

7 The nations catch the pleasing sound,
 And Jew and Gentile swell the strain;
 Hosannah o'er the earth resound;
 Messiah then will come to reign.

HYMN 273. (C. M.)

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye scattered Saints,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Our Savior hears the orphan's plaints,
 The widow's mournful cry.
- 2 The blood of those who have been slain
 For vengeance cries aloud;
 Nor shall its cries ascend in vain
 For vengeance on the proud.
- 3 The signs in heaven and earth appear,
 And blood, and smoke, and fire;
 Men's hearts are failing them for fear,
 Redemption's drawing nigher.
- 4 Earthquakes are bellowing 'neath the
 ground,
 And tempests through the air;
 The trumpet's blast, with fearful sound,
 Proclaims th' alarm of war.

5 The Saints are scattered to and fro
Through all the earth abroad;
The Gospel trump again to blow,
And then behold their God.

6 Rejoice, ye servants of our Lord,
Who to the end endure;
Rejoice, for great is your reward,
And your defence is sure.

7 Although this body should be slain
By cruel wicked hands,
I'll praise my God in higher strains,
And on Mount Zion stand.

8 Glory to God! ye Saints rejoice!
And sigh and groan no more;
But listen to the Spirit's voice—
Redemption's at the door.

HYMN 274. (L. M.)

1 Torn from our friends and captive led
'Mid armèd legions, bound in chains,
That peace for which our fathers bled
Is gone, and dire confusion reigns.