



2. True it is, that Sion's daughters never their sweet home forgat; by Euphrates' silent waters weeping and depressed they sat; on the willow-trees beside them hung their harps; for none would sing, in a land where foes deride them, songs of praise to Sion's King.

3. As they spake to one another of the Lord's beloved abode, sighs burst forth they could not smother, tears of bitter anguish flowed; for the heathen hordes had wasted God's own house with open shame, till the Lord from heaven hasted to the help of his great Name.

4. From the neighbouring hills descending, heralds peaceful tidings bear; songs of home and joy are rending with sweet sounds the startled air. On they press o'er hill and valley, e'en the desert teems with life, and should any seem to dally, they are urged with friendly strife.

5. Yes! the Lord himself hath spoken; strike your tents, be glad of heart; he, whose word can not be broken, saith, "From Babylon depart." God hath heard your sighs, and ended many a year of grief and wrong; take your harps so long suspended, join ye all in grateful song.

6. God, renowned in Israel's story, my Redeemer, God, and King, I will magnify thy glory with sweet psalms and tuneful string. Grateful tribute ever bringing, I will praise thee night and day, songs of joy and triumph singing, as I climb the narrow way.

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