

O Christ, in hours of sharp alarm—  
In dark defeat or triumph's thrill—  
Grant us to feel Thy strengthening arm,  
To know that Thon art with us still;

Alike within the quiet room,  
In that dim hush that hides the dark,  
Or mid the raging shock of doom  
Be Thon our Light and Guiding Mark—

Pierce through our stubborn, blinded night,  
On our weak hearts Thy strength outpour,  
That they before Thy radiant light  
May set unsealed an open door.

From craven fear that bids us flee,  
From vengeful hate that seeks its vent,  
From pride that holds aloof from Thee,  
And rebel guilt impenitent.

From our unnumbered, ancient sins,  
And all our petty, sordid dross,  
Cleanse us, O Christ, ere battle dims  
The vision of Thy Crimson Cross.

And let our humble hearts atone  
As in Thy presence now we bend,  
That in Thy strength, and Thine alone,  
We may endure unto the end.