

Sullivan. L.M.

1. Let mor - tal tongues at tempt to sing The wars of heav'n when Mi chael stood Chief
 2. A gainst the dra gon and his host The ar mies of the Lord pre vail: In
 3. Down to the earth was Sa tan thrown, Down to the earth his le gions fell; Then
 4. Now is the hour of dark ness past, Christ has as sumed his reign ing pow'r, Be
 5. 'Twas by thy blood im mor tal lamb, Thine ar mies trod the temp ter down; 'Twas
 6. Re joice, ye heav'ns; let ev' ry star Shine with new glo ries round the sky; Saints,

gen' ral of th'e ter nal king And fought the bat tles of our God.
 vain they rage, in vain they boast, Their cour age sinks, their weap ons fail.
 was the trump of tri umph blown, And shook the dread ful deeps of hell.
 hold the great ac cus er cast Down from the skies, to rise no more.
 by thy word and pow'r ful name They gained the bat tle and re nown.
 while ye sing the heav'n ly war, Raise your de liv' rer's name on high.