

## 447 - Long Upon the Mountains

1

Long upon the mountains weary,  
Have the scattered flocks been torn;  
Dark the dessert paths, and dreary;  
Grievous trials have they borne.  
Now the gathering call is sounding,  
Solemn in its warning voice;  
Union, faith, and love, abounding,  
Bid the little flock rejoice.

2

Now the light of truth they're seeking,  
In its onward track pursue;  
All the ten commandments keeping,  
They are holy, just, and true.  
On the words of lire they're feeding,  
Precious to their taste so sweet;  
All their Master's percepts heeding,  
Bowing humbly to His feet.

3

In that light of light and beauty,  
In that golden city fair,  
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,  
And of all its glories share.  
There, divine the soul's expansions;  
Free from sin, and death, and pain;  
Tear will never dim those mansions  
Where the souls immortal reign.

4

Soon He comes! With clouds descending;  
All His saints, entombed arise;  
The redeemed, in anthems blending,  
Shout their vict'ry thro' the skies.  
O, we long for Thine appearing;  
Come, O Savior, quickly come!  
Blessed hope! Our spirits cheering,  
Take thy ransomed children home.