OZION, WHEN I THINK ON THEE



2. A captive here, and far from home, for Zion's sacred walls I sigh;to Zion all the ransomed come, and see the Saviour eye to eye.

3. While here, I walk on hostile ground; the few that I can call my friends are, like myself, with fetters bound, and weariness our steps attends.

4. But yet we shall behold the day, when Zion's children shall return; our sorrows then shall flee away, and we shall never, never mourn.

5. The hope that such a day will come makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet; though now we wander far from home, in Zion soon we all shall meet.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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