

1. Oh, great is thy mission, thou an - gel of freedom Not far from thee now is the
 2. *The dark warcloud that pour'd its ru - in all round us Hath roll'd its red flood from the*
 3. Oh, haste thee a-way then thy comrades await thee Whom op - pression and grief so

goal to be won, The Gospels will tell us, if right - ly we read them How a
 hills to the sea, And the pi - ti - less storm that near - ly hath drown'd us Res - cued
 late - ly have slain, Our hosts o'er the Jordan with gladness will greet thee There is

sen - ti-nel stood un - harm'd in the sun. } The orb of thy fame to its
 all its lightnings proud ea - gle for thee.
 thy sole re-fuge from sor - row and pain.