



### Stand You Ready

Stand you ready, friends of faith;  
Raise the Ensign o'er the gate.  
See the random hordes of hate  
Led by Satan's potentates  
Storm the wall!

Saints aplenty fall in battle  
As war tocsins sound the rattle.  
High above the struggle's prattle  
Angels stream from crystal castles  
To make the victory sure.

Now the darkness fills the sky  
As the wells of hope run dry,  
Yet, on high, the Host reply  
There is no end but VICTORY.  
And so the foe is vanquished!

God stands by at every hour  
To heed our prayers of help and power,  
But woe to those who cringe and cower  
- These the worms of time devour!  
Why doubt the Arm of God?

*Jerry L. Ogles*  
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