Come, All Whose Souls Are Lighted

1. Come, all whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high.
2. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand,
3. Go tell, ye winds, his story, And mighty waters, roll,

Shall we, to men be nighted, The lamp of life deny?
Where Africa’s sun-sy fountains Roll down their golden sand,
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

Salvation! Oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
Till o’er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain,

Till earth’s remotest nation Has learned Messiah’s name.
They call us to deliver Their land from error’s chain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

Music: Lowell Mason, 1792–1872