

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!