

I Lift My Banner, Saith the Lord
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

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, Mine 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 honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we Thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliv'rer praise.