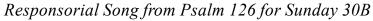
What Marvels!





When you rescued us,
when you restored us,
it was a dream come true!
Laughter was heard,
and rejoicing,
there were songs, there

good fortune!

God's endowmen Zion
What marvers work here amoust.

You read us to blessing a sess, us stread to be a sess, us that it can ity, as we do he seed.

lay avor reside
with your people,
keep us safe from all harm;
may you grace us with
goodness and grandeur,
never more to abandon us.

Then we set out

for wing,

as we toil,

the new rain on soil

parched and weary,
that our land may be fruitful.

If we go out both empty and weeping, planting seed in distress, we return home, rejoicing and singing as we shoulder our sheaves.