

O'er the distant mountains breaking

Johann G. Storl, 1711

O Jerusalem, du Schone
87.87.447

O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis the Savior, blessèd Lord,
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long expected! Weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
When Thy light I do not see;
O my Savior, blessèd Lord,
When wilt Thou return to me?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Savior, blessèd Lord,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Savior, blessèd Lord,
Thou hast promised, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell