

In Zion's Sacred Gates
Timothy Dwight, 1800.
From Beethoven.

In Zion's sacred gates let hymns of praise begin,
While acts of faith and love in ceaseless beauty shine;
In mercy there, while God is known,
Before His throne with songs appear.

The promises I sing, which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will our heav'nly King His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure, and steadfast still,
Nor Zion's hill abides so sure.

The mountains melt away, when once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay, that measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
Thy promise shines thro' all the flame.

Rejoice! our Lord is King! Our God and King adore;
Yea, all give thanks and sing, and triumph evermore;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, let all rejoice.