



59. Missionary Hymn.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
 And you ye waters roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

60. Psalm lxxii.

- 1 Hail, to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying |
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is—Love,