

But this I tell, for I know it well,  
The vine that ye thought was dead,  
In the heart of her there is life astir,  
Again she shall lift her head,  
Through weed, and briar, and bush  
The slender stem shall push,  
After the kindly sun  
The eager tendrils run,  
And purple clusters pour  
Their wine once more.

Then shall we who have longed to see  
The time of her coming forth,  
Raise the song of the glad and strong,  
As we march from the dreary north  
Back to the land we love  
With the heart of the homing dove,  
The land of lily and rose,  
Of cedar, and mountain snows,  
Of rivers and water-springs,  
And all good things.

Here he pauses, eager voices crying,  
"It is well. Now stop. Sing not the last one."  
But impatiently he frowns, and sings the louder.

Halévy spoke, in the vision that broke  
On my sleep that Sabbath night,  
"The nations too, shall join with the Jew,  
And come unto Heart's Delight.  
Its walls shall be built again,  
And after the latter rain  
The flowers shall spring once more,  
And the oak and sycamore.  
Its gates shall be opened wide  
As of old, on every side,