

SWANAGE 12. 11. 12. 11.

E. N. G.

Author Unknown*

1. O daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness; A-wake, for thy
 2. O man-y thy foes, but the arm that sub-dued them And scat-tered their
 3. O daugh-ter of Zi-on, the power that hath saved thee, Ex-tolled with the

foes shall op-press thee no more; And bright o'er thy hills dawns the
 le-gions was might-i-er far; They fled like the chaff from the
 harp and the tim-brel should be; Then shout, for the foe is de-

day-star of glad-ness; A-rise, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er.
 scourge that pur-sued them, For vain were their steeds and their char-iots of war.
 stroyed that en-slaved thee; Th'op-pres-sor is van-quished, and Zi-on is free.