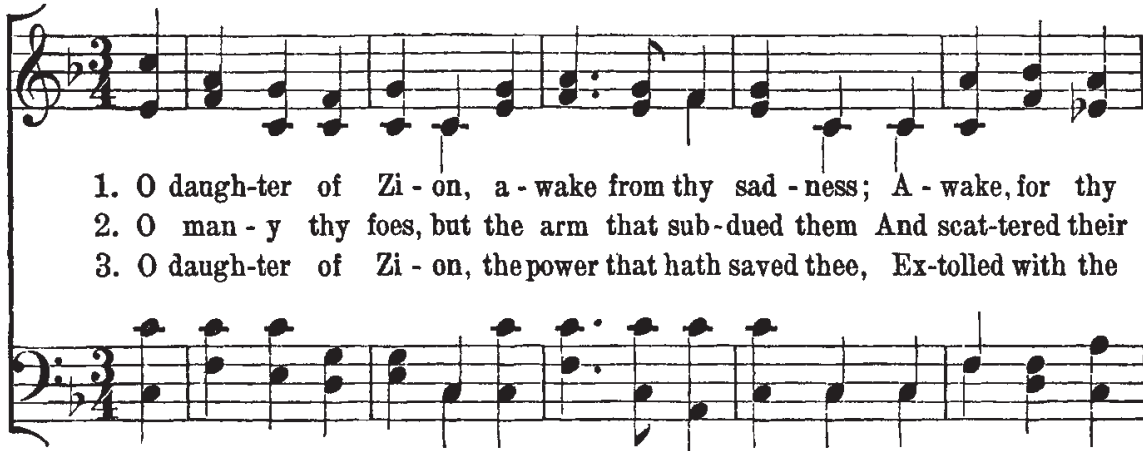


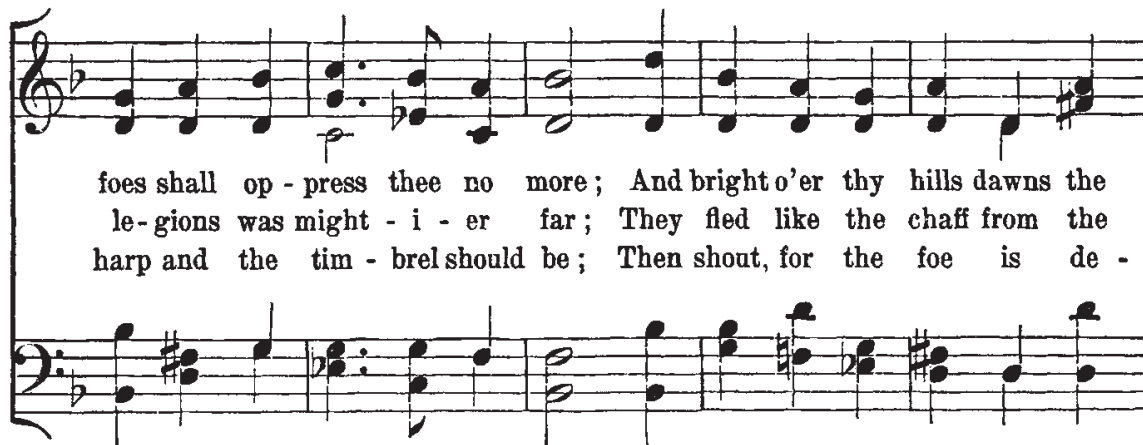
SWANAGE 12. 11. 12. 11.

E. NORMAN GREENWOOD

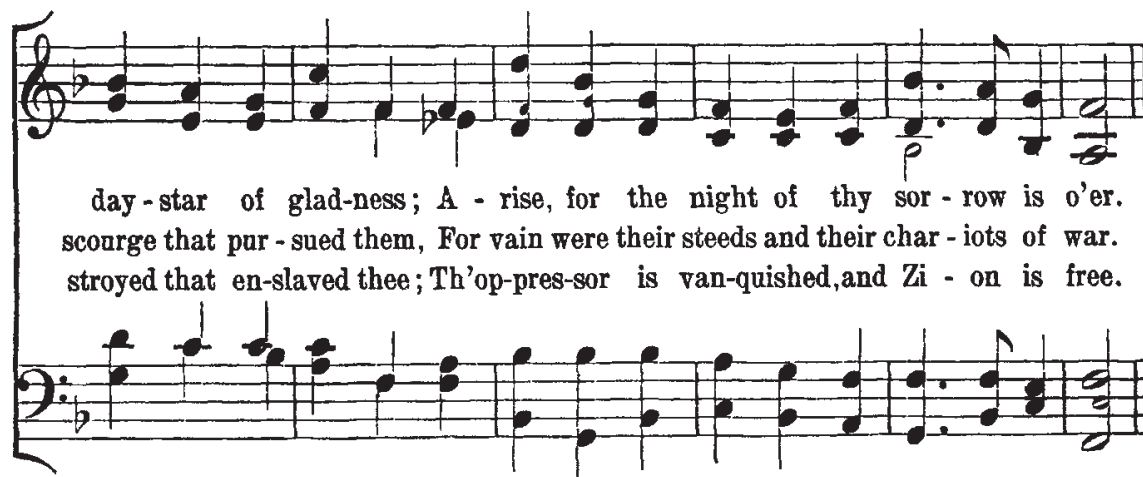
Author Unknown*



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.

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