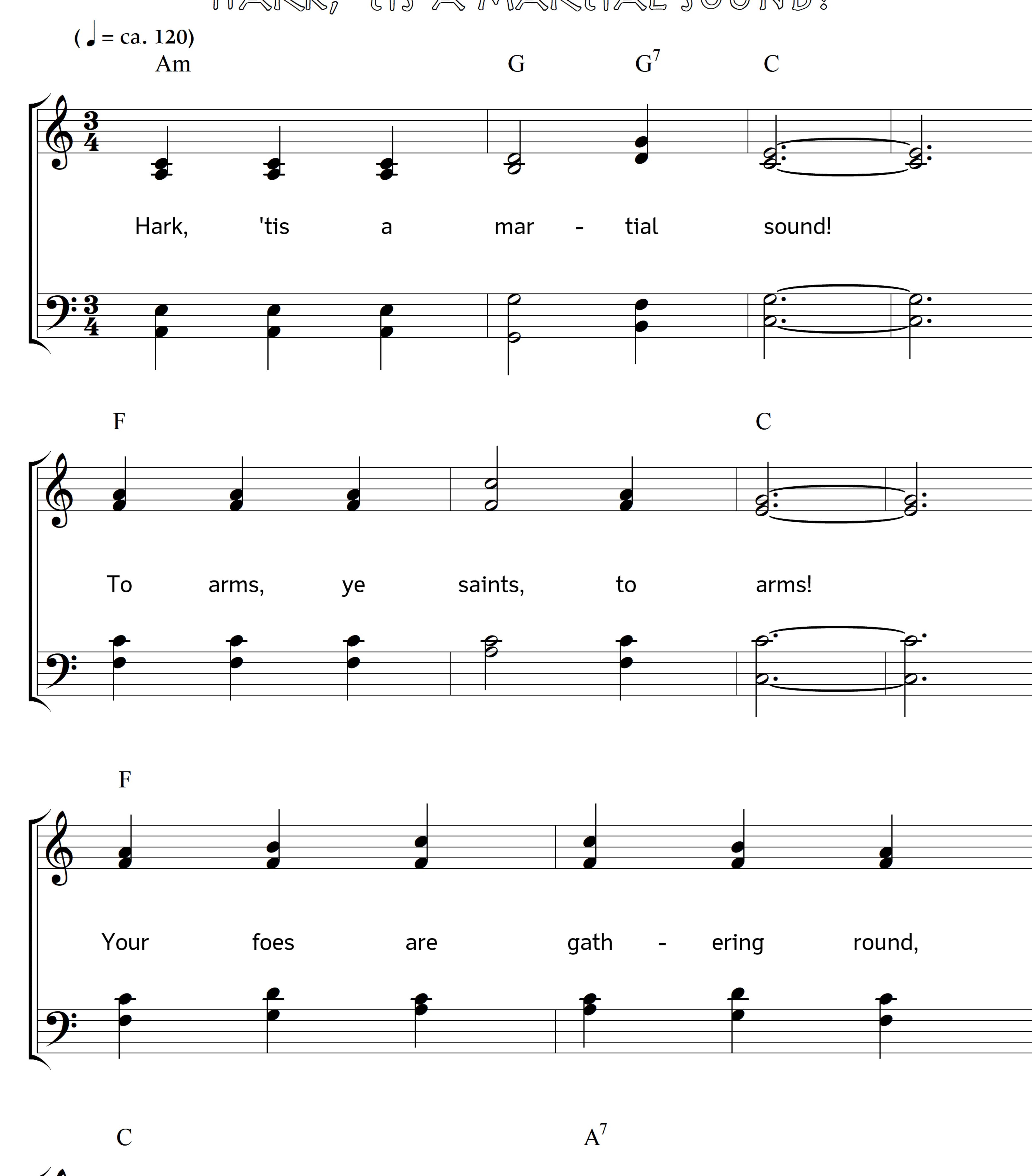
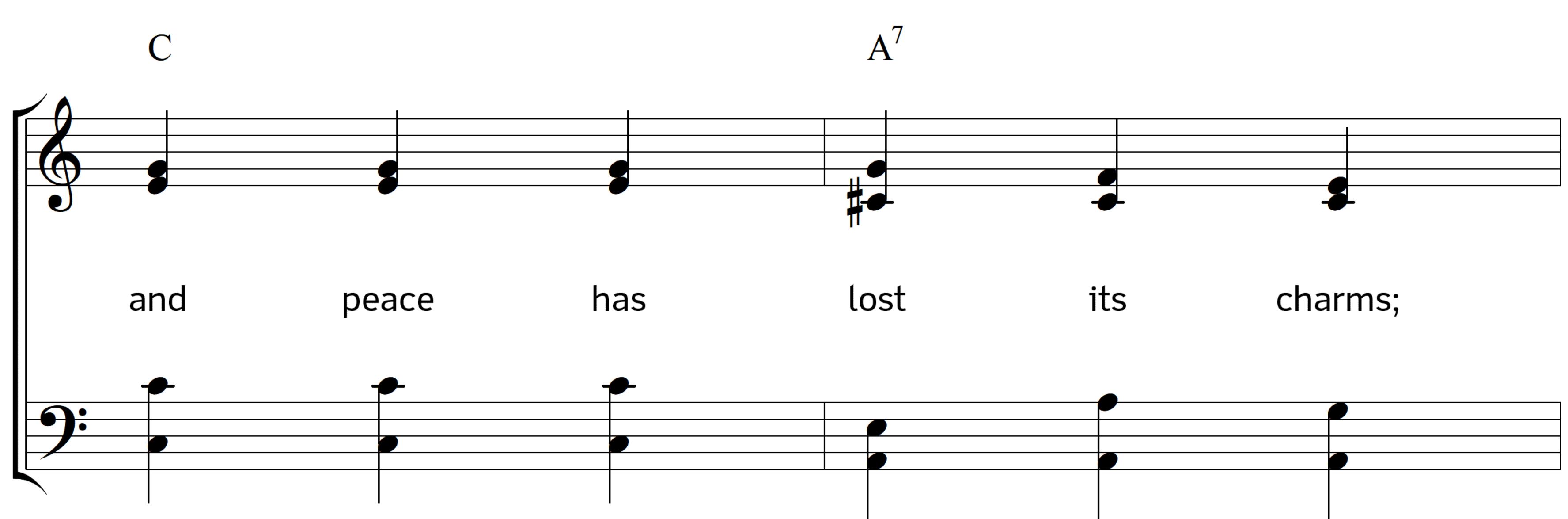
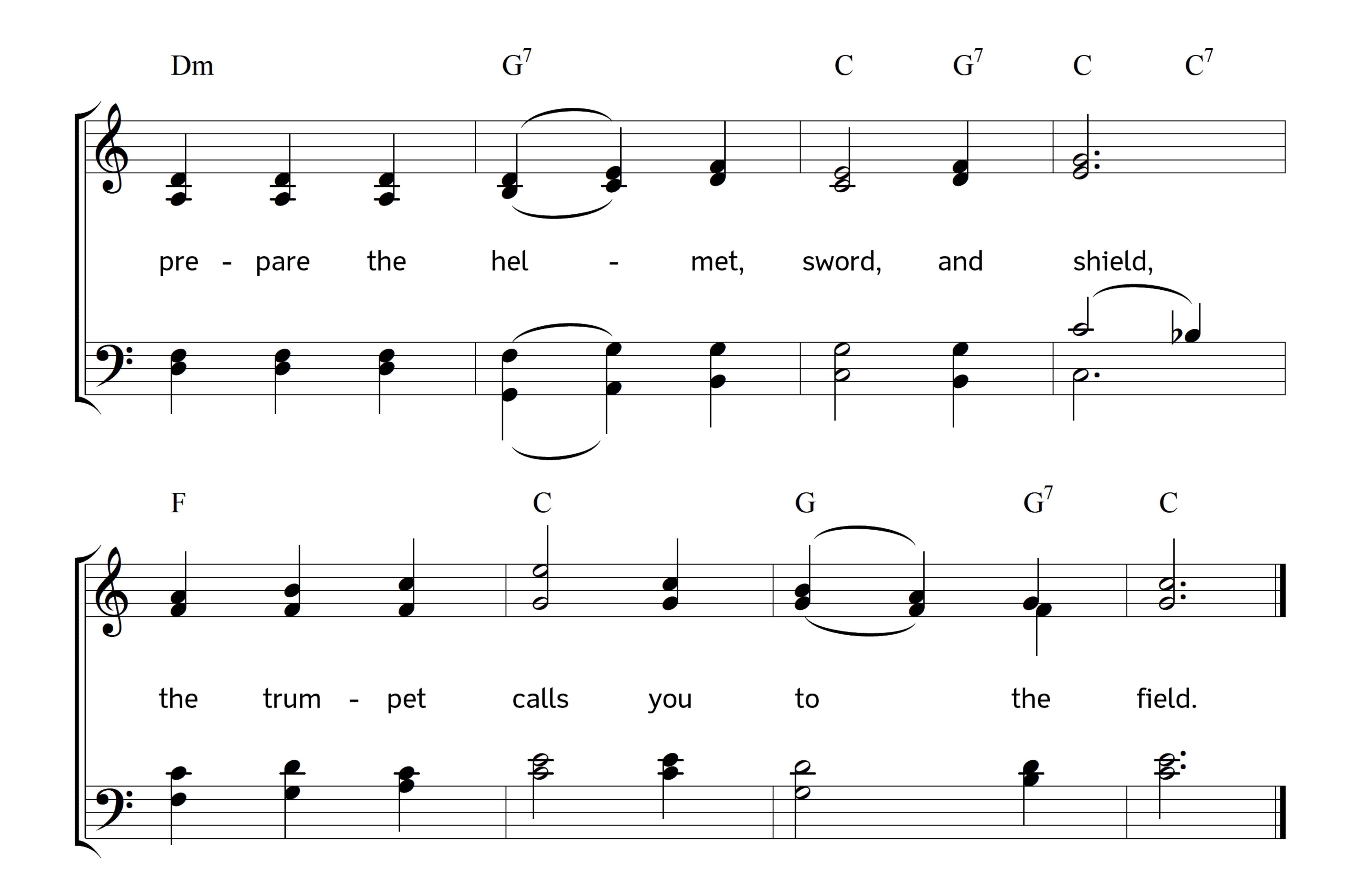
HARK, 'TIS A MARTIAL SOUND!







- No common foes appear,
 to dare you to the fight,
 but such as own no fear,
 and glory in their might:
 the powers of darkness are at hand;
 resist, or bow to their command.
- 4. And heaven supplies them too; the Lord, who never faints, is greater than the foe, and he is with his saints: thus armed, they venture to the fight, thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

- 3. An arm of flesh must fail
 in such a strife as this;
 he only can prevail,
 whose arm immortal is:
 'tis heaven itself the strength must yield,
 and weapons fit for such a field.
- 5. And when the strife is past, on yonder peaceful shore they shall repose at last, and see their foes no more; the fruits of victory enjoy, and never more their arms employ.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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