

Hymn Lyrics

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With gladsome feet we press

1. With gladsome feet we press
to Sion's holy mount,
Where gushes from
its deep recess the cooling fount;
Oh! happy, happy hill,
the joy of every saint!
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
that cheers the faint.

2. Great city, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step
the path be trod that leads to thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
the saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought
thy golden seat to win their rest.

3. There, calming all alarms,
thy cross of love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
to bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
in ever listening ears;
On hope and thee,
can sweetly feed, and dry his tears.

4. So this our festal day
celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined,
essay to hymn thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock,
our Heaven, our All!