

Arise, O Glorious Zion

William G. Mills (1822-1895)

Arise, O glorious Zion, Thou joy of latter days,
Whom countless Saints rely on To gain a resting place.
Arise and shine in splendor Amid the world's deep night,
For God, thy sure defender, Is now thy life and light.

Let faithful Saints be rearing The city of our Lord,
On mountain tops appearing, According to his word.
A sought-out habitation By men of truth and faith,
A covert of salvation From ignorance and death.

The temple long expected Shall stand on Zion's hill,
By willing hearts erected, Who love Jehovah's will.
Let earth, her wealth bestowing, Adorn his holy seat,
For nations great shall flow in To worship at his feet.

What though the world in malice Despise these mighty things,
We'll build the royal palace To serve the King of kings,
Where holy men anointed To know his sovereign will,
Each ordinance appointed To save us, will reveal.

From Zion's favored dwelling The gospel issues forth,
The covenant revealing To gather all the earth;
And Saints, the message bringing To all the sons of men,
With the redeemed shall, singing, To Zion come again.

O hear the proclamation And fly as on the wind!
For righteous indignation Shall desolate mankind!
Then, Zion, men shall prize thee And bow before thy shrine;
And they who now despise these Shall own thy light divine.

Thru painful tribulation We walk the narrow road
And battle with temptation To gain that blest abode.
But patient, firm endurance, With glory in our view,
The spirit's bright assurance Will bring us conqu'rors through.

Oh, grant Eternal Father, That we may faithful be,
With all the just to gather, And thy salvation see!
Then, with the hosts of heaven, We'll sing th' immortal theme:
To him be glory given, Whose blood did us redeem.