Salvation, oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears,

Salvation, oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears,

Salvation, oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis assurance to our ears,

Salvation, oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A

A sovereign balm for every wound, A

A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial

ssov' reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears. A
Gilead

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
   At hell's dark door we lay;
   But we arise by grace Divine
   To see a heav'ly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
   The spacious earth around,
   While all the armies of the sky
   Conspire to raise the sound.