

Bb Major. Hannah More, 1782.

R. Boyd.

1. Now your fes - tal rites pre - pare! Let your tri - umphs rend the air! I - dol gods shall reign no more, We the liv - ing
 2. Let re - mot - est na - tions know, Proud Go - li - ath's o - ver - throw: Fall'n, Phi - lis - tia! is thy trust, Dagon's ho - nor

3. See, the rout - ed squadrons fly! Hark! their clam - ors rend the sky! Blood and car - nage stain the field! See, the vanquish'd
 4. Lo! up - on the tent - ed field, Roy - al Saul has thousands kill'd! Lo! up - on th'en - san - guin'd plain, Da - vid has ten

Lord a - dore! — Let hea - then hosts on hu - man helps re - pose, Since Is - rael's God has rout - ed Is - rael's foes. foes.
 laid in dust! — Who fears the Lord of Glo - ry, need not fear The bra - zen ar - mor, nor the lift - ed spear. spear.

na - tions yield! — Dis - may and ter - ror fill the frighten'd land; While conq'ring Da - vid routs the trembling band. band.
 thousand slain! — Let migh - ty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell, While ten - fold tri - umphs Da - vid's vic - t'ries swell. swell.