

222. THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE

(Joel ch. 2 "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for it is nigh at hand...")

Arranged by Philip A. Benyola

Words and Music by Arlene L. Buffington

Staccato *8va*

1. The out - come of the bat - tle, Lord, Oh, say Sir can you
 2. As for - eign arm - ies march in time, They swear they're com - ing
 3. The out - come of the bat - tle, Lord, Oh, say Sir, can you
 4. We read of Zi - on's great tra - vail and of its won' - drous

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see? That hill a - head, it looks so tall and much too high for me. I
 here, While un - rest in our Na - tion grows, our hearts grow cold with fear. They're
 say? And tell us of a bet - ter time and of a bet - ter day. The
 birth. We read of glo - ries that a - wait God's chil - dren here on earth. We

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dare not ven - ture there a - lone, A - las, the bat - tle cry. So
 tak - ing down your great com - mands, They burn our flag and jeer. But the
 fight goes on and on and on, The clouds of doom des - cend, But
 hear that when the war is won, our land a - gain is blest, But we

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off to war we'll join the fight to - geth - er, you and I.
 out - come of the bat - tle, Lord, Is what we need to hear.
 tell us of the vic - to - ry, Oh, tell us of the end.
 want to hear You say it, Lord, And put our minds at rest.