

BERMONDSEY. S.M.

A major Augustus Toplady, 1772

Matthew Parkinson, 2016

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-lows take; Loud to the praise of love di-vine; Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

2. His grace shall to the end, Strong - er and brighter shine, Nor present things, nor things to come Shall quench the spark di - vine.

Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home;—
When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heav-'nly flame,—