

Till the mighty acclamation
 Through rebounding space doth tell,
 That the Ancient One doth reign
 In his paradise again !

HYMN 315. (P. M.)

- 1 O ! ye mountains high, where the clear
 blue sky
 Arches over the vales of the free,
 Where the pure breezes blow
 And the clear streamlets flow,
 How I've longed to your bosom to flee.
 O Zion ! dear Zion ! home of the free :
 My own mountain home now to thee
 I have come ;
 All my fond hopes are centred in thee.
- 2 Though the great and the wise all thy
 beauties despise,
 To the humble and pure thou art dear ;
 Though the haughty may smile
 And the wicked revile,
 Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
 O Zion ! dear Zion ! home of the free ;
 Though thou wert forced to fly to thy
 chambers on high,
 Yet we'll share joy or sorrow with thee.

3 In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen
 thy feet ;
 On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread ;
 And their silver and gold, as the Prophets
 have told,
 Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
 O Zion ! dear Zion ! home of the free ;
 Soon thy towers will shine with a
 splendor divine,
 And eternal thy glory shall be.

4 Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing
 to thy praise
 Sacred home of the Prophets of God ;
 Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors
 shall die,
 And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.
 O Zion ! dear Zion ! home of the free :
 In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights
 we'll defend
 And our home shall be ever with thee.

HYMN 316. (C. M.)

1 Sweet is the peace the Gospel brings
 To seeking minds, and true ;
 With light refulgent on its wings,
 It clears the human view.