

Do Not Keep Silence, O My God

Based on Psalm 83

1. Do not keep si-lence, O my God; Be not un-moved, lift up Thy rod.
2. They say, "Come let us wipe them out; Let Is-ra-el be put to rout.
3. *Yea, E-dom and the Ish-mael-ites, The Ha-ga-renes and Mo-ab-ites,*
4. Treat them as Thou didst Mi-di-an, As Si-se-ra, a flee-ing man
5. *Bring Thou their no-bles' pride to nought, Like Mi-dian's kings, whom Gi-deon caught.*
6. My God, make them like whirl-ing dust, Like chaff be-fore a sud-den gust.
7. Fill Thou their fac-es, LORD, with shame, That they may seek Thy glo-rious name;

For, lo, Thy foes pre-prepare for fight-ing; They raise their heads, for war u-nit-ing.
Burn down its towns to ash and em-ber; Let none that na-tion's name re-mem-ber."
All the Phil-i-stines and the Tyr-ians Join Am-mon's tribe and the As-syr-ians.
Slain by the wo-man he re-lied on, As Ja-bin's ar-my at the Kish-on.
The sword re-paid them their trans-gres-sion When they said, "Let us take pos-ses-sion
As fire through-out the for-est blaz-ing, As flames the hills and moun-tains raz-ing,
Oh, cast them down, dis-mayed for-ev-er, And let them know that all en-deav-or

The flames of ha-tred they are fan-ning, The down-fall of Thy loved ones plan-ning.
With one ac-cord they are con-spir-ing, The fall of Is-ra-el de-sir-ing.
Ge-bal con-fers with A-gag's rem-nants; They all give aid to Lot's de-scend-ants.
His war-riors, stripped of all their splen-dor, Are dung now on the fields of En Dor.
Of God's own green and fer-tile re-gions." De-stroy our foes and all their le-gions.
So with Thy tem-pest, LORD, pur-sue them, With ter-ri-fy-ing storms sub-due them.
Is vain, if not due praise is gi-ven To Thee, Most High in earth and hea-ven.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 O DIEU, NE SOIS PLUS Á REQUOY [GENEVAN 83]
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