

# Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise

## Edward Partridge (1793-1840)

Let Zion in her beauty rise; Her light begins to shine.  
Ere long her King will rend the skies, Majestic and divine,  
The gospel spreading thru the land, A people to prepare  
To meet the Lord and Enoch's band, Triumphant in the air.

Ye heralds, sound the golden trump To earth's remotest bound.  
Go spread the news from pole to pole In all the nations round:  
That Jesus in the clouds above, With hosts of angels too,  
Will soon appear, his Saints to save, His enemies subdue.

But ere that great and solemn day, The stars from heav'n will fall,  
The moon be turned into blood, The waters into gall,  
The sun with blackness will be cloth'd, All nature look affright!  
While men, rebellious wicked men, Gaze heedless on the sight.

The earth shall reel, the heavens shake, The sea move to the north,  
The earth roll up like as a scroll, When God's command goes forth;  
The mountains sink the valleys rise, And all become a plain,  
The islands, and the continents Will then unite again.

Alas! the day will then arrive, When rebels to God's grace,  
Will call for rocks to fall on them, And hide them from his face:  
Not so with those who keep his law, They joy to meet their Lord  
In clouds above, with them that slept In Christ, their sure reward.

That glorious rest will then commence Which prophets did foretell,  
When Saints will reign with Christ on earth, And in his presence dwell  
A thousand years, oh, glorious day! Dear Lord, prepare my heart  
To stand with thee on Zion's mount And never more to part.

Then when the thousand years are past, And Satan is unbound,  
O Lord preserve us from his grasp, By fire from heav'n sent down,  
Until our great last change shall come, T'immortalize this clay,  
Then we in the celestial world, Will spend eternal day.