

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!

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Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;
see heaven its sparkling portals wide display
and break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
see future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
in crowding ranks on every side arise
demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
see thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
while every land its joyful tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
but fixed this Word, this saving pow'r, remains;
thy realms shall last, thine own Messiah reigns.