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Long Upon the Mountains


St. Asaph. 8.7.8.7.D.

ANNIE R. SMITH


WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872




1. Long up - on the mountains, wea - ry, Have the scattered flock been torn;
 2. Now the light of truth they're seeking, In its on-ward track pur - sue;
 3. In that world of light and beau - ty, In that gold - en cit - y fair,
 4. Soon He comes! with clouds de - scending; All His saints, en - tombed, a - rise;



Dark the des - ert paths, and drear - y; Griev - ous tri - als have they borne.
 All the ten commandments keeping, They are ho - ly, just, and true.
 Soon its pearl - y gates they'll en - ter, And of all its glo - ries share.
 The re - deemed, in an - thems blending, Shout their vic - tory through the skies.



Now the gath - ering call is sound - ing, Sol - emn in its warn - ing voice;
 On the words of life they're feed - ing, Pre - cious to their taste, so sweet;
 There, di - vine the soul's ex - pan - sions, Free from sin, and death, and pain;
 O, we long for Thine ap - pear - ing; Come, O Sav - iour, quick - ly come!



Un - ion, faith, and love, a - bound - ing, Bid the lit - tle flock re - joice.
 All their Mas - ter's pre - cepts heed - ing, Bow - ing hum - bly at His feet.
 Tears will nev - er dim those mansions Where the saints im - mor - tal reign.
 Bless - ed hope! our spir - its cheer - ing, Take Thy ran - somed chil - dren home.