

WORSHIP.

To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

I. WATTS.

38

7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before Thee now ;
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace ;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee ; here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. HAMMOND.