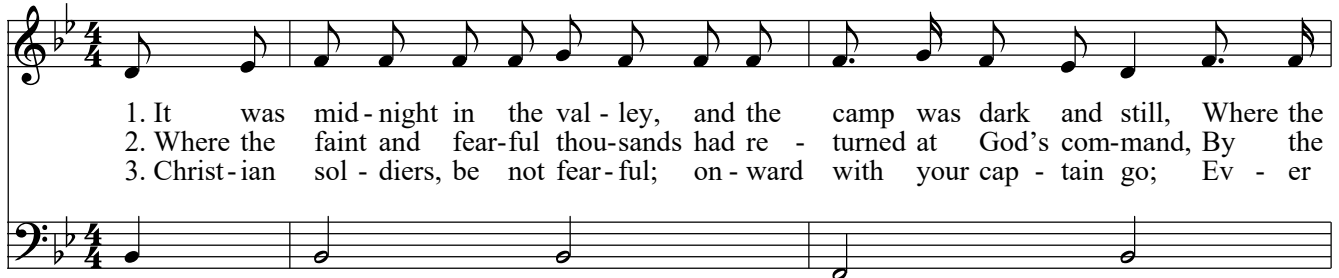


# The Sword of the Lord

Philip Paul Bliss, 1875

Philip Paul Bliss

♩=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

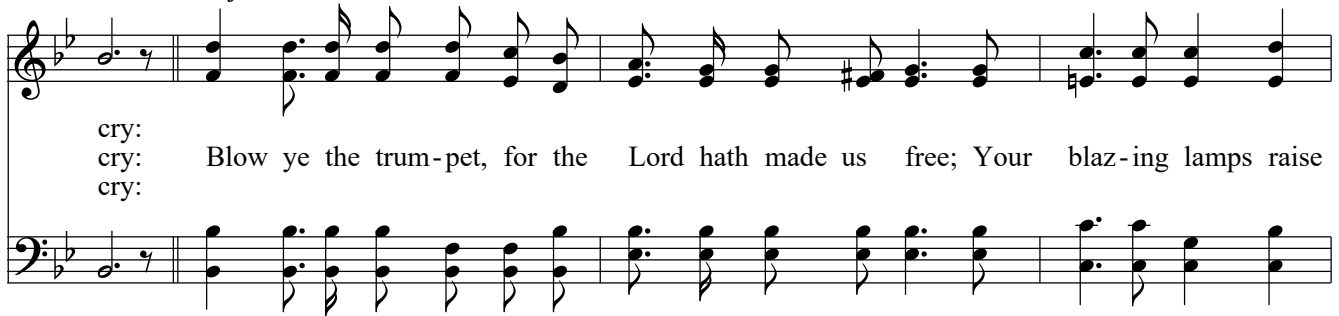


slum - bering host of Mid - ian lay a - long the slop - ing hill, When a  
cho - sen few of faith - ful, vic - tory came to Gid - eon's band; Hear them  
"look - ing un - to Je - sus" you shall con - quer ev - ery foe; He hath



blind-ing flash of torch-es, and a trum - pet loud and shrill, Threw out the bat-tle  
giv - ing God the glo - ry, And a - round the camp they stand And shout their bat-tle  
tri - umphed —take your trum-pets, let the world your vic - tory know; Sing loud your bat-tle

## Refrain



cry:  
cry: Blow ye the trum-pet, for the Lord hath made us free; Your blaz-ing lamps raise  
cry:



high! "The sword of the Lord and of Gid-e - on," shall be Our con-quer-ing bat-tle cry.