

Rise, O Salem, Rise and Shine  
Johann Rist, 1655.

Rise, O Salem, rise and shine;  
Lo, the Gentiles hail thy waking;  
Herald of a morn divine,  
See the dayspring o'er us breaking,  
Telling God hath called to mind  
Those who long in darkness pined.

O how blindly we did stray,  
Ere this sun our earth had brightened;  
Heaven we sought not, for no ray  
Had our wildered eyes enlightened:  
All our looks were earthward bent,  
All our strength on earth was spent.

But the dayspring from on high  
Hath arisen with beams unclouded,  
And we see before Him fly  
All the heavy gloom that shrouded  
This sad earth, where sin and woe  
Seemed to reign o'er all below.

Thine appearing, Lord, shall fill  
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;  
Thine appearing, Lord, shall still  
All my dread of death's dark power;  
Whether joys or tears be mine,  
Through them still Thy light shall shine.

Let me, when my course is run,  
Calmly leave a world of sadness  
For the place that needs no sun  
For Thou art its light and gladness  
For the mansions fair and bright,  
Where Thy saints are crowned with light.