

A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tear and aching hearts,
A bar to heaven, a door to hell —
Whoever named it named it well.

"REMEMBER LORD."

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old
Thy wonders that our fathers told.
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Revive, Oh, Lord, Thy Word again.

Look down upon us from Thy skies
And see the wool pulled o'er our eyes,
The Babylonian fraud is here
Regardless of Thy truth and fear.

Then as our leaders, so are we,
Like priest, like people, as you see,
Lost to Thy grace that sets us free,
Thy loving holy liberty.

Show pity, Lord, Oh Lord, forgive,
And in our hearts Thy beauty shine,
Not what we get but what we give
That makes our wayward spirits live.

We have lost Thy truth and ancient ways.
The landmarks of our former days.
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Revive, Oh Lord, Thy works again.

Show pity, Lor, Oh Lord, forgive,
Let Thy repenting rebels live;
Revive Thy gracious truth of old,
Thy woners that our father told.