

Wake, Isles of the South!

William Tappan, 1822.

William Hauser, 1848.

Wake, isles of the South! Your redemption is near,
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of His chosen in love shall appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad star of Bethlehem brighten today,
The glad star of Bethlehem brighten today.

The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The dayspring, the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean will wait for His law,
And the isles of the ocean will wait for His law.