

Thomas Kelly

T. Hastings

1. On the moun - tain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,  
 Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long cred in hos - tile hands:

2. Has thy night been long and mourn - ful? Have thy friends un - faith - ful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scorn - ful? By thy sighs and tears un - moved?

3. God, thy God, will now re - store thee! He Him - self ap - pears thy friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee. Here their boasts and tri - umphs end.

4. Peace and joy shall now at - tend thee, All thy war - fare now be past;  
 God my Sav - ior will de - fend thee, Vic - to - ry is thine at last;

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self shall loose thy bands. Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self shall loose thy bands.

Cease thy mour - ning Zi - on still is well be - loved. Cease thy mourn - ing Zi - on still is well be - loved.

Great de - liv - 'rance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send Great de - liv - 'rance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send.

All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest. All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest.