Redeemer of Israel, our only delight, on whom for a blessing we call, our shadow by day and our pillar by night, our King our Deliv'rer, our all!

We know he is coming to gather his sheep and lead them to Zion in love, for why in the valley of death should they weep or in the lone wilderness rove?

How long we have wandered as strangers in sin and cried in the desert for thee! Our foes have rejoiced when our sorrows they've seen, but Israel will shortly be free.

As children of Zion, good tidings for us. The tokens already appear. Fear not, and be just, for the kingdom is ours. The hour of redemption is near.

Restore, my dear Savior, the light of thy face; thy soul-cheering comfort impart; and let the sweet longings for thy holy place bring hope to my desolate heart.

He looks! And ten thousands of angels rejoice, and myriads wait for his word; he speaks! And eternity, filled with his voice, re-echoes the praise of the Lord.