

METRE 7 Thomas Kelly

SACRED HERALD 8,7,8,7,4,7

Thomas Hastings

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands: } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved,
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee! He himself appears thy friend: } Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasted triumphs end. } Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.