

# High on the Mountain Top

Joel H. Johnson (1802-1882)

High on the mountain top A banner is unfurled.  
Ye nations now look up; It waves to all the world.  
In Deseret's sweet, peaceful land,  
On Zion's mount behold it stand!

For God remembers still His promise made of old  
That he on Zion's hill Truth's standard would unfold!  
Her light should there attract the gaze  
Of all the world in latter days.

His house shall there be reared, His glory to display,  
And people shall be heard In distant lands to say:  
We'll now go up and serve the Lord,  
Obey his truth and learn his word.

For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth,  
With truth and wisdom fraught, To govern all the earth.  
Forever there his ways we'll tread,  
And save ourselves with all our dead.

Then hail to Deseret! A refuge for the good,  
And safety for the great, If they but understood  
That God with plagues will shake the world  
Till all its thrones shall down be hurled.

In Deseret doth truth Rear up its royal head;  
Though nations may oppose, Still wider it shall spread;  
Yes, truth and justice, love and grace,  
In Deseret find ample place.