

The Ruin of Antichrist

Isaac Watts

John Maggs

B/D# E E/G# A

1. "I lift my ban - ner," saith the Lord, "where Ant - i - christ has
 2. "Quite wear - y is my pa - tience grown, and bids my fu - ry
 3. "Slaugh - ter and my de - vour - ing sword shall walk the streets ar -

5 B B/D# C#m7 E/G# A B E

stood; The ci - ty of my gos - pel foes shall be a field of blood. My
 go; Swift as the light - ning it shall move, and be as fa - tal too. I
 ound, Ba - bel shell reel be - neath my stroke, and sta - gger to the ground." Thy

11 E F#m7 E/G# A E B sus

heart has stu - died just re - venge, and now the day ap - pears; The
 call for help - ers, but in vain; Then has my go - spel none? Well,
 hon - ours, O vic - tor - ious King! Thine own right hand shall raise, while

16 C#m7 E/G# A E E/B B5 E

day of my re - deemed is come to wipe a - way their tears."
 "Quite own arm has might en - ough to crush my foes a - lone."
 we Thy aw - ful veng - eance sing, and our de - liv - 'rer praise.