

- 8 Then let us rise without restraint
 And act for those we love ;
 For they are giving their consent,
 And wait for us to move.

HYMN 286. (8's & 7's.)

- 1 Wake, O wake, the world from sleeping !
 Watchman, watchman, what's the hour?
 Hark ye, only hear him saying,
 'Tis the last, the eleventh hour !

CHORUS.

- We're the true born sons of Zion,
 Who with us that can compare ?
 We're the royal branch of Joseph,
 The bright and glorious morning star.
- 2 Lo ! the Lion's left his thicket ;
 Up, ye watchmen, be in haste ;
 The destroyer of the Gentiles
 Goes to lay their cities waste.
 We're the true born sons, &c.
- 3 Bring the remnants from their exile,
 For the promise is to them ;
 Japhet's ruled the world his time out ;
 He must leave the "tents of Shem."
 We're the true born sons, &c.

- 4 Comfort ye the house of Israel ;
 They are pardoned ; gather them ;
 Hear the watchman's proclamation,—
 Jews, rebuild Jerusalem.
 We're the true born sons, &c.
- 5 Soon the Jews will know their error—
 How they killed the Holy One,
 And they'll mourn and shout Hosannah !
 This is "THE BELOVED SON !"
 We're the true born sons, &c.
- 6 Sound the trumpet with the tidings—
 Call in all of Abra'm's seed ;
 Though the Gentiles may reject it,
 Christ will come in very deed.
 We're the true born sons, &c.

HYMN 287. (9's & 8's.)

- 1 Ho, ho, for the temple's completed ;
 The Lord hath a place for his head ;
 The priesthood in power now lightens
 The way of the living and dead ;
- 2 See, see, 'mid the world's dreadful splendor,
 Christianity, folly and sword,
 The "Mormons," the diligent "Mormons,"
 Have reared up this house to the Lord !