


*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Psalm 87:3*



AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Newton, 1779

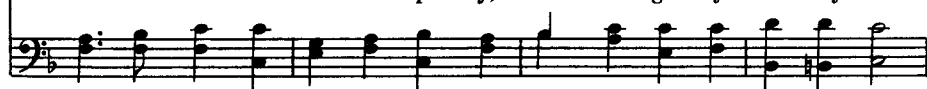

Franz Josef Haydn, 1797





1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'-ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear  
 4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's ci - ty I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for his own a - bode:  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a cov'-ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:  
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy Name:

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as-suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban-ner Light by night and shade by day,  
 Fad - ing is the world-ling's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;

With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - on the man-na Which he gives them when they pray.  
 Sol - id joys and last-ing treas-ure None but Zi - on's chil-dren know. A-MEN.

