

I lift my banner, saith the Lord

I. Watts

Gud Fader vilje vi priså

Svenska koralboken, 1697

♩ = 100

B♭ Cl.

Piano

Em G Bm Em Am D G Em

"I lift my ban-ner," saith the Lord, "where An-ti-christ has stood; the ci-ty
"Quite wea-ry is my pa-tience grown, and bids my fu-ry go; swift as the
"Slaugh-ter and my de-vour-ing sword shall walk the streets a-round, Ba-bel shall

10

G Bm Em Am D G G D A D

of my gos-pel foes shall be a field of blood. "My heart has stud-ied just re-venge, and
light-ning it shall move, and be as fa-tal too. "I call for hel-pers, but in vain; then
reel be-neath my stroke, and stag-ger to the ground." Thy hon-ors, O vic-tor-ious King! Thine

20

A A D G D G G Em B Em

now the day ap-pears; the day of my re-deemed is come to wipe a-way their tears.
has my gos-pel none? Well, mine own arm has might e-nough to crush my foes a-lone.
own right hand shall raise, while we Thy aw-ful ven-geance sing, and our de-liv'-rer praise.