

The Ruin of Antichrist [Capo 2 D, 108 bpm, 4/4]

[AB Version] by Isaac Watts

A/C# **D** **D/F#** **G** **A**
"I lift my banner," saith the Lord, "Where Antichrist has stood;
A/C# **Bm7** **D/F#** **G** **A** **D**
The city of my gospel foes shall be a field of blood.
D **Em7** **D/F#** **G** **D** **Asus**
"My heart has studied just revenge, And now the day appears;
Bm7 **D/F#** **G** **D** **D/A** **A5** **D**
The day of my redeemed is come to wipe away their tears.

A/C# **D** **D/F#** **G** **A**
"Quite weary is my patience grown, and bids my fury go;
A/C# **Bm7** **D/F#** **G** **A** **D**
Swift as the lightning it shall move, and be as fatal too.
D **Em7** **D/F#** **G** **D** **Asus**
"I call for helpers, but in vain; then has my gospel none?
Bm7 **D/F#** **G** **D** **D/A** **A** **D**
Well, my own arm has might enough To crush my foes alone.

A/C# **D** **D/F#** **G** **A**
"Slaughter and my devouring sword shall walk the streets around,
A/C# **Bm7** **D/F#** **G** **A** **D**
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke, and stagger to the ground."
D **Em7** **D/F#** **G** **D** **Asus**
Thy honours, O victorious King! Thine own right hand shall raise,
Bm7 **D/F#** **G** **D** **D/A** **A5** **D**
While we thy awful vengeance sing, And our deliv'rer praise.

Tag

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