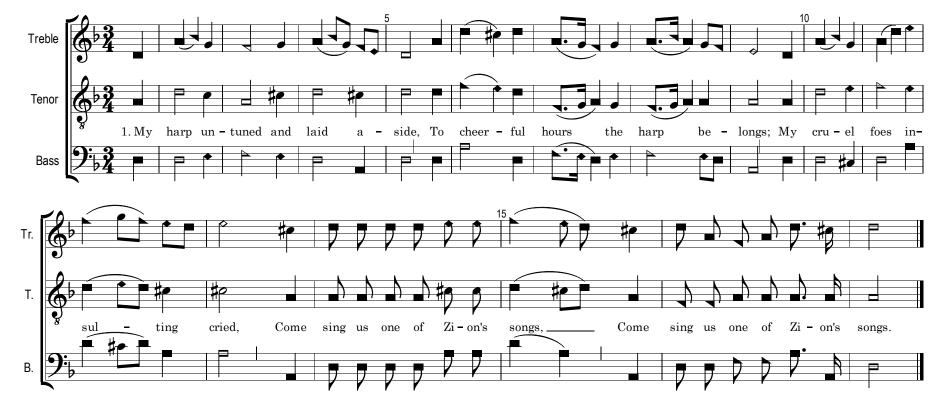
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- 2. Alas! When sinners blindly bold, At Zion scoff, and Zion's King, When zeal declines and love grows cold, Is this a day for me to sing?
- 3. Time was, when-e'er the saints I met, With joy and praise my bosom glowed; But now, like Eli, sad I sit, And tremble for the ark of God.
- 4. While thus to grief my soul gave way, To see the work of God decline; Methoughts I heard my Savior say, "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."
- 5. Though for a time I hide my face, Rely upon my love and power; Still wrestle at a throne of grace, And wait for a reviving hour.
- 6. Take down thy long neglected harp, I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer, The winter season has been sharp, But spring shall all its wastes repair.
- 7. Lord, I obey, my hopes revive, Come join with me, ye saints, and sing: Our foes in vain against us strive, For God will help, and healing bring.