

SONGS OF ZION

Sing us one of those songs of Zion. (Psalm 137:3)

Perhaps the deadliest consequence of the Babylonian captivity in the 6th century B.C. was that God's people forgot how to sing. They hung up their harps and succumbed to a survivalist mentality. *How can we sing the songs of the Lord in a foreign land?* (Psalm 137:1-4) But sing they must! Their spiritual destiny depended on their ability to rediscover how to sing about their true home.

Our grandparents knew how to sing about Zion. Oh how they sang! Their hymn books were full of songs about a beautiful land where God is king and victory over sin is a reality! They knew this world was not their true home. They were bound for Canaan land! These were not just songs about heaven. They were singing about a level of spiritual maturity that was not yet fully their's. This future hope made present victory possible.

*On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

Samuel Stennett

*The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields or walk the golden streets.
We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.*

Isaac Watts

*I'm pressing on the upward way
new heights I'm gaining every day -
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Lord, lift me up and let me stand by faith on heaven's tableland;
A higher plane than I have found -
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

*Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me;
I am safely sheltered here, protected by God's hand.
Here the sun is always shining,
here there's naught can harm me.
I am safe forever in Beulah land.
I'm living on the mountain, underneath the cloudless sky.
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry.
O yes! I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.*

C. Austin Miles

Are you down today? Do you feel like a stranger in a strange land? Have you lost your joy? I have just the cure! Take down your harp and start singing the songs of Zion.

Pastor Stan