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Christian, dost thou see them

Christian, dost thou see them
on the holy ground,
how the powers of darkness
compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them,
counting gain but loss,
smite them by the merit
of the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
how they work within,
striving, tempting, luring,
goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
never be downcast;
gird thee for the battle,
watch and pray and fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
how they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
thou art very weary,
I was weary, too;
But that toil shall make thee
some day all mine own,
and the end of sorrow
shall be near my throne."

Words: Greek, seventh century;
trans. John Mason Neale, 1862
Music: Gute Baume bringen
(Sohren), St. Andrew of Crete
Meter: 65 65 D

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