THE

SOLDIERS' PRAYER.

W. A. KING.

In slow martial style.
I. Now may the God of grace and pow'r, 
II. Some trust in horses train'd for war, 

-tend His peoples' hum'ble cry; 
-some of chariots make their boasts; 

hour, And send deliv'rance from on high, 
-are From Thee, the Lord of Heav'nly hosts.

Defend them in the needful 
Our surest expec-ta-tions
In His salvation is our hope; And in the name of Israel's
Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear, And let our trust be firm and

God, Our Troops shall lift their Banners up, Our
strong, 'Till Thy salvation shall appear, And

Navies spread their Flags abroad! Our
Hymns of Peace conclude our song. And

Navies spread their Flags abroad!
Hymns of Peace conclude our song.

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