The Sword of the Lord
Words and Music: Philip Bliss, 1875.

It was midnight in the valley, and the camp was dark and still,
Where the slumb'ring host of Midian lay along the sloping hill,
When a blinding flash of torches, and a trumpet loud and shrill,
Threw out the battle cry:

Refrain

Blow ye the trumpet, for the Lord hath made us free;
Your blazing lamps raise high!
"The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon," shall be
Our conqu'ring battle cry.

Where the faint and fearful thousands had returned at God's command,
By the chosen few of faithful, vict'ry came to Gideon's band;
Hear them giving God the glory, and around the camp they stand
And shout their battle cry:

Refrain

Christian soldiers, be not fearful; onward with your Captain go;
Ever "looking unto Jesus" you shall conquer ev'ry foe;
He hath triumphed-take your trumpets, let the world your vict'ry know;
Sing loud your battle cry:

Refrain