

Not Fast

1. Well may Thy ser-vants mourn, my God, The church-'s des-o-la-tion;
 2. Her pas-tors love to live at ease; They co-vet wealth and hon-or;
 3. *Her pub-lic mem-bers walk no more As Je-sus Christ has taught them;*
 4. And has re-li-gion left the church, With-out a trace be-hind her?
 5. Some few, like good E-li-jah stand, While thou-sands have re-volt-ed;

The state of Zi-on calls a-loud For grief and la-men-ta-tion;
 And while they seek such things as these, They bring re-proach up-on her.
Rich-es and fash-ion they a-dore: With these the world has bought them.
 Where shall I go, where shall I search, That I once more may find her?
 In ear-nest for the Heav'n-ly land, They ne-ver yet have halt-ed.

Once she was all a-live to Thee, And thou-sands were con-vert-ed;
 Such worth-less ob-jects they pur-sue, Warm-ly and un-di-vert-ed,
The Chris-tian's name they still re-tain Ab-surd-ly and false heart-ed;
 A-dieu! ye proud, ye light and gay! I'll seek the bro-ken-heart-ed,
 With such, re-li-gion doth re-main, For they are not per-ver-ted;

But now a sad re-verse we see— Her glo-ry is de-part-ed.
 The church they lead and ru-in, too: Her glo-ry is de-part-ed.
And while they in the church re-main, Her glo-ry is de-part-ed.
 Who weep, when they of Zi-on say, Her glo-ry is de-part-ed.
 Oh! may they all through them re-gain, The glo-ry that's de-part-ed.