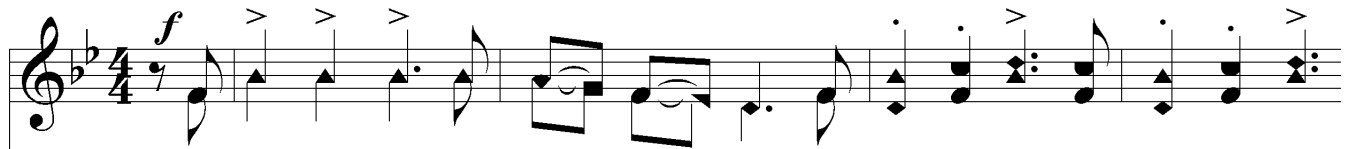


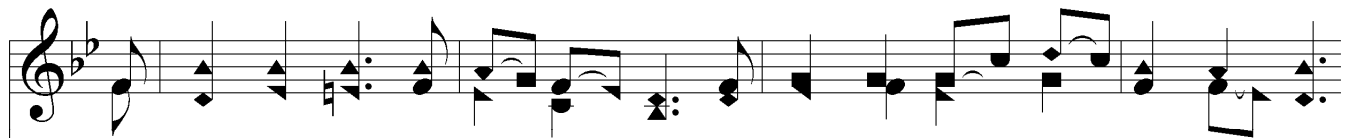
# Ye Soldiers Of The Lord, Arise

VICTOR Eight lines, with Chorus.

*With accent.*



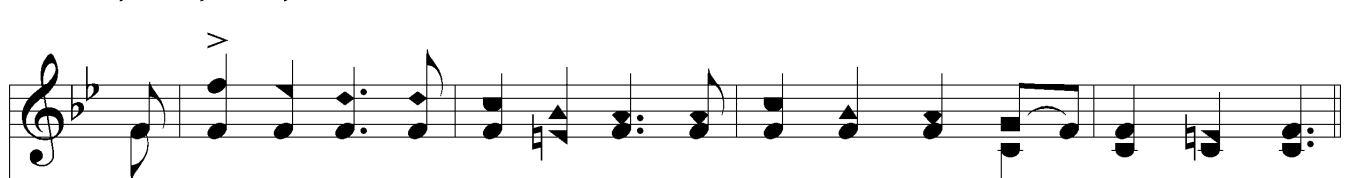
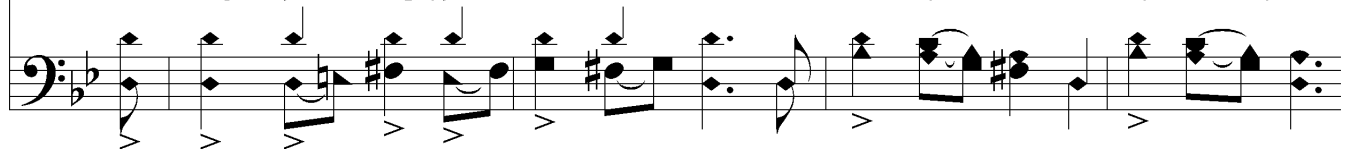
1. Ye sol-diers of the Lord, a - rise! The trum-pet calls you from the skies;  
2. Put on the ar - mor of your Lord! His ho - ly word your might - y sword;  
3. O sol-diers, haste to meet the foe! With loy - al zeal to bat - tle go!



Be strong in God, and in His might Go forth the e - vil host to fight!  
Let faith's tried shield turn ev - 'ry dart, And prayer and watch - ing guard your heart.  
Your Cap - tain calls you to His side, He waits your ea - ger steps to guide.



For see, they gath - er far and near, Their mock - ing bu - gle - call we hear -  
Your breast - plate on, and sword in hand, A - gainst the wiles of Sa - tan stand,  
His strength will help you on the field, Till ev - 'ry en - e - my shall yield;



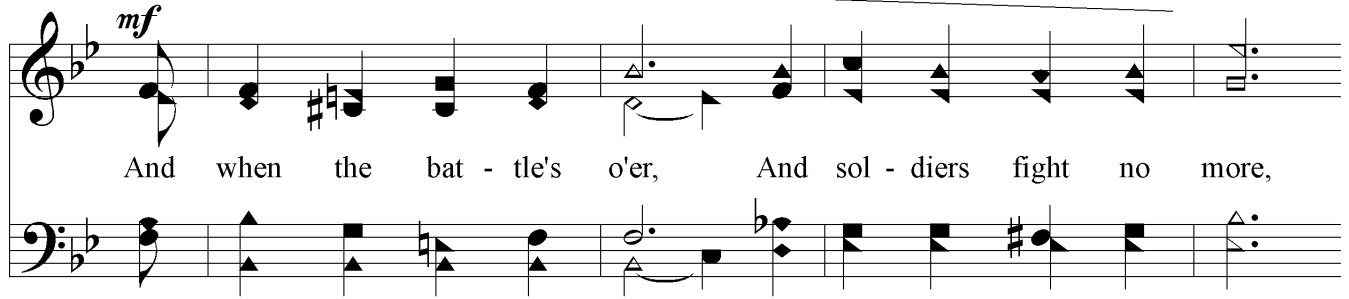
A - rise, and meet the pow'rs of sin, And in God's name the bat - tle win!  
That in the end, when all is done, You may o'er - come thru Christ a - lone.  
And, when the vic - to - ry is won, His voice will say, "Well done! well done!"



# Ye Soldiers Of The Lord, Arise

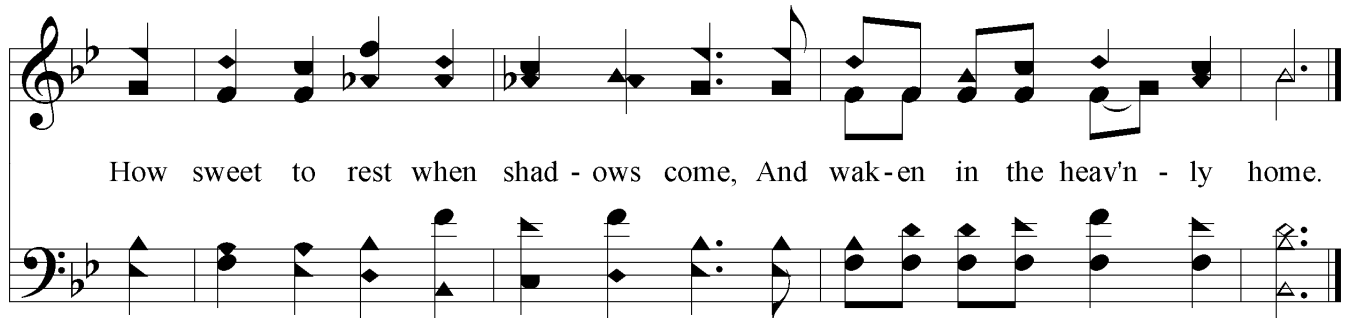
## Chorus

*mf*



And when the bat - tle's o'er, And sol - diers fight no more,

## *Slightly slower*



How sweet to rest when shad - ows come, And wak - en in the heav'n - ly home.