

181 Silence! Frenzied, Unclean Spirit

1 "Si - lence! Fren - zied, un - clean spir - it," cried God's
 2 Lord, the de - mons still are thriv - ing in the
 3 Si - lence, Lord, the un - clean spir - it, in our

heal - ing, Ho - ly One. "Cease your rant - ing! Flesh can't
 gray cells of the mind: ty - rant voic - es, shrill and
 mind and in our heart. Speak your word that when we

bear it. Flee as night be - fore the sun."
 driv - ing, twist - ed thoughts that grip and bind,
 hear it all our de - mons shall de - part.

Based on Mark 1:21–28/Luke 4:31–37, this text recalls how Jesus exorcized a demon, ponders what demons mean today, and concludes with a prayer for wholeness. It is set here to a familiar Welsh tune whose recurring three-note figures help to convey a sense of internal turmoil.

At Christ's voice the de - mon trem-bled, from its vic - tim
doubts that stir the heart to pan - ic, fears dis - tort - ing
Clear our thought and calm our feel - ing; still the frac - tured,

mad - ly rushed, while the crowd that was as -
rea - son's sight, guilt that makes our lov - ing
war - ring soul. By the pow - er of your

sem - bled stood in won - der, stunned, and hushed.
fran - tic, dreams that cloud the soul with fright.
heal - ing make us faith - ful, true, and whole.