7. Ye cares, no longer tarry!
No gentleness you carry,
For you are stern and hard,
Go now unto the Father;
He is my Couns'lor rather—
Arise, my soul, unto Thy Lord!

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- 4. O then in every place bring your devotion— And though we find no words for our emotion, So let us come before His throne with sighing, God hears our crying.
- 5. And when at length the days of life are ended, In our last hours we lie, by pain attended, Then will His Holy Spirit, interceding, For us be pleading.