

Ye Elders of Israel

Cyrus H. Wheelock

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Ye Elders of Israel, come join now with me
And search out the righteous, wherever they be.
In desert, on mountain, on land or on sea,
And bring them from Babel to Zion, so free.

Chorus

*O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell;
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.*

The harvest is great, and the laborers few,
But if we're united, we all things can do.
We'll gather the wheat from the midst of the tares,
And bring them from bondage, deep sorrows and snares.

We'll go to the poor, like our Captain of old,
And visit the weary, the hungry, and cold;
We'll heal all their wounds, and we'll dry all their tears,
And lead them to Zion to spend future years.

We'll visit the feeble, the halt, dumb and blind,
And preach them the gospel of Jesus so kind;
We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that he bore
And point them to Zion for life evermore.

And when we have finished the work we've begun,
The Priesthood of Zion shall say "'Tis well done."
With friends, wives, and children, how happy we'll be,
And shout, when the trumpets sounds, "Zion is free!"