

Garnett Silk

"Babylon Be Still"

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Babylon be still while I blow this trumpet
Babylon be still

In the beginning was the Word
The Word was with God
The Word was God
The same that was in the beginning with God
All things were made by him
And without him was not anything made that was made

In him was life
The life was the light of men
Now the light shineth in darkness
And the darkness comprehended it not

He was in the world
And the world was made by him
And the world knew not
He came unto his own
And his own received him not
But as many as received him
To them gave he power to become sons of God

Jah Rastafari Haile Selassie I the First
Who was born not of the will of man
Nor of the will of flesh
But of the will of God

Full of grace and truth
Now the Word was made flesh
And dwell among I and I and I and I
And we beheld his glory
The glory as of the only-begotten of the Father
Full of grace and truth

King Haile Selassie I! King Haile!
O God! He is Christ
Christ in his kingly character
Christ in his kingly character
Tell them, there is no other
There is no other, there is no other

Now his foundation is in the holy mountains
The LORD God JAH Almighty loveth the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of Jacob
Glorious things are spoken of thee
O city of God. Selah
I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon
To them that know me
Behold, Philistia and Tyre and Ethiopia
This man was born there
And of Zion it shall be said
This and that man was born in her
But the highest himself shall establish her
Now the LORD God JAH the Almighty
Haile Selassie, your Father, strength and Redeemer
Shall count when he writeth up the people
That this man was born there. Selah.
As well as the singers
As the players of instruments shall be there
All my springs are in thee

Oh well now
Babylon be still, while I blow this trumpet
Babylon be still, while I blow this trumpet

Oh Babylon be still, can't give I your pill
Want to see I be killed

Oh well now
Give thanks and praise to the Most High always
And I know Jah will lengthen your days

This is no time to gaze
No, no, no, no time to gaze
Play Rasta song all the day long
And you'll be strong to carry on, yes

Babylon, be still...

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