

# Neglected Harp

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D minor  
Oliver Holden, 1803

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. Take down thy long ne-glected harp; I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;

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The win-ter seas-son has been sharp, but spring shall all its wastes re - pair; The

Tr.

T.

B.

win-ter sea-son has been sharp, but spring shall all its wastes re - pair.

1. My harp untuned, and laid aside  
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs)  
My cruel foes, insulting, cried,  
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."

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. 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.