

*If God should lead us home from our exile,  
what wondrous dream-world!  
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what wondrous dream-world!*

We will be singing, laughing and revelling;  
then let the world say: 'Their God works wonders.'  
Yes, You work wonders, God here among us,  
You, our gladness.

Then lead us home, restore us to life,  
just as the rivers in the desert,  
as the rivers in the desert,  
as the new rains fall, start flowing again.

Sowing in sorrow, reaping in gladness!  
A man set out in tears for the sowing,  
back he comes singing, sheaves on his  
shoulder!

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