

Glorious things of You are spoken,
Sion, city of our God:
He Whose word cannot be broken
formed you for His own abode.
One the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake your sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
you may smile at all your foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply your sons and daughters
and all fear of want remove:
who can faint, while such a river
ever flows their thirst to assuage -
grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
never fails from age to age?

Blest inhabitants of Sion,
washed in their Redeemer's blood:
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
makes them Kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
over self to reign as kings,
and, as priests, His solemn praises
each for a tank-offering brings.

Saviour, since of Sion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Your name:
fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure
none but Sion's children know.