

Hymn Lyrics

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High on the bending willows hung

1. High on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2. Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thine own Messiah reigns.

3. By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In ev'ry clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

4. No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre.
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5. Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?