

Hark, 'Tis the Holy Temple's Bell

John Adams(1767-1848)

Frank Sewall, 1910.

Hark! 'tis the holy temple's bell;  
The voice that summons me to prayer:  
My heart, each roving fancy quell;  
Come, to the house of God repair.

There, while, in orison sublime,  
Souls to the throne of God ascend,  
Let no unhallowed child of time  
Profane pollutions with them blend.

How for thy wants canst thou implore,  
Crave for thy frailties pardon free,  
Of praise the votive tribute pour,  
Or bend, in thanks, the grateful knee,

If, from the awful King of kings,  
Each bauble lures thy soul astray;  
If to this dust of earth it clings,  
And, fickle, flies from heaven away;

Pure as the blessed seraph's vow,  
O, let the sacred concert rise;  
Intent with humble rapture bow,  
Adore the Ruler of the skies.

Bid earthborn atoms all depart;  
Within thyself collected, fall;  
And give one day, rebellious heart,  
Un sullied to the Lord of all!