

The Ruin of Antichrist [E, 108 bpm, 4/4]

[AB Version] by Isaac Watts

B/D# **E** **E/G#** **A** **B**
"I lift my banner," saith the Lord, "Where Antichrist has stood;
B/D# **C#m7** **E/G#** **A** **B** **E**
The city of my gospel foes shall be a field of blood.
E **F#m7** **E/G#** **A** **E** **Bsus**
"My heart has studied just revenge, And now the day appears;
C#m7 **E/G#** **A** **E** **E/B** **B5** **E**
The day of my redeemed is come to wipe away their tears.

B/D# **E** **E/G#** **A** **B**
"Quite weary is my patience grown, and bids my fury go;
B/D# **C#m7** **E/G#** **A** **B** **E**
Swift as the lightning it shall move, and be as fatal too.
E **F#m7** **E/G#** **A** **E** **Bsus**
"I call for helpers, but in vain; then has my gospel none?
C#m7 **E/G#** **A** **E** **E/B** **B** **E**
Well, my own arm has might enough To crush my foes alone.

B/D# **E** **E/G#** **A** **B**
"Slaughter and my devouring sword shall walk the streets around,
B/D# **C#m7** **E/G#** **A** **B** **E**
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke, and stagger to the ground."
E **F#m7** **E/G#** **A** **E** **Bsus**
Thy honours, O victorious King! Thine own right hand shall raise,
C#m7 **E/G#** **A** **E** **E/B** **B5** **E**
While we thy awful vengeance sing, And our deliv'rer praise.

Tag

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