

## THEY CALL US

(Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.)

Heber

Mason

1. From Green-land's ic - y moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;  
 3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed, With wis - dom from on high;  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, Ye wat - ers, on - ward roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,  
 Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly of man is vile;  
 Shall we to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an ancient riv - er, From man - y a palmy plain,  
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim  
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 The hea - then in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has heard Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.