

And David's Royal fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art

THE END.

C