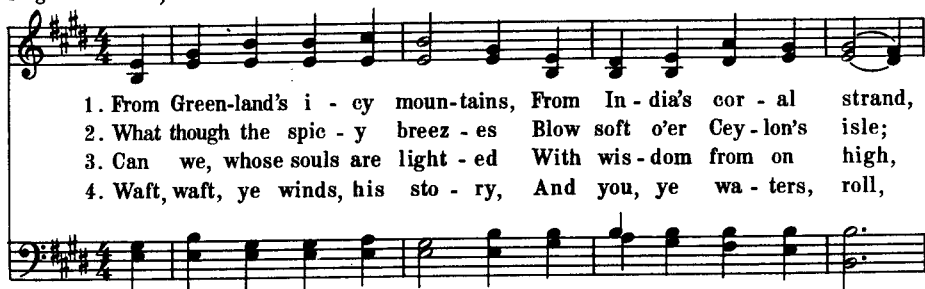


Come over . . . and help us. Acts 16:9

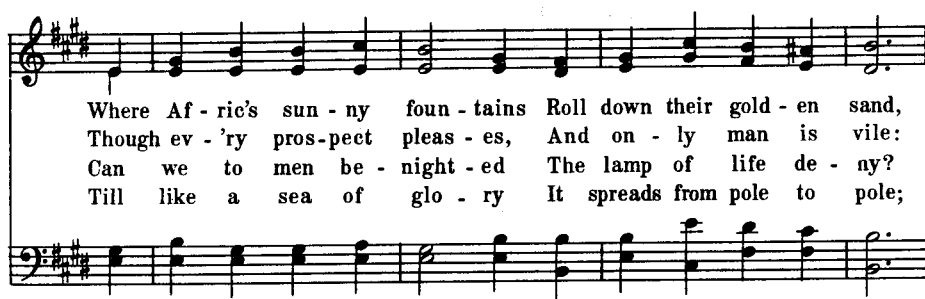
MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 8. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1828

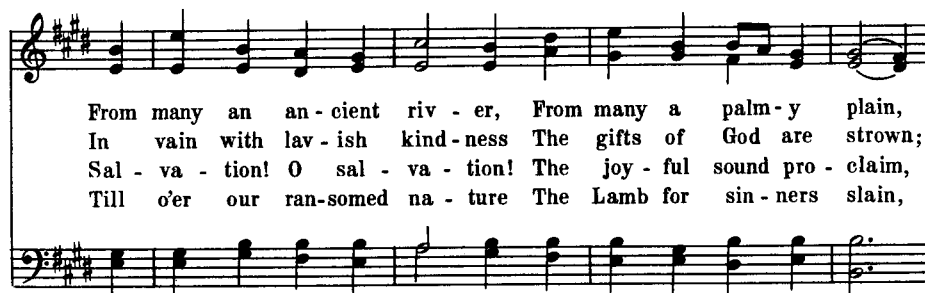
Reginald Heber, 1819



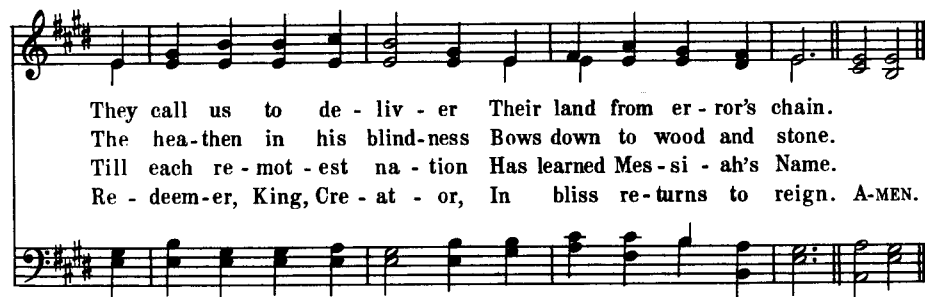
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
 Can 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 many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y 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 each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's Name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - at - or, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.