On The Mountain’s Top Appearing

ZION

1. On the moun-tain’s top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald
stands, Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on,
long in hos-tile lands, Mourn-ing cap-tive, God him-self will loose thy
bands, Mourn-ing cap-tive, God him-self will loose thy
lov’d, Cease thy mourn-ing, Zi-on still is well be-lov’ed.

2. Has thy night been long and mourn-ful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful
proved? Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy
boasts and tri-umphs end; Great de-liv-rance Zi-on’s King will sure-ly
send, Great de-liv-rance, Zi-on’s King will sure-ly send.

3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self ap-pears thy
past; God, thy Sav-ior, will de-fend thee, Vic-to-
rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

4. Peace and joy shall now at-ten-d thee; All thy war-fare now be

Words by Thomas Kelly
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