

# THAT GLORIOUS DAY. C.M.D.

William Walker

1. That glo-r'ous day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi-on's light shall come; She shall a-rise and shine on high, Bright as the ris-ing sun;  
 2. The King who wears that glo-r'ous crown, The a-zure flam-ing bow, The ho-ly cit-y shall bring down, To bless the church be-low.

3. This ho-ly, bright, mu-si-cian band, Who hold the harps of God, On Zi-on's ho-ly moun-tain stand, In gar-ments tinged with blood;  
 4. Let Sa-tan rage and boast no more, Nor think his reign is long; Tho saints are fee-ble, weak, and poor Their great Re-deem-er's strong;

The north and south their sons re-sign, And earth's foun-da-tions bend, When, like a bride, Je-ru-sa-lem All glo-r'ous shall de-scend.  
 When Zi-on's bleed-ing, con-qu'ring King Shall sin and death de-destroy, The morn-ing stars will t'geth-er sing, And Zi-on shout for joy.

De-scend-ing, with most melt-ing strains, Je-ho-vah they'll a-dore; Such shouts thru earth's ex-ten-sive plains, Were nev-er heard be-fore.  
 He is their shield and hid-ing place, A co-vert from the wind; A stream of life from Christ, the rock, Runs thru this wea-ry land.