


The Battle Is the Lord's!


453

LEONI (Yigdal) 6.6.8.4.D.


E. Margaret Clarkson, b. 1915

From a Hebrew melody
Adapted by Meyer Lyon, 1751-1799



1. The bat - tle is the Lord's! The har - vest fields are white:
2. The bat - tle is the Lord's! Not ours is strength or skill,
3. The bat - tle is the Lord's! The Vic - tor cru - ci - fied
4. The bat - tle is the Lord's! Stand still, my soul, and see



How few the reap - ing hands ap - pear, Their strength how slight!
But His a - lone, in sov - ereign grace, To work His will.
Must with the tra - vail of His soul Be sat - is - fied.
The great sal - va - tion God hath wrought Re - vealed for thee.



Yet vic - to - ry is sure— We face a van - quished foe:
Ours, count - ing not the cost, Un - flinch - ing, to o - bey;
The powers of hell shall fail, And all God's will be done
Then, rest - ing in His might, Lift high His tri - umph song,



Then for - ward with the ris - en Christ To bat - tle go!
And in His time His ho - ly arm Shall win the day.
Till ev - ery soul whom He hath given To Christ be won.
For power, do - min - ion, king - dom, strength To Christ be - long!