## 222 A Summons to Joyful Worship



- 2 Let the trumpet, far resounding, This our festal day proclaim, By our fathers' God appointed, When from bondage Israel came.
- 3 I, thy God, removed thy burdens, When thou calledst, set thee free, Proved thee in the thirsty desert, In the thunder answered thee.
- 4 O My people, hear My pleadings; O that thou wouldst hearken now; No strange worship shalt thou offer, Nor to idols shalt thou bow.
- 5 I am God the Lord Who saved thee, And from cruel bondage freed; Open wide thy mouth of longing; I will satisfy thy need.
- 6 But My people would not hearken, Yea, they would not yield to Me; So I left them in their blindness, Their own counselors to be.
- 7 If My people would obey Me, Gladly walking in My ways, Soon would I, their foes subduing, Fill their lips with songs of praise.
- 8 All the haters of Jehovah
  Shall His clemency implore,
  And the days of those that love Him
  Shall endure for evermore.
- 9 Yea, with wheat the very finest I their hunger will supply, Bid the very rocks yield honey That shall fully satisfy.