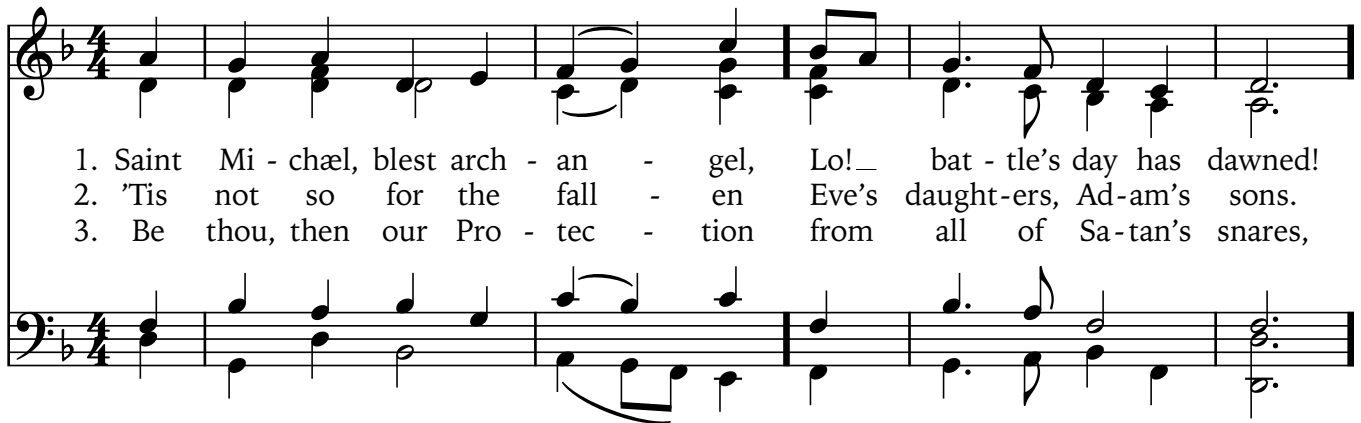


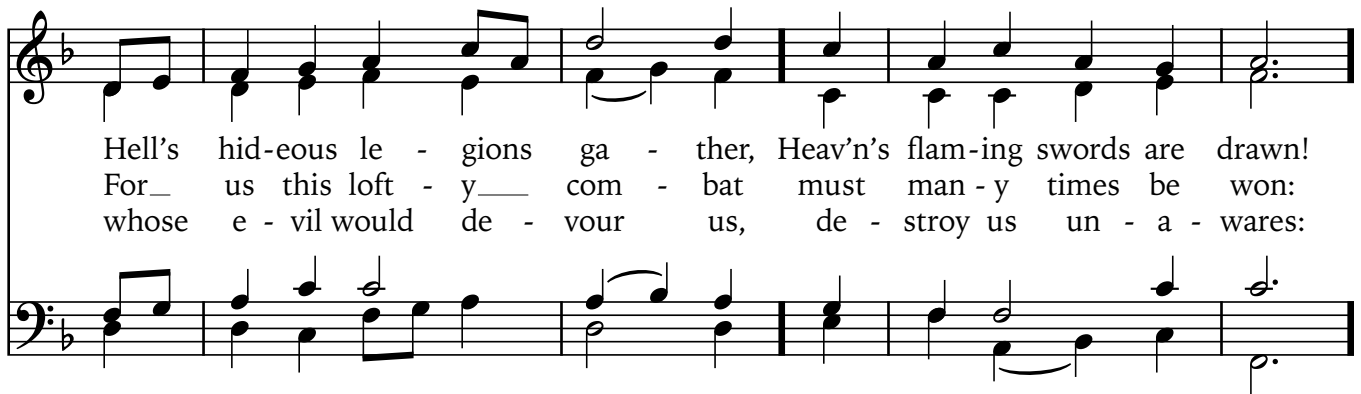
SAINT MICHAEL, BLEST ARCHANGEL

Sean Connolly, 2026

KING'S LYNN



1. Saint Mi - chael, blest arch - an - gel, Lo!_ bat - tle's day has dawned!
2. 'Tis not so for the fall - en Eve's daught-ers, Ad-am's sons.
3. Be thou, then our Pro - tec - tion from all of Sa-tan's snares,



Hell's hid-eous le - gions ga - ther, Heav'n's flam-ing swords are drawn!
For_ us this loft - y_ com - bat must man - y times be won:
whose e - vil would de - vour us, de - stroy us un - a - wares:



Be - hold how fal - len_ an - gels and God's own Sa - ba - oth,
One day we strug-gle,_ ris - ing to fight with heav-en's Host,
By_ thee may God re - buke him, to thee we hum - bly pray;



in clear ranks and un - chang - ing fight now, and long have fought.
the next we fall so eas - i - ly to_ Hell, and all is lost.
In - to the depths, An - ge - lic Prince, all_ dark-ness cast this day!