1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake, And let the world, a-dor-ing, see Tri-umphs of
2. Say to the hea-then, from thy throne, “I am Je-ho-vah, God a-lone:” Thy voice their i-dols shall con-found, And burn their
guilt! But to each con-science be ap-plied The blood that
name; Let ad-verse pow’rs be-fore thee fall, And crown the
3. No more let crea-ture blood be spilt, Vain sac-ri-fice for hu-man mer-cy wrought by thee, Tri-umphs of mer-cy wrought by thee.
al-tars to the ground, And burn their al-tars to the ground.
flowed from Je-sus’ side, The blood that flowed from Je-sus’ side.
Sa-vior Lord of all, And crown the Sa-vior Lord of all.