Lead on, O King eternal, the day of march has come;
Lead on, O King eternal, till sin’s fierce war shall cease,
Lead on, O King eternal, we follow not with fears;

Henceforth in fields of conquest thy tents shall be our home:
And holiness shall whisper the sweet a-men of peace;
For gladness breaks like morning wher-e’er thy face appears;

Through days of preparation thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clashing, nor roll of stirring drums,
Thy cross is lifted o’er us; we journey in its light:

And now, O King eternal, we lift our battle song.
But deeds of love and mercy, the heav’nly kingdom comes.
The crown a-waits the con-quest; lead on, O God of might.