

S O O N .

S o o n to conquests great and glorious,  
Will the slumbering truth awake :  
And Salvation rule victorious,  
While the startled nations quake.

From the rising City springing,  
From Ezekiel's Temple high,  
Rich triumphant grace outringing,  
Woos earth's weeping kindred nigh.

Glorious things await fulfilling,  
Blissful suns are yet to shine ;  
Joy, to every zone revealing  
Bounteous years and peace divine.

Earth must cease its bitter moaning,  
Sin no longer sit on high  
And, through Love's sublime atoning,  
Good with joyful good will vye.