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METRE 3

Augustus Montague Toplady

MOUNT EPHRAIM S.M.

Benjamin Milgrove

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.
 2. Though in a fo - reign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.

3. His grace shall to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine; Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, 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."

5. Tar - ry his lei - sure, then, Wait the ap - point - ed hour; Wait till the Bride - groom of your souls Re - veals his love with pow'r.