

“ To him protection shall be shewn,

“ And mercy from above

“ Descend on those who thus fulfil

“ The perfect law of love.”

H Y M N V.

A WAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,

See where thy foes against thee rise,

In long array, a numerous host ;

Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands

Mustering his pale terrific bands ;

There pleasure's silken banners spread,

And willing souls are captive led.

I

See

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lust engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?