

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

[AB Version] by Isaac Watts

"I lift my banner," saith the Lord, "Where Antichrist has stood;
The city of my gospel foes shall be a field of blood.

"My heart has studied just revenge, And now the day appears;
The day of my redeemed is come to wipe away their tears.

"Quite weary is my patience grown, and bids my fury go;
Swift as the lightning it shall move, and be as fatal too.

"I call for helpers, but in vain; then has my gospel none?
Well, my own arm has might enough To crush my foes alone.

"Slaughter and my devouring sword shall walk the streets around,
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke, and stagger to the ground."
Thy honours, O victorious King! Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing, And our deliv'rer praise.

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