

79. Judges 4:17 Jael and the Nail

061707



I was in my tent, in He-ber's tent
Stand, O Ja-el in the dar-kened door,



where I saw a man who Yah-weh sent run-ning past in fear with har-ried
If they tell you who they're look-ing for tell them he's not here, so go a-



stride. Sir, I called to him, O step in - side. Step in - side, old sol-dier,
- way. they will not strike Si-ser - a to - day. You are spent, I'll wrap you



do not fear for my hus-band, He-ber, is - n't here. If he were, I'd
in a quilt, give you milk, be care-ful it's not spilt, you may wait in



ask you all the same, for we know your sta-tion and your name. Si-se-
hid-ing, rest your frame, I won't e - ven whis-per your great name. Si-ser-



- ra com-mand-er of Ca-naan's host, all a - lone, de - sert-ing, he's left his post.
- a, com-mand-er of Ca-naan's ilk, asked for wa-ter, he got his but-ter-milk.




Here he finds cruel des - ti - ny's place to hide. In his friend's wife, Ja - el, he
Milk and but - ter, shel-ter, a pledge to keep, made him drow - sy; soon he was




will con-fide. Sleep, Si-ser - a!
fast a-sleep.

82 Rest Twelve



Sleep, Si-ser - a! Sleep!

92




li,
Ba-rak, cap-tain of the hosts of Dan passed my tent while seek-ing out this man.

103




li,
Come in here, O Cap-tain, from the rain; find your foe a - sleep in blood and

114




li Si-se - ra, he is my hus-band's friend, but my El - o - him pro-
brain. Deb-or - ah the judge and Ba - rak too called their sold-iers home, and

125




- nounced his end. Not in bat - tle, cap-tured by Ba - rak but in sec-ret,
not a few. Ba-rak shout-ed, "Vic-t'ry" loud and long! De-bor - ah pro-

136




by a mo-ther's act As he slept a tent peg then found my hand at my
- claimed me in a song. In her song she prais-es the wo-man's name. It is

145



right a ham-mer rose from the sand. How that tent peg ba-lanced up-
MY name, now of en - dur-ing fame. When you sing her song now, you

155 1.



- on his head! How that mal-lot ham-mered Si - ser - a dead!
sing of Jael, But think, not Ja - el, but a venge-ful nail.

164 2.
Rest Eight

