

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
 2. On ev - ery hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
 3. To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;

6

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies.
 Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name confessed in heav'n.

11

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame,

16

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver - comes the world.
 The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
 We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - quering name.

21

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

25

O, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.