Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise

Let Zion in her beauty rise; Her light begins to shine.

Ye heralds, sound the gold-en trump To earth's remotest bound.

That glorious rest will then com-mence Which prophets did fore-tell,

Ere long her King will rend the skies, Majes-tic and divine,

Go spread the news from pole to pole In all the na-tions round:

When Saints will reign with Christ on earth, And in his pres-ence dwell

The gos-pel spread-ing thru the land, A peo-ple to pre-pare

That Je-sus in the clouds a-bove, With hosts of an-gels too,

A thou-sand years, oh, glo-rious day! Dear Lord, pre-pare my heart

To meet the Lord and Enoch's band Tri-um-phant in the air.

Will soon ap-pear, his Saints to save, His en-e-mies sub-due.

To stand with thee on Zi-on's mount And nev-er-more to part.

Text: Edward Partridge, 1793–1840. Included in the first
LDS hymnbook, 1835.

Doctrine and Covenants 82:14
Moses 7:62–65

Music: Anon., Württemberg, Germany, ca. 1784