

Away from Every Mortal Care
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.
Music: Joseph Mainzer, 1845.

Away from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near Thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
We see Thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of Thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the Gospel armor on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

Or if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience galled with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath His wings.

Father! my soul would still abide
Within Thy temple, near Thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart
Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.