

Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints
Augustus Toplady, 1772.
Lowell Mason, 1824.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O Lord!
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.