

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

STRIKE the cymbal, roll the tymbal, let the trump of triumph
sound !

Pow'rful slinging, headlong bringing, proud Goliath to the
ground.

From the river, rejecting quiver, Judah's hero takes the stone :
Spread your banners, shout hosannahs, battle is the Lord's
alone !

See, advances, with songs and dances, all the band of Israel's
daughters—

Catch the sound ye hills and waters.

Spread your banners, &c.

God of thunder ! rend asunder all the pow'r Philistia boasts.
What are nations ? what their stations ? Israel's God is Lord
of Hosts.

What are haughty monarchs now ? low before Jehovah bow !
Pride of princes, strength of kings, to the dust Jehovah brings.
Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise ;
Praise him, &c.

Hosannah ! hosannah ! hosannah !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free !

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken—

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave !

How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,

Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free !

His people are free ! his people are free ! his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !

His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.