Arise, Ye Saints, Arise!

1. Arise, ye saints, arise! The Lord our leader is:
2. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease;
3. This hope supports us here; It makes our burdens light;
4. Till, of the prize possessed, We hear of war no more;

VIGIL

The foe before His banner flies, And victory is His.
When we shall cast our arms away, And dwell in endless peace.
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight:
And ever with our Leader rest, On yonder peaceful shore.

Words by Thomas Kelly
Music: Paisello

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