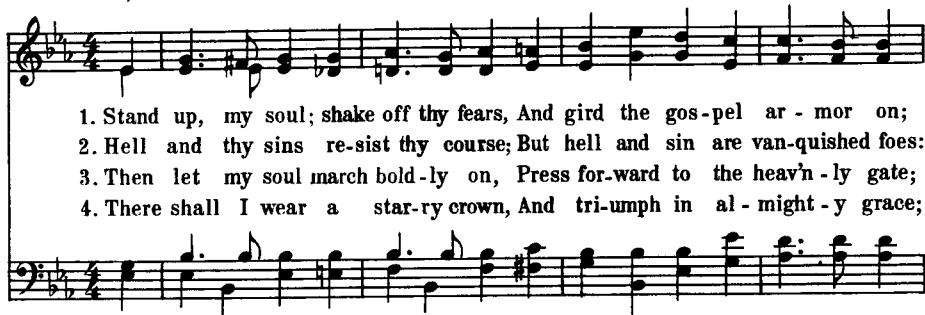


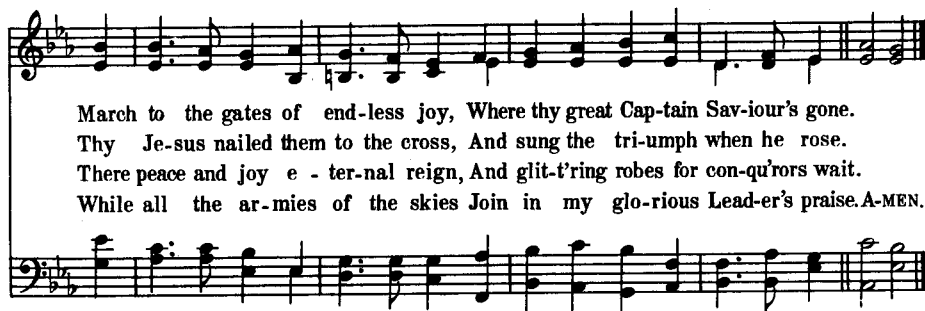
Take unto you the whole armour of God. Eph. 6:13

Isaac Watts, 1707

WALTHAM L. M.
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



1. Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar - mor on;
2. Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course; But hell and sin are van-quished foes:
3. Then let my soul march bold-ly on, Press for-ward to the heav'n - ly gate;
4. There shall I wear a star-ry crown, And tri-umph in al - might - y grace;

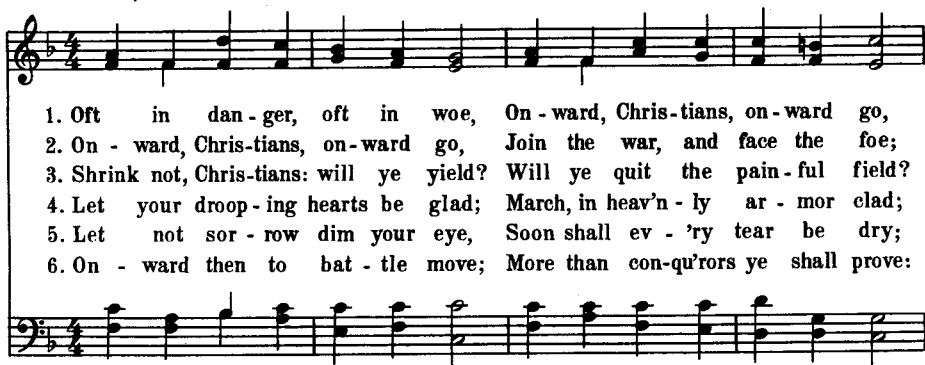


March to the gates of end-less joy, Where thy great Cap-tain Sav-iour's gone.
Thy Je-sus nailed them to the cross, And sung the tri-umph when he rose.
There peace and joy e - ter-nal reign, And glit-t'ring robes for con-qu'rors wait.
While all the ar-mies of the skies Join in my glo-rious Lead-er's praise. A-MEN.

We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. Rom. 8:37

First 10 lines, Henry K. White, 1806, alt.
the remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827

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Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go,
2. On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go, Join the war, and face the foe;
3. Shrink not, Chris-tians: will ye yield? Will ye quit the pain-ful field?
4. Let your droop-ing hearts be glad; March, in heav'n - ly ar - mor clad;
5. Let not sor - row dim your eye, Soon shall ev - 'ry tear be dry;
6. On - ward then to bat - tle move; More than con-qu'rors ye shall prove: