O 'twas a joyful sound to hear







O 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say, Up, Israel! to the temple haste, And keep your festal day. At Salem's courts we must appear, With our assembled powers, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her united towers.

O ever pray for Salem's peace; For they shall prosperous be, Thou holy city of our God, Who bear true love to Thee. May peace within Thy sacred walls A constant guest be found; With plenty and prosperity Thy palaces be crowned. For my dear brethren's sake, and friends No less than brethren dear, I'll pray: May peace in Salem's towers A constant guest appear. But most of all I'll seek thy good, And ever wish thee well, For Sion and the temple's sake, Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Tate and Brady