

Onward, Onward, Men of Heaven

Lydia Sigourney, 1833.

Abner Jones, 1836.

Onward, onward, men of Heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky,
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its luster stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation
And your death is victory.