

Wednesday hymns

Hymn. 292

Put on the whole armor of pure consecration,
The breastplate of righteousness valiantly gird,
With shield of true faith, and the helmet of salvation—
The sword of the Spirit is God's mighty Word!

For His is the greatness, the power and the glory,
The victory His, when for succor we call;
His majesty shines in creation's wondrous story,
And He is exalted as head over all!

Words: MARIA LOUISE BAUM

Music: Dutch Folk Song

Hymn. 326

The Christian warrior, see him stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod:

In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

With this omnipotence he moves;
From this the alien armies flee;
Until he more than conqueror proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,
Fights his good fight and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

Words: JAMES MONTGOMERY*

Music: Psalmodia Evangelica, 1790

Hymn. 41

Come, labor on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain?

While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
Go work today.

Come, labor on:
Claim the high calling that we all may share;
To all the world the joyful tidings bear;
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly,
Harvest draws nigh.

Come, labor on:
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear.
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By means the simplest can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

Come, labor on:
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are they who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how sweet their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee.

Words: JANE BORTHWICK, ADAPTED

Music: Hugh P. Allen