

How Glorious Sion's Courts Appear  
Scottish, 1781.  
Dublin, 1749.

How glorious Sion's courts appear,  
The city of our God!  
His throne He hath established here  
Here fixed His loved abode.

Its wall, defended by His grace  
No power shall e'er o'erthrow,  
Salvation is its bulwark sure  
Against th' assailing foe.

Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations, who obey  
The statutes of our king.

Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,  
And dwell in perfect peace,  
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,  
And trusted in His grace.

Trust in the Lord, forever trust,  
And banish all your fears;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells  
Eternal as His years.

What though the wicked dwell on high,  
His arm shall bring them low;  
Low as the caverns of the grave  
Their lofty heads shall bow.

Along the dust shall then be spread  
Their towers, that brave the skies:  
On them the needy's feet shall tread,  
And on their ruins rise.