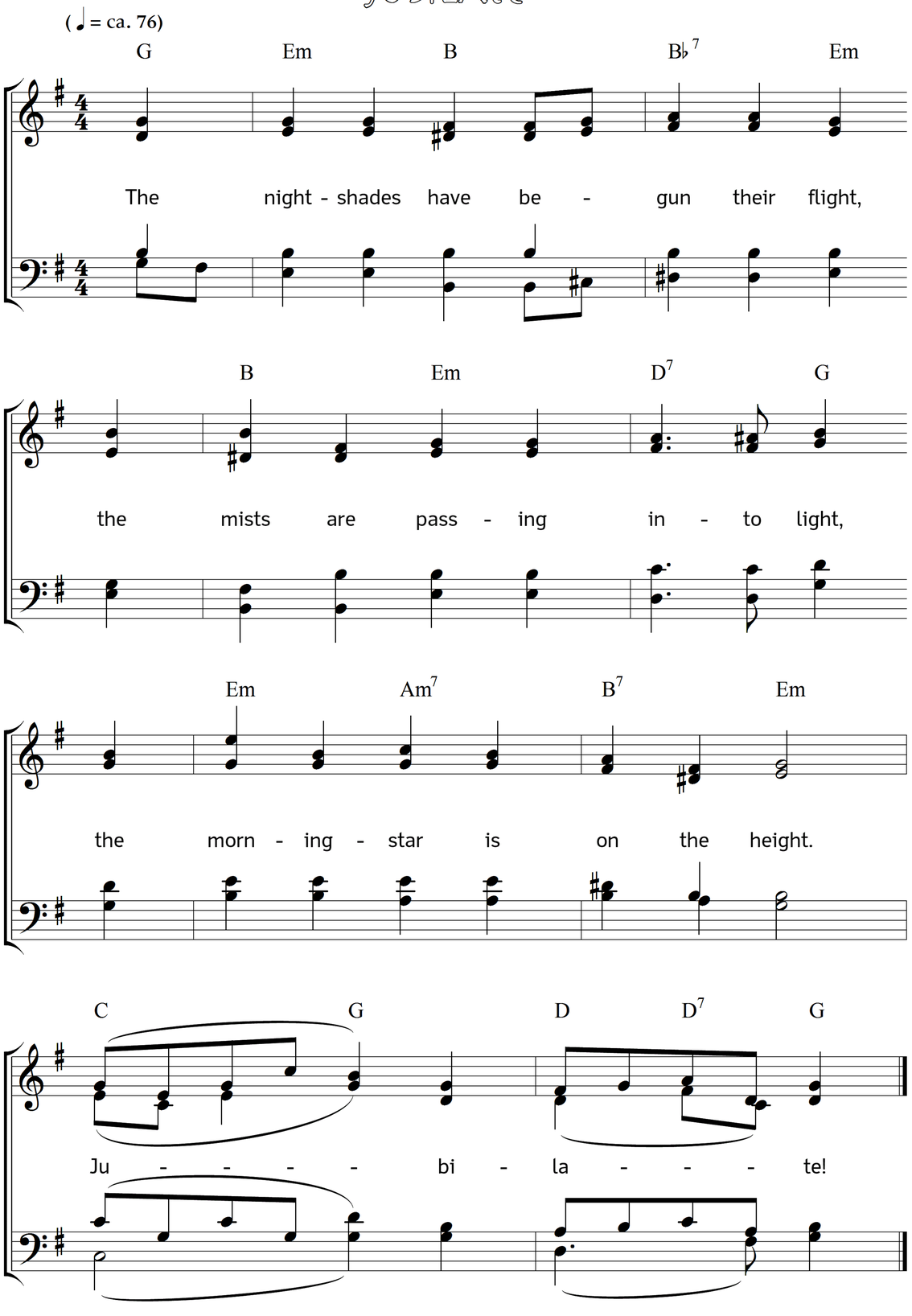
JUBILATE



2. Adown the dark crag's sea-stained steep
the daylight has begun to creep,
the clouds are wakening from their sleep.
Jubilate!

3. Round the still sweep of list'ning skies
the voice of the archangel flies,
bidding the blessed dead arise.
Jubilate!

4. Like sparkles from the glassy sea,
or gleams of far eternity,
the signs of coming joy we see.
Jubilate!

5. The battle has been fought and won,
the sad, long work of sin undone,
the age of righteousness begun.
Jubilate!

6. The chains are on the tempter now;
of God and man the broken foe
lies in eternal dungeon low.
Jubilate!

7. Silent the storm of passion now,
cooled the hot air of strife below;
the strong before the feeble bow.
Jubilate!

8. See, on yon green and silent plain,
the idle sword, the broken chain,
and rust, not blood, is in their stain.
Jubilate!

9. The reign of peace and truth has come;
Christ on his earth has found a home,
and Israel rests, no more to roam.
Jubilate!

10. Death, the last enemy, is slain;
life in its joy has come again,
and love resumes its ancient strain.
Jubilate!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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