

For who should ^{shall} through ^{may} deserts courts
The Captive & heezy free
Who dare deliverance to the slave
To preach in Galilee

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Long Ages pass whose rolling years
Are marked by direst crimes
But still the Divinous words console
And evil tongues & times

and as they roll the Gospel ^{spread}
to Empires furthest bound
The lonely islands of the sea
Have heard the joyful sound
But in all lands ^{mis} ^{under} ^{standing}
The heralds of the cross
The joyful tidings must proclaim
With suffering shame & loss
Fulfilled the Divinous ^{words} ^{promise}
"through latest years shall be
"the world shall ^{await} ^{that} the ^{King} ^{shall} ^{come}
Even as it hated me

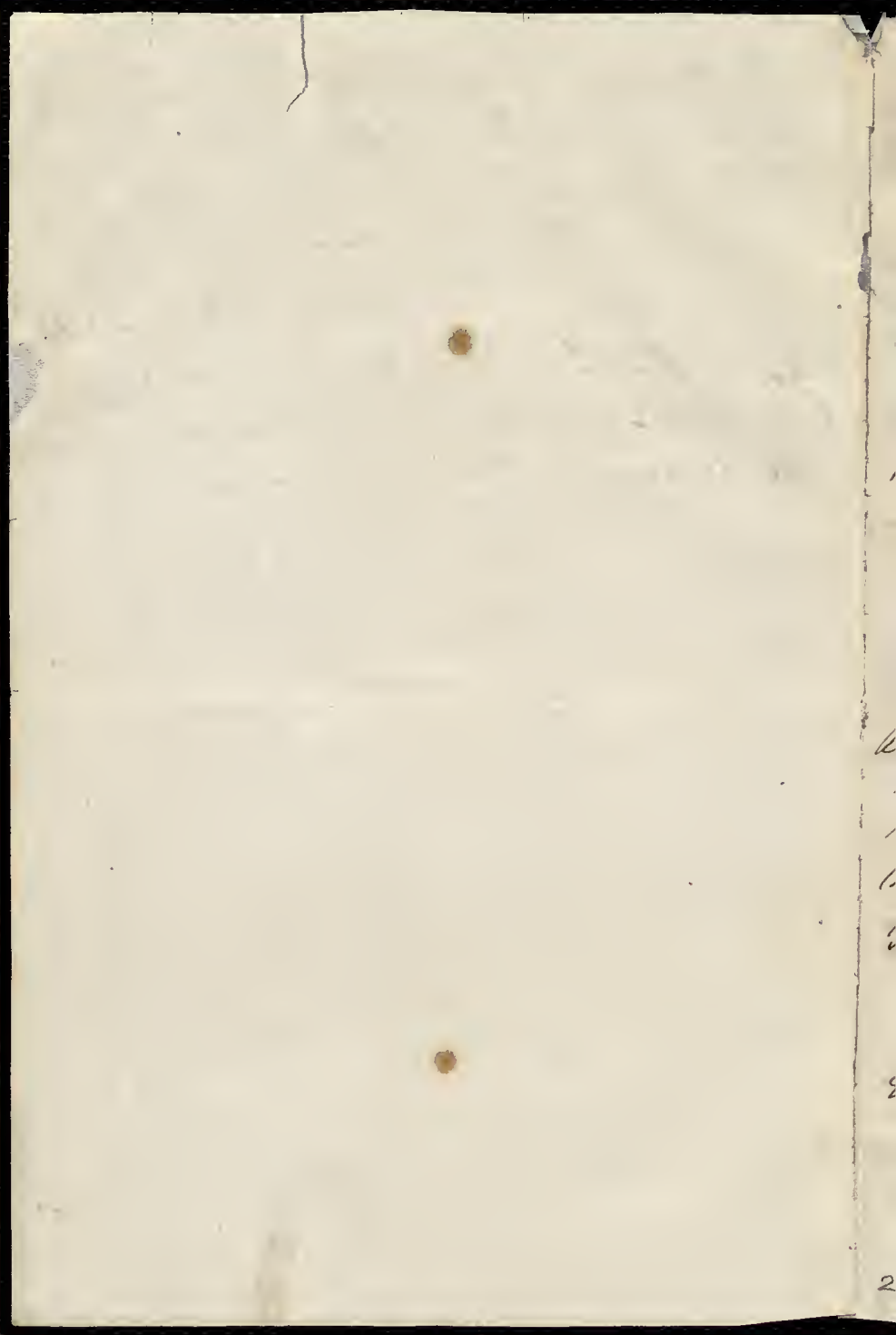
but now fair Miles
From ~~him~~ ~~we~~ ~~from~~ ~~judaea~~ ~~come~~
From Persecution's eyes
Whose martyr's seal ^{still} sheds forth light
on History's bloody page
Turn me to Freedom's chosen home
Beyond the rolling seas
Where bold truth may ^{be pour'd} pour
Upon the mountain breeze

Here sit we our ~~stern~~ ^{stern} pilgrim ^{graves}
From many a stately fane
Oh! Haply here in holy hearts
The truths of God fresh air

Alas we eat in Galilee
Upon the Sabbath eve
The throng ^{pouring forth} ^{crowds} are
The hypocrites vain prayer
And now Christ's faithful servants ^{here}
Must walk with Danger ^{near}
Who brook no ^{our} ^{priestly} ^{train}
Dormer worship with him -
They coldly hear the captives moan
They bind anew his chain
The widow & the fatherless
Better their voice in vain

In vain beyond the ancient hills
Where western prairies spread
The Herald of Deliverance falls
The Martyr's blood is shed,

But fear not faithful band & true
Your fathers' work endures
His throne in Righteousness ^{stands}
His Kingdom shall be yours



If the world hate you ye know
that it hated you before it hated
In vain in proud Judaea now
We seek her temple door
Where stood the ancient Sanctuary
Its place is found no more
The Splendours of her so time
The Nobles' payments Gay,
Chief priest & Scribe & Pharisee
Alike have passed away
Get an enquiring reverend seat
Upon the breathing page
Where faithful witnesses record
The terrors of that age
When one who shakes both Jordan
The Hills of Isaac trod
And joyfully the faithful hail'd
The promised-son of God

Now let the spirit back again
The world around grows dim
We hear from yonder stately lane
The full & swelling organ
& see the Eastern Sun pour down
Its ~~light~~ ^{bright} & ~~fire~~ ^{ray}
Where hosts of kneeling worshippers
Allow the Sabbath day
Worshippers

~~who rises must meet that crowded~~ ^{through}
who rises must meet the crowds that throng
The place a surging sea
To read the pure & searching word
Of ancient prophets

Who feels not as those ancient folk
Startling the heavy ear
Soothing the heart with grief ^{afflictions}
The promise of Saron new

"The Spirit of the Lord is mine
His words upon me rest

To preach his Gospel to the poor
and heal the wounded breast
To bring to them who wear the ^{chain}
& feel the oppressors' rod

Gods bruised & suffering ones ^{earth}
Deliverance ^{is} comes from God

A moment paused the living mass
Stung by those words of might -
^{By all in camp}
~~in strong hearts~~ felt the appeal

For steadfast truth & right
that rose the clamor fierce & loud
The roar of rage & scorn

The rich man's scoff the sinner's curse
of pride & Malin's born
and some who held us Jes us spoke
their hearts confess his way
& knew the heavenly message true
in turn turned away

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