

Arise! Arise, with Joy Survey  
Thomas Kelly, 1802.  
Frederick Venua, ca. 1810.

Arise! arise, with joy survey  
The glory of the latter day;  
Already is the dawn begun,  
Which marks at hand a rising sun,  
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

"Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry;  
Spare not, but lift your voices high;  
Convey the sound from pole to pole,  
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul,  
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

"Behold the way!" to Zion's hill:  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell!  
He fixes there His lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place His own,  
And calls the sacred place His own.

The north gives up the south no more  
Keeps back her consecrated store;  
From east to west the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons,  
And either India yields her sons.