

G.B. Sanders

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 - stroy, 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.