

Síyáh-Chál

By Leslie Garrett

^G
In the prison of Síyáh-Chál, the ^{Em}Blessed Beauty enchained
^G
The Most Great Spirit came flowing down, His ^{Em}soul was thus set aflame
^C ^D
A mighty torrent to the crown of His head
^C ^D
From a lofty mountain, the Maid of Heaven said

CHORUS:

^G ^D
Be not afraid, We shall render Thee victorious
^C ^D ^G
By Thyself and by Thy Pen
^G ^D
Ere long, God will raise up the treasures of the earth
^C ^D ^G
To aid Thee through Thyself and though Thy Name

From the heavens to all on earth, the Best Beloved has come
Out of the dungeon a trumpet blast, the Day of God has begun
The Nightingale came to raise up the dead
The world rejoiced when the Maid of Heaven said

CHORUS (*with last line repeated*)