

Though Now the Nations Sit Beneath  
Leonard Bacon, 1823.  
Franois Barthlmon, 1785.

Though now the nations sit beneath  
The darkness of o'erspreading death,  
God will arise with light divine,  
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

That light shall shine on distant lands,  
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,  
Shall come, Thy glory, Lord, to see,  
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.

O light of Zion, now arise!  
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;  
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,  
And hail the splendors of the day.