

Deliverance Will Come  
Palms of Victory  
John Matthias, 1836.

I saw a wayworn traveler, in tattered garments clad,  
And struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was sad;  
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost gone,  
Yet he shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

Refrain

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
Palms of victory I shall wear.

The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty, his step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

Refrain

The songsters in the arbor that stood beside the way  
Attracted his attention, inviting his delay:  
His watchword being "Onward!" he stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

Refrain

I saw him in the evening; the sun was bending low;  
He'd overtopped the mountain, and reached the vale below:  
He saw the Golden City his everlasting home  
And shouted loud, "Hosanna! Deliverance will come!"

Refrain

While gazing on that city, just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels came from the throne of God;  
They bore him on their pinions safe o'er the dashing foam,  
And joined him in his triumph: Deliverance had come!

Refrain

I heard the song of triumph they sang upon that shore,  
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us to suffer nevermore!"  
Then casting his eyes backward on the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, "Hosanna! Deliverance has come!"

Refrain