Oh, Put on Thy Beautiful Garments
Lyrics: William G. Schell
Scripture:Isaiah 52:1
Meter: 9.8.9.8.9.9.9.8

Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Fair Zion, thou home of the blest;
Ere long we shall see thee transported
To yonder fair haven of rest.
The day of this world is declining,
The forces of sin are combining,
The faithful our Lord is refining,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.

Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Fair city of peace from above;
'Tis granted that saints shall array thee
In righteousness, purity, love.
The earth and her pillars are quaking,
The powers of heaven are shaking,
The light of the evening is breaking,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.

Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
For now is the evening of time;
The darkness of earth far is driven
By light of the gospel sublime.
A voice comes from heaven, oh, hear it,
Let children of Zion all cheer it,
Unite in one body and spirit,
For soon shall the Bridegroom appear.

Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Thy glory let shine from on high,
That kings may behold its fair gleaming,
And all who in darkness still lie.
For God hath thy foes all subjected,
And round thee His bulwarks erected,
Oh, let Him in thee be perfected,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.