To Arms! To Arms! My worthy brothers!

Don the helmet, take up the sword!

Sue for peace as have many others?

No! To quit the field we cannot afford.

Long ago the Prince of Dark did war,

And from heaven to earth he fell.

“I’ll avenge by wicked scheme,” he swore,

And has yet to cease this spiteful spell.

This snake beguiled our Mother Eve,

And his vict’ry was our demise.

Devious death webs did he weave,

Proclaiming himself to be so wise.

Through the ages he rested not,

Battling Noah, Job & Abraham.

These great men defied his evil plot,

Serving, instead, the Great I Am.

He fought with Christ and crushed His heel,

As on the cross had Christ to die.

For us this death He chose to feel,

“...Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

Satan, laughing, thought the battle done,

‘Til from that death our Savior rose.

Crushing Satan’s head, Jesus won,

And our rise from fear did interpose.

Then Satan assailed the fledgling church,

He lost, but still fights on today.

Dear brothers, we must for bravery search,

For his ISIS partner leads the fray.

Armageddon may be just ahead,

“Jihad” is the devil’s battle cry.

They murder us whom Christ has wed,

Yet Christ our faith doth fortify.

Satan’s finale has now begun,

So let’s stay faithful as we trod,

And when this battle we have won,

We’ll live forever at home with God.

 De Witt Clinton