## The good land has been given

Spiritual Warfare — Taking the Land

			Spiritu	al Warfare —	Taking the Land	l				
(Guitar)										
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<b>1.</b> The	good land	has b	been giv	- en—		'Tis	Christ in	all	He	
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is!	Let's claim	Him		with bold	- ness,		Stand on G	od's prom	1 - is -	
D	G									
es!	He's our	al -	lot - ted	- ted por - tion,			So vast, im - measur - a -			
D				G			D			
ble!	Un - search	-a -		- ble rich	- es!		He's in -	ex - haus	t - i -	
G				D						
ble!	Look! Mill	and	hon - ey	flow - ing	<u>g!</u>	Wh	nat wealth the	re is	to	
G	D				c					
gain!	We're cros	s - ing	riv - er	Jor - da	n!	W	e roam no	more!	We	
G		D		G	с	G				
en - ter	in, Christ	to	ob -	tain!						
2. Though foes try every tactic To make us shy away, We, fearless, march onward, Much to their great dismay! Forgetting all our failures, We're pressing on to seize The good land, God's interest, With hearts of full belief!			4. We look unto our Captain, Our Leader and our Way; We know Him, show strength, and Take action right away! We execute His triumph, Subdue each foe we meet; Dominion He gives us To crush them 'neath our feet!			Note on "our armor's linen bright": The saints fight with soft, linen armor ("Senir" meaning "soft armor" in S.S. 4:8; Rev. 19:14). Hard metal armor is unnecessary, for Christ has already won the victory! Hallelujah!				
The giants may seem mighty, But God is on our side; He's fighting for us daily! "The Nephilim are bread for us!" We boldly cry!			We're in this all together; We're fighting corporately! The warrior-bride we're readying! The enemy cannot withstand God's formed army!							
<ul> <li>3. Let us go up at once and Possess the land in sight, For we are well able To overcome with might! We care not for the outward; We hear not Satan's lies. "Rejoice not against us, For when we fall, we rise!"</li> <li>Though we may feel defeated, "How can grasshoppers win?"</li> </ul>			<ul> <li>5. 'Tis not to win we're fighting; We fight from victory; Our Captain is Conqu'ror And us to glory leads! Our banners we're unfurling; Our armor's linen bright; Our Love finds us lovely; Our foes are terrified!</li> <li>From glory unto glory, E'er higher we ascend;</li> </ul>							
That's only in our own sight; So we no more look to ourselves But unto Him!			We're pressing onward, upward, Jerusalem to Zion go, This age to end!							