

METRE 3 Augustus Montague Toplady

MOUNT EPHRAIM S.M.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid eve - ry string a - wake, Bid eve - ry string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house a - bove We eve - ry moment come, We eve - ry moment come.

3. His grace shall to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine, Shall quench the spark di - vine.

4. The time of love will come, When we shall clear - ly see, Not on - ly that he shed his blood, But each shall say "for me," But each shall say "for me."