

From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,  
 And the country of the free :  
 Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,  
 For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !  
 Light for that trampled clime  
 Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease  
 Ere it wreck'd the boast of time :  
 If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,  
 Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?

Light on the Hindoo shed !  
 On the maddening idol-train ;  
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,  
 And the Fakir faints with pain ;  
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,  
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !  
 The Sophi's wisdom fades,  
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy  
 Armour when death invades :  
 Hark ! hark !—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh  
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !  
 For the islands of the sea !  
 For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails  
 With sighs of agony !  
 And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails  
 'Neath the lone banana-tree !

Light for the ancient race  
 Exiled from Zion's rest !  
 Homeless they roam from place to place,  
 Benighted and oppress'd :  
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,  
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth !  
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,  
 Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,  
*Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread,*  
 Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,  
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,  
 And clear the tomb  
 From its lingering gloom,  
 For the aged to rest his weary head.