

Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints

OLMUTZ

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine;
4. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him - self on Thee;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo - ment come.
Nor pre - sent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
Who wait for Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see.