SET TO MUSIC EXPRESSLY FOR

THE HYMNARY,

A BOOK OF CHURCH SONG.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 35, Poultry (E.C.).



At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, &c.

What the Saints established
That we hold for true:
What the Saints believed
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, &c.