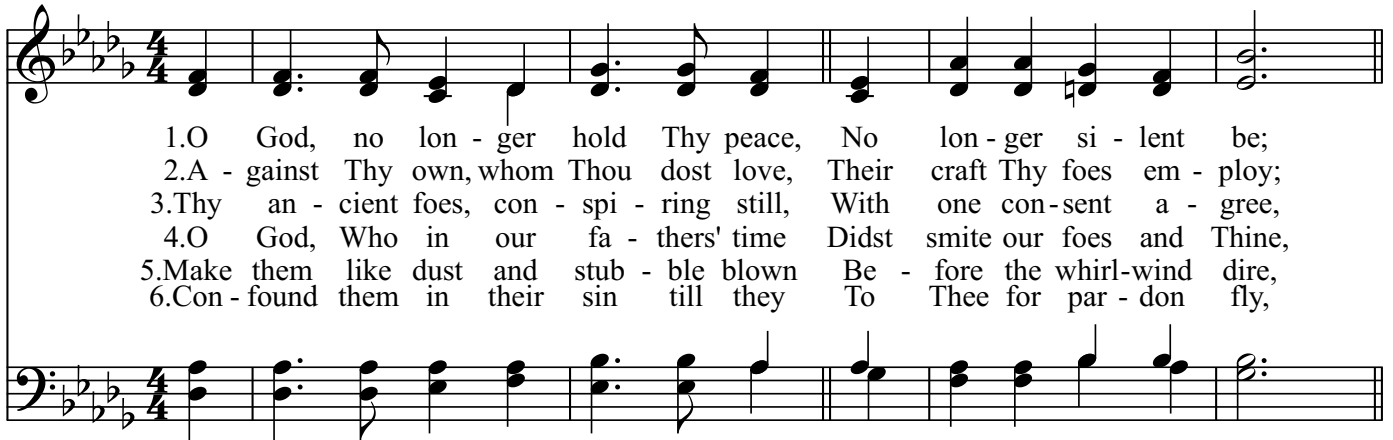
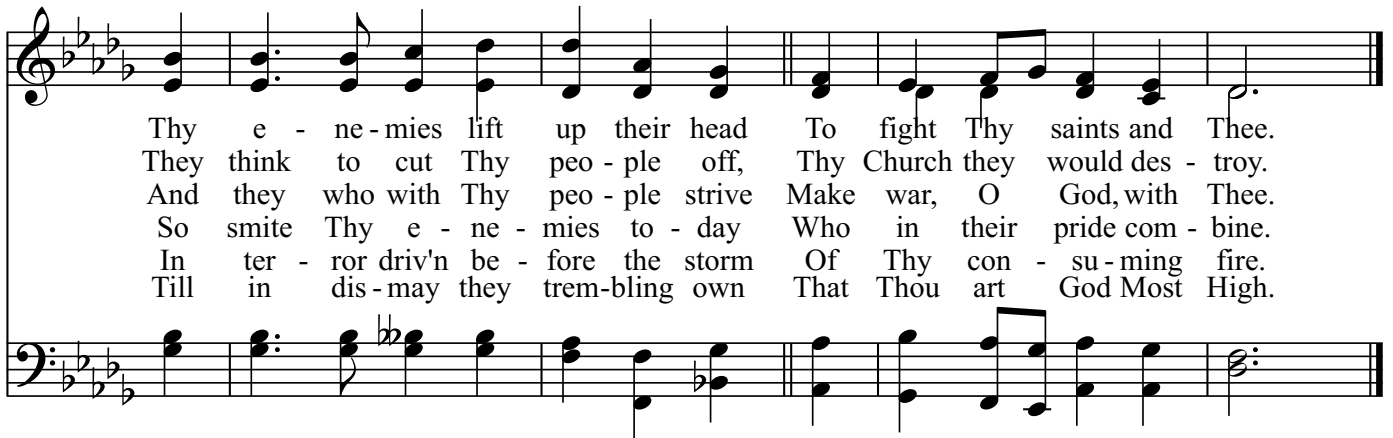


224.The Foes of the Church



1.O God, no lon - ger hold Thy peace, No lon - ger si - lent be;
2.A - gainst Thy own, whom Thou dost love, Their craft Thy foes em - ploy;
3.Thy an - cient foes, con - spi - ring still, With one con - sent a - gree,
4.O God, Who in our fa - thers' time Didst smite our foes and Thine,
5.Make them like dust and stub - ble blown Be - fore the whirl-wind dire,
6.Con - found them in their sin till they To Thee for par - don fly,



Thy e - ne - mies lift up their head To fight Thy saints and Thee.
They think to cut Thy peo - ple off, Thy Church they would des - troy.
And they who with Thy peo - ple strive Make war, O God, with Thee.
So smite Thy e - ne - mies to - day Who in their pride com - bine.
In ter - ror driv'n be - fore the storm Of Thy con - su - ming fire.
Till in dis - may they trem - bling own That Thou art God Most High.