

1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a - wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of glad - ness,

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-dued them And scattered their le-gions was might-i - er far; They fled like chaff from the scourge that pur-sued them—

3. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, the Pow - er that saved thee, Ex-tol'd with the harp and the tim-brel should be; Shout! for the foe is de-stry'd that en-slaved thee,

CHORUS

A - rise for the night of thy sor - rows is o'er; Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

How vain were their steeds and their cha-riots of war. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

Th'op-pres-sor is van-quished and Zi - on is free. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.