

O'er Hoarse Atlantic's Wave  
Maria Poppo(1796-1847)  
John Darwall, 1770.

O'er hoarse Atlantic's wave,  
From Afric comes the cry,  
"O Christians! haste and save,  
Ere in our want we die!  
Our starving souls have ne'er been fed;  
Oh! bring to us the Living Bread!"

And broad Pacific's shore  
Re-echoes with the call,  
From China wafted o'er,  
Beseeching one and all  
To kindle in the flowery clime  
The Lamp of Life, the Light divine.

And India's myriad sons  
Stretch forth their dusky hands;  
Crying, "O favored ones,  
Who dwell in Gospel lands,  
Send to our longing, thirsty souls  
The stream that with salvation rolls."

And shall we careless live  
With these great gifts in store?  
Nor from our fullness give  
To spread from shore to shore  
Glad tidings from the courts above  
Of our Immanuel's boundless love?

Pardon our coldness, Lord!  
Our languid souls inspire.  
May Thy life giving Word  
Kindle a holy fire  
In every heart that owns Thy sway  
And hasten the millennial day!