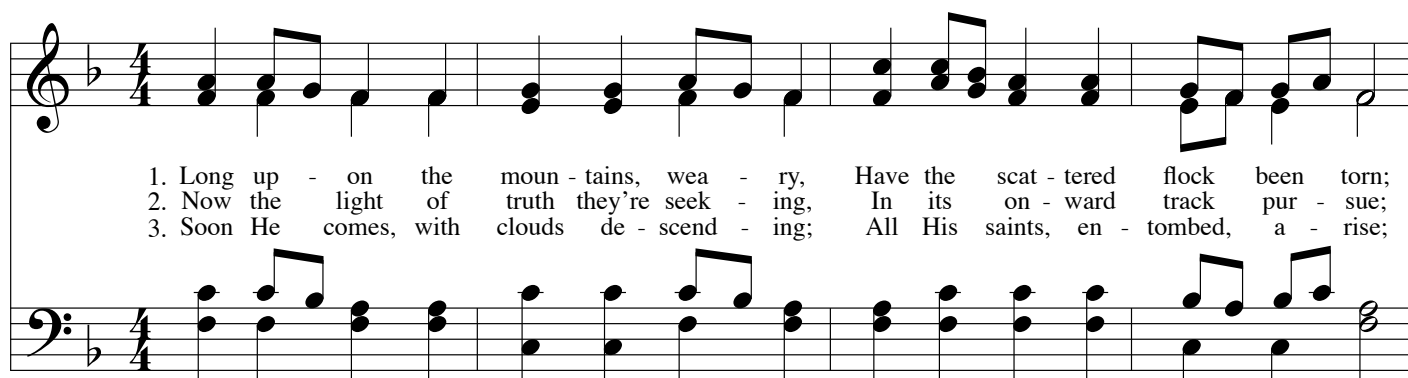


LONG UPON THE MOUNTAINS, WEARY

(Greenville. 8s & 7s. D.)

Annie R. Smith

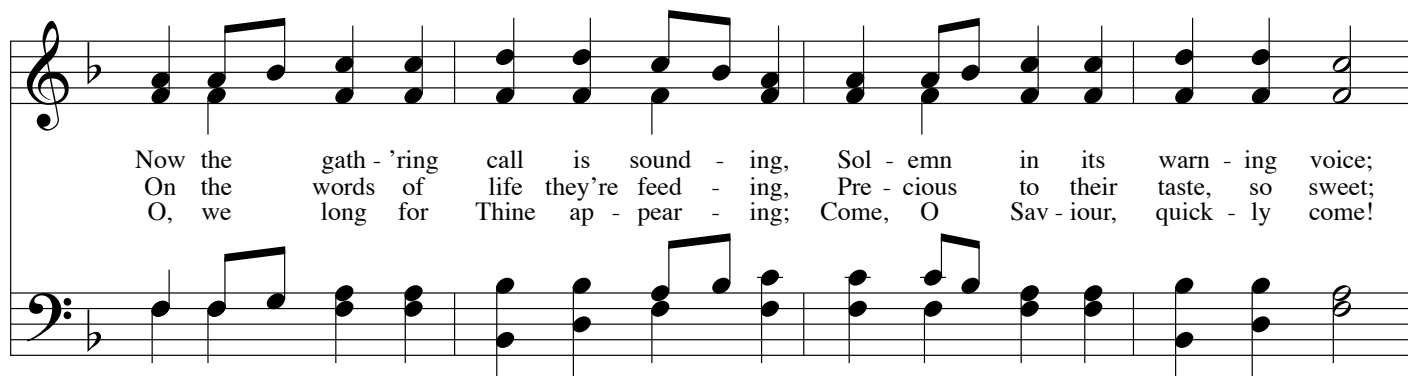
Rousseau



1. Long up - on the moun - tains, wea - ry, Have the scat - tered flock been torn;
 2. Now the light of truth they're seek - ing, In its on - ward track pur - sue;
 3. Soon He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing; All His saints, en - tombed, a - rise;



Dark the de - sert paths, and drea - ry; Griev - ous tri - als have they borne.
 All the ten com - mand - ments keep - ing, They are ho - ly, just and true.
 The re - deemed, in an - thems blend - ing, Shout their vic - 'try thro' the skies.



Now the gath - 'ring call is sound - ing, Sol - emn in its warn - ing voice;
 On the words of life they're feed - ing, Pre - cious to their taste, so sweet;
 O, we long for Thine ap - pear - ing; Come, O Sav - iour, quick - ly come!



Un - ion, faith, and love, a - bound - ing, Bid the lit - tle flock re - jice.
 All their Mas - ter's pre - cepts heed - ing, Bow - ing hum - bly at His feet.
 Bless - ed hope! our spir - its cheer - ing, Take Thy ran - somed chil - dren home.