

## **Triumphantly Ride In Thy Chariot Of Might !**

### *The Persecutor.*

**With** rueful grimace amidst virulent days,  
In penance, in grime, in bewildering haze,  
Arises a Form from the nether abyss,  
To sweep from this earth all its light and its bliss.

And how fare the lowly the good and the pure ?  
O where are the faithful ? Deep vext but secure.  
Behold them in donjons. See ! mangled and strown  
Midst the hill shaking crash of a ruthless cyclone.

And this dastardly Tyrant that blackens the sky,  
Goes forth in the name of the Ruler Most high !  
And this ruin remorseless that gloats o'er the weak  
Is done in the name of the Master Most Meek !

O horrible Dynasty, seated on high,  
With its basis in hell and its cowl in the sky !  
Denying—defying the Record of God,  
And rending the sheep he redeemed by his blood.

With the teeth of a wolf but the show of a lamb,  
From the feast of his millions he rises the same.  
Now reeling and drunken with blood of the saints  
Dipt deeper in gore than the record that paints.

### *Triumphantly Ride.*

**Triumphantly** ride in Thy chariot of might,  
Redeemer of Jacob, dispenser of light.

Let the foes of Thy glory be scattered in scorn,  
And Thy People come forth in the lustre of morn.

For the Arm clad in marvel can au't be too strong ?  
Joy awakes to the Lost and rich grace is the song !