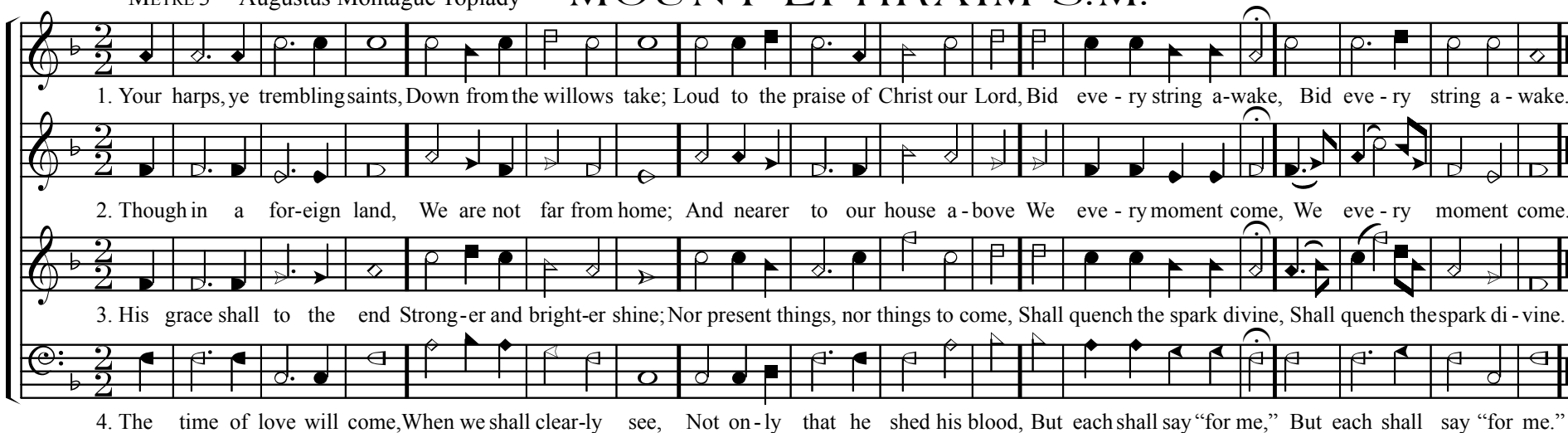


METRE 3 Augustus Montague Toplady

MOUNT EPHRAIM S.M.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid every string awake, Bid every string awake.

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

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

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