Arlington C. M.

1. Once more we come before our God; Once more His blessings ask:
   O may not duty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task!
   To make our waiting minds attend, And put our souls in frame.

2. Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit send From heav'n in Jesus' Name,
   To seek Thee all our hearts dispose, To each Thy blessings suit,
   And keep the precious treasure there, And never with it part.

3. May we receive the word we hear, Each in an honest heart;
   And let the seed Thy servant sows Produce abundant fruit.
   Words: Joseph Hart
   Music: Thomas A. Arne