

Bunker Hill

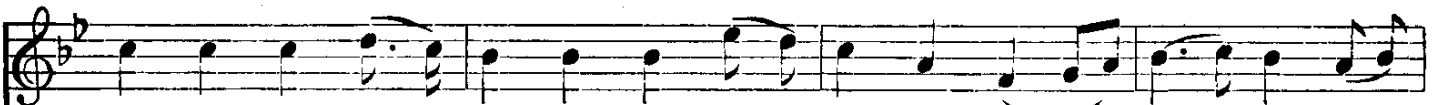
Sung at the Dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843

JAMES B. TAYLOR

HENRY L. TUCKERMAN



1. Lone - ly and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be - low yet slumbered. The
2. The he - roes tho't as they brave - ly wrought, Their coun - try's al - tar rear - ing, Of a
3. Then wav'd the sword, then blood was pour'd, Op - pres - sion's host dis - may - ing, Death
4. Once more the skies with sum - mer dyes, A - bove the fields are bend - ing, And the
5. To - day a throng with fes - tal song, The sa - cred mount o'er - flow - ing, Have



breez - es light of a sum - mer night All the dew - y hours num - bered. The
no - ble land by val - or's hand Made free and home en - dear - ing. In
rent the air and the can - nons' glare O'er Free - dom's birth were play - ing. And
wa - ters still be - neath the hill Their crys - tal waves are blend - ing. But
gath - ered there with pomp and prayer, All hearts with rap - ture glow - ing. On the



sen - try's tramp from the foe - man's camp, With his tone of has - ty warn - ing, Came
firm ar - ray when broke the day, The dead - ly charge they wait - ed, And
that green height, with the eve - ning light Its crim - son turf o'er - shad - ing, Had
Peace di - vine a - round the shrine, Her bound - less har - vest wear - ing, Bids
go - ry bed of the mar - tyred dead, Its shade ma - jes - tic sleep - ing, Stands



low and clear to the yeo-man's ear As he watch'd the ear - ly dawn - ing.
 side by side in si - lent pride With skill their prow - ess mat - ed.
 ho - ly grown as Free-dom's throne Like her star - ry crown un - fad - ing.
 us pro - claim to a death - less fame, Our fa - thers' match - less dar - ing.
 Free - dom's pile in glo - ry's smile, E - ter - nal vig - il keep - ing.

Missionary Hymn

Bishop HEBER

L. MASON

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev - 'ry pros - pect
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, — From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The

ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!