

John 6: 63; Ezek. 34:12; 1 Thes. 4:16,17

Long Upon the Mountain

Verse 1

Long upon the mountains weary, Have the scattered flocks been torn;
Dark the dessert 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.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

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;
Tear will never dim those mansions Where the souls immortal reign.

Verse 4

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

-end-

Annie Smith

