

Their fields are scourged with iron hoofs,
Their garden walls are low,
And everywhere their broken roofs
Let in the rain or snow;
But there's a peopleless plain that graces
A world across the main,
Those People shall people these peopleless
places,
Shall people that peopleless plain!

Oh, why rebuild the ruined shrine?
'Tis fall'n, so let it stay!
Come build a shrine in lands divine,
In new world's far away!
A land where warfare ne'er debases,
A land of grass and grain,
Ye People!—come people these peopleless
places,
Come people this peopleless plain!

Across the sea—let no one grieve—
A pathway ye shall find,
And safe from danger ye shall leave
Great Pharoh's host behind.
Your prophet I'll be!—uplift your faces!
And this shall be my strain,
"God's People shall people His peopleless
places,
Shall people His peopleless plain!"
