

Mount Zion

Issachar Bates

$\text{♩} = 113$

Come, let us arise, and go up to the
top of the mount Zion, and view her towers;
behold her mighty walls and her bulwarks of everlasting strength.
Here we will exult and sing, What
hill or mountain is like thee, what hill or mountain
is like thee, O thou celestial light! View from her
brilliant tops the hills and mountains round about
her, cover'd with desolation
Return, mine eyes, come home, come home;
once more explore this holy hill.
This is the hill of God's abode, this is the hill of God's abode,
his everlasting throne.
No noxious air can reach me here,
No sickness, pain nor death and fear. This is the
hill I will adore; I'll tarry here for ever more.

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and view her towers;
behold her mighty walls and her bulwarks of everlasting strength.

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