

WORSHIP.

S. M.

- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

E. TAYLOR.

14

C. M.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,
Through all Thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

I. WATTS.

15

L. M.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.