

Ere Long the Vail will Rend in Twain

Parley P. Pratt

#19, 1835 Kirtland Hymnal

#12, 1840 Manchester Hymnal

1. Ere long the vail will rend in twain,
The King descend with all his train;
The earth shall shake with awful fright,
And all creation feel his might.

2. The trump of God, it long shall sound,
And raise the nations under ground;
Throughout the vast domains of heav'n
The voice echoes, the sound is given.

3. Lift up your heads ye saints in peace,
The Savior comes for your release;
The day of the redeem'd has come,
The saints shall all be welcom'd home.

4. Behold the church, it soars on high,
To meet the saints amid the sky;
To hail the King in clouds of fire,
And strike and tune th' immortal lyre.

5. Hosanna now the trump shall sound,
Proclaim the joys of heav'n around,
When all the saints together join,
In songs of love, and all divine.

6. With Enoch here we all shall meet,
And worship at Messiah's feet,
Unite our hands and hearts in love,
And reign on thrones with Christ above.

7. The city that was seen of old
Whose walls were jasper, and streets of
gold,
We'll now inherit thron'd in might:
The Father and the Son's delight.

8. Celestial crowns we shall receive,
And glories great our God shall give,
While loud hosannas we'll proclaim,
And sound aloud our Savior's name.

9. Our hearts and tongues all join'd in one,
A loud hosanna to proclaim,
While all the heav'ns shall shout again,
And all creation say, Amen.