Arise young men arise Thy Saviour's

"Arise, young men, arise!"
Thy Saviour's loving voice
now bids thee lift thine eyes,
And in His life rejoice;
He raised the sleeping dead,
And made it grand to live;
For thee His blood was shed,
All help His arm will give.

Arise! For death is nigh,
Life's day is all too brief;
Like light its moments fly,
Its gladness and its grief;
Arise, and take thy part
In God's tremendous fight;
To arms! Stir up thy heart
Go forth in heaven's great might!

Arise from dreams of fame,
From sensual slumber rise;
Keep spotless Christ's dear name,
Thy wealth seek in the skies;
The no-blest works await
Thine aid with high reward,
And, crowned at glory's gate,
Thou'lt meet thy risen Lord.

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