

Lexington

Tr. 1. Hold not thy peace, O Lord our God, No lon - ger si - lent be; Nor with con - sen - ting qui - et looks Our ru - in calm ³ ly see!

C. 2. Against thy zea - lous peo - ple, Lord, They craft - i - ly com - bine; And to de - stroy thy cho - sen saints Have laid their close de - sign.

T. 3. Lord, shroud their fa - ces with dis - grace, That they may own thy name; Or them confound, whose hardened hearts Thy gen - tle means dis - claim.

B.

Tr. 1. For lo! The tu - mults of thy foes O'er all the land are spread; And those who hate thy saints, and thee, Lift up their threat - ning head.

C. 2. As flames consume dry wood or heath That on parched mountains grows, So let thy fierce pur - su - ing wrath With ter - ror strike thy foes.

T. 3. So shall the wand'ring world confess That thou, who claim'st alone, Je - ho - vah's name, over all the earth Hast raised thy lof - ty throne.

B.