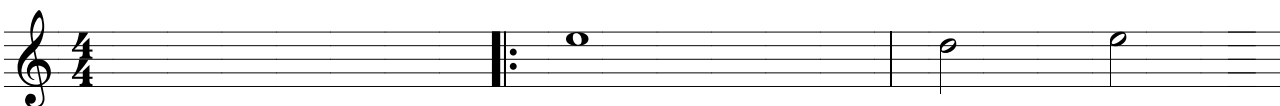


The Battle Belongs to the Lord

♩ = 120

Jamie Owens-Collins

Clarinet 

In heav-en-ly ar-mor we'll en-ter the land The
pow-er of dark-ness comes in like a flood
en-e-my press-es in hard do not fear



bat-tle be-longs to the Lord

No wea-pon that's fash-ioned a- gainst
He's raised up a stand-ard the pow'r
Take cour-age my friend your re-demp



us shall stand
on his blood
- tion is near

The bat-tle be-longs to the Lord

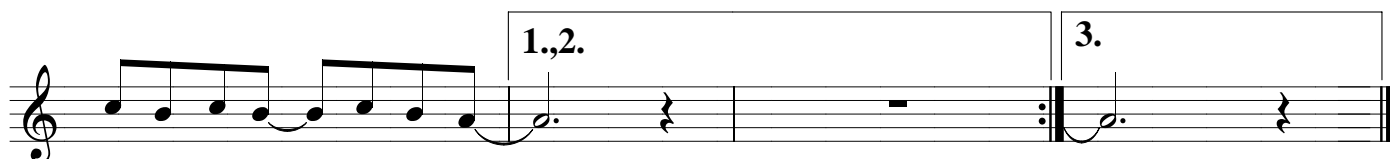
And we sing



glo - ry hon - or pow-er and strength to the Lord



We sing glo - ry hon - or



pow-er and strength to the Lord.

1.,2.
3.

2. When the
3. When your