Look From Thy Sphere Of Endless Day

1. Look from Thy sphere of endless day, O God of mercy and of might!
2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen, In crowd ed mart, by stream or sea,
3. Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
4. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene, That make us sad as we gaze,

In pity look on those who stray, Be nighted, in this land of light.
How many of the sons of men Hear not the message sent from Thee!
A scat tered, home less flock, till all Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
Shall grow with living waters green, And lift to heav'n the voice of praise.

Words: William Cullen Bryant
Music: Sir H. W. Baker