Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

"The Lord loves the gates of Zion." (Ps. 87:2)

JOHN NEWTON

FRANZ J. HAYDN

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
   He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode:
   On the Rock of Ages found ed, What can shake thy sure repose?
   With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
   Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove:
   Bless in habitants of Zion, Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
   Greece which, like the Lord, the giver,

3. Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear
   For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near;
   Fading is the world'sling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show;
   Jesus, whom their souls rely on,

4. Savour, if of Zion's city, I, through grace, a member am,
   Let the world despise or pity, I will glory in Thy Name;
   All his boasted pomp and show;
   Sol id joys and lasting treasure

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