



2. O come, thou true Consoler, thou Fire, that warms the cold, the haughty breast's Controller, O come and make us bold. On all sides danger threatens; Lord, to our succour come, and arm us with the weapons of early Christendom.

3. Hard unbelief and folly the truth of God deny; O arm us, Lord most holy, with weapons from on high: with faith that never falters, unmoved by fear or praise, with love that never alters, and hope in darkest days.

4. We need a free confession in this our lukewarm age, a frank and full profession in spite of scorn and rage; to friend alike and foeman, on this or heathen ground, to every man and woman the Gospel trump to sound. 5. Where'er thy word is sounded, in far and savage lands, the heathen are confounded, and cast off Satan's bands. On every side they waken to hear thy blessed word; shall it from us be taken, by us remain unheard?

6. On us, O thou most holy, thy wrath doth justly fall, who hear, yet, through our folly, have not obeyed the call. Let us with deep prostration implore God's grace, that thus the word of his salvation be not withdrawn from us.

7. Give power to those who witness and preach thy holy word, that all may taste its sweetness, and rally round the Lord. Be this our preparation, a heart and tongue of fire, that this our proclamation may speed as we desire!

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