

O North with all thy vales of green
Words: William Cullen Bryant, 1869

1. O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between,
 Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2. Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well beloved Son
He brings a train of brighter years;
 His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3. O Father, haste the promised hour,
 When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
 Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

4. When all shall heed the words He said
 Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
 Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.