

Far Away  
Alonzo Abbey, 1879.

I often think of heathen lands,  
Far away, far away,  
Where many an idol temple stands,  
Far away;  
And there each hapless child is led  
To bow to heathen gods the head,  
While many a muttering charm is said,  
Far away, far away.

Oh, how I pity children there,  
Far away, far away,  
Although the clime be passing fair,  
Far away;  
I would not leave my humble home,  
Midst fields of richest flow'rs to roam,  
If there no gospel sound should come,  
Far away, far away.

But I will pray that God will send,  
Far away, far away,  
Some tidings of my Savior Friend,  
Far away;  
And every little I can spare  
Shall go to send the Bible there,  
And men of God the truth to bear,  
Far away, far away.

And when the silver trumpet swells,  
Far away, far away,  
And all the love of Jesus tells,  
Far away;  
The idols shall like Dagon fall,  
And many a child on God shall call,  
And own their Savior Lord of all,  
Far away, far away.