

Let Sion and Her Sons Rejoice
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: The Kentucky Harmony, 1816.

Let Sion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,
And when His saints complain,
It shall be said, That praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.