

Long upon the Mountains

Annie Smith, 1851.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1752.

Long upon the mountains weary,
Have the scattered flock been torn;
Dark the desert 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.

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 life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at His feet.

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;
Tears will never dim those mansions
Where the saints immortal reign.

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