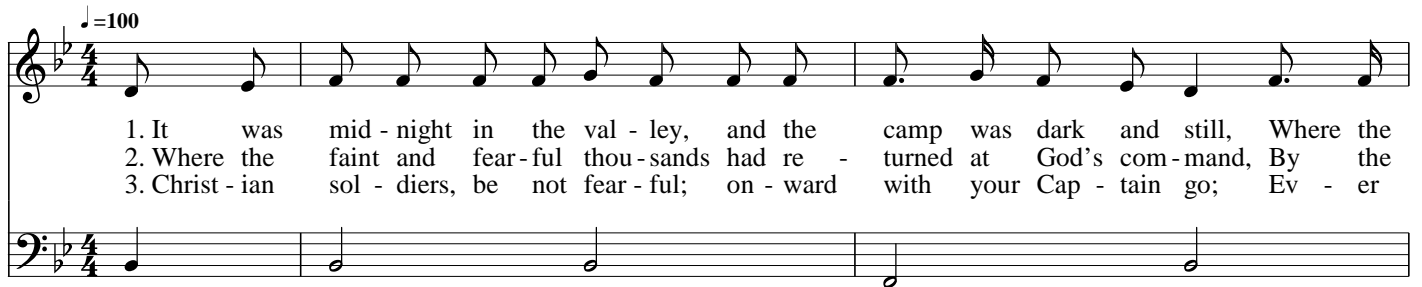


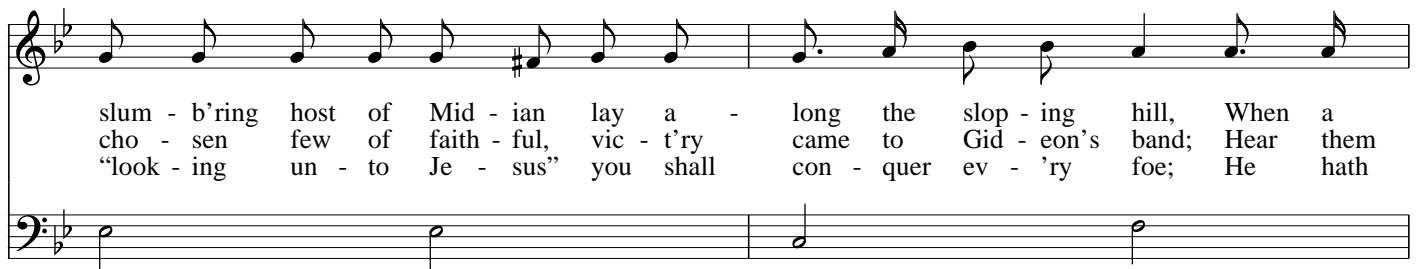
The Sword of the Lord

Philip Paul Bliss, 1875

J=100



1. It was mid - night in the val - ley, and the camp was dark and still, Where the
2. Where the faint and fear - ful thou - sands had re - turned at God's com - mand, By the
3. Christ - ian sol - diers, be not fear - ful; on - ward with your Cap - tain go; Ev - er

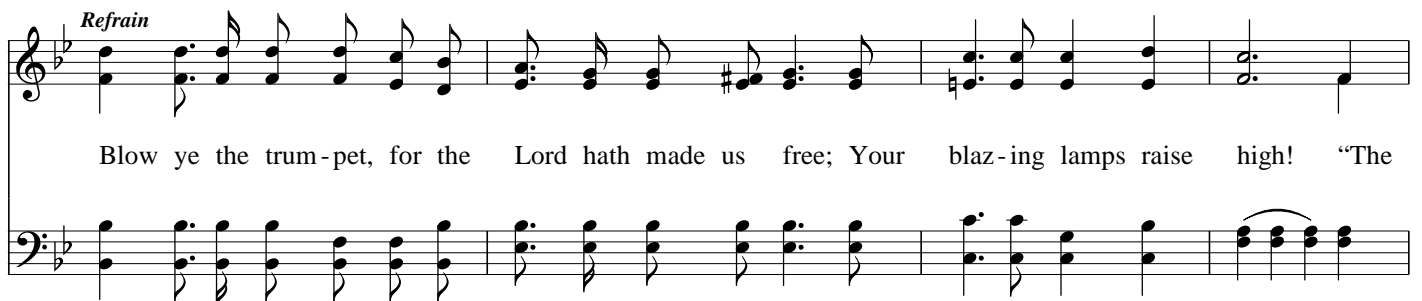


slum - b'ring host of Mid - ian lay a - long the slop - ing hill, When a
cho - sen few of faith - ful, vic - t'ry came to Gid - eon's band; Hear them
"look - ing un - to Je - sus" you shall con - quer ev - 'ry foe; He hath



blind - ing flash of torch - es, and a trum - pet loud and shrill, Threw out the bat - tle cry:
giv - ing God the glo - ry, and a - round the camp they stand And shout their bat - tle cry:
tri - umphed —take your trum - pets, let the world your vic - t'ry know; Sing loud your bat - tle cry:

Refrain



Blow ye the trum - pet, for the Lord hath made us free; Your blaz - ing lamps raise high! "The



sword of the Lord and of Gid - e - on," shall be Our con - qu'ring bat - tle cry.