



- 'Tis the hour of Israel's travail,
 'tis the darkness of her night,
 'tis the time of Jacob's trouble,
 but beyond it beams the light,
 and the star of Judah's morning
 is arising clear and bright.
- 3. Still the city sitteth lonely in the twilight of the years, in her silent sackcloth mourning, on her cheeks the ancient tears; for her lovers all have left her, and her foes deride her fears.
- 4. But above the voice of weeping, from a harp disused and dumb she can hear the notes of gladness speaking sweetly of a home, of her ended exile telling, as thy say, 'Thy King is come.'
- 5. 'Neath her olive's silver shadow, there the turtle wakes her lay; winter vanishes, the splendour shineth out of endless day. Wake, my love! wake up, my fair one! It is morning, come away.
- 6. See! the King in beauty cometh, he, thy long, long absent King; as the light of dawn he shineth, and his breath is that of spring. From the dream of darkness waking, Zion, lift thy voice and sing.
- 7. From the dust of ages rising, put on all thine ancient might, for to thee the crown belongeth, and to thee the raiment bright, of the coming age the glory, of the ransomed earth the light.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2011 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/486/