

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

[AB Version] by Isaac Watts

G/B **C** **C/E** **F** **G**
"I lift my banner," saith the Lord, "Where Antichrist has stood;
G/B **Am7** **C/E** **F** **G** **C**
The city of my gospel foes shall be a field of blood.
C **Dm7** **C/E** **F** **C** **Gsus**
"My heart has studied just revenge, And now the day appears;
Am7 **C/E** **F** **C** **C/G** **G5** **C**
The day of my redeemed is come to wipe away their tears.

G/B **C** **C/E** **F** **G**
"Quite weary is my patience grown, and bids my fury go;
G/B **Am7** **C/E** **F** **G** **C**
Swift as the lightning it shall move, and be as fatal too.
C **Dm7** **C/E** **F** **C** **Gsus**
"I call for helpers, but in vain; then has my gospel none?
Am7 **C/E** **F** **C** **C/G** **G** **C**
Well, my own arm has might enough To crush my foes alone.

G/B **C** **C/E** **F** **G**
"Slaughter and my devouring sword shall walk the streets around,
G/B **Am7** **C/E** **F** **G** **C**
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke, and stagger to the ground."
C **Dm7** **C/E** **F** **C** **Gsus**
Thy honours, O victorious King! Thine own right hand shall raise,
Am7 **C/E** **F** **C** **C/G** **G5** **C**
While we thy awful vengeance sing, And our deliv'rer praise.

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