We march, we march, to bictory.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.



* From "Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons of the Church."

WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY.



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When our chant goes up like thunder, And the van of the Lord, in serried array, Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder. We march, we march, &c. We tread to the roll of the organ swell, With the watchword duly given; And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell To fight for the Gates of Heaven : We march, we march, &c. Our sword is the Spirit of God on High, Our helmet His salvation ; Our banner the Cross of Calvary, Our watchword-the Incarnation. We march, we march, &c.

And we fear not man nor devil: For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts, To defend His Church from evil : We march, we march, &c. He marches in front of His banner unfurled, Which he raised that His own might find Him; And the Holy Church throughout all the world Falls into rank behind Him, We march, we march, &c. And the choir of angels with song awaits Our march to the golden Sion ; For our Captain has broken the brazen gates, And burst the bars of iron; We march, we march, &c.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ before us,

With His eye of love looking down from above,

And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory With the Cross of the Lord before us, With His loving eye looking down from the sky, And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.