Forward, Christian!

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1.) For - ward, Christ - ian, armed with pray'r: Noise of bat - tle fills the air,
2.) On - ward, Christ - ian, dark - ness flies, Beams of morn - ing streak the skies:
3.) Up - ward, Christ - ian, look on high, Je - sus comes--the end is nigh;

Foes of truth a - rise in might, War - ring 'gainst the hosts of right;
Hark the bat - tle - sound a - far, Call - ing us to Zi - on's war;
With the shout of con - q'ring right Ran - somed saints are bro't to light;

Ev - er for - ward to the fray, It is Christ who leads the way;
For - ward, then, we must not yield, Faith, from sin's vile darts, will shield;
Then, that day, the saints de - scend, Sa - tan's bound, his reign at end:

In His strength we can - not fail, In His might we shall pre - vail.
God's own truth our loins will gird, We will wield the Spir - it's sword.
Christ in pomp and tri - umph high Then in peace and joy draw nigh!