

Oh! mourn ye for Zion, her beauty is faded, Her joy is departed, her glory is fled; The light and the hope of her prospects are shaded; She wanders in darkness, her comforts are dead.

Oh! pray ye for Zion, though sad and forsaken, Though scorned and derided, despised and forlorn; The truth of Jehovah, our God, is unshaken, Her night shall but usher a glorious morn.

Oh! labour for Zion, though now, in her blindness, She knows not her Saviour, Messiah, and Lord; Yet, guided by mercy, the life-tones of kindness Shall win her dull ear to the voice of His word.

Oh! watch ye for Zion; the day-spring is breaking, Her night has been gloomy, but shortly will end; Her long-promised Shepherd His lost sheep is seeking, The heart of the obdurate nation will bend.

Oh! hope ye for Zion; salvation is nearing, And brighter than morn's roseate glow shall be seen. The great Sun of Righteousness with His appearing, And beams of His glory shall gladden the scene.

Rejoice ye for Zion! Jehovah has spoken; Jerusalem's outcasts shall yet be restored; The bonds of the fetter-bound slave shall be broken, And Judah set free at the word of the Lord.