

When the Lord delivers us from exile,
It will all seem like a dream.

Our mouths will fill with laughter,
And our hearts with glorious song.

Rain down your grace upon us, Lord,
Renew us as a stream renews the arid soil;
Surge through us like a river as it swells the desert sands.

Deliver us, deliver us, Lord,
So that they who sow in tears may reap in joy,
And those who went forth weeping, carrying sacks of seed
Will return home singing, carrying sheaves of wheat.