Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise

1. Let Zión in her beauty rise; Her light begins to shine.
2. Ye her-alds, sound the gold-en trump To earth’s re-mot-est bound.
3. That glo-ri-ous rest will then com-mence Which proph-ets did fore-tell,

Ere long her King will rend the skies, Ma-jes-tic and di-vine,
Go spread the news from pole to pole In all the na-tions round:
When Saints will reign with Christ on earth, And in his pre-sence dwell

The gos-pel spread-ing thru the land, A peo-ple to pre-pare
That Je-sus in the clouds a-bove, With hosts of an-gels too,
A thou-sand years, oh, glo-ri-ous day! Dear Lord, pre-pare my heart

To meet the Lord and E-noch’s band Tri-um-phant in the air.
Will soon ap-pear, his Saints to save, His en-e-mies sub-due.
To stand with thee on Zíon’s mount And nev-er-more to part.

Music: Anon., Württemberg, Germany, ca. 1784

Moses 7:62–65