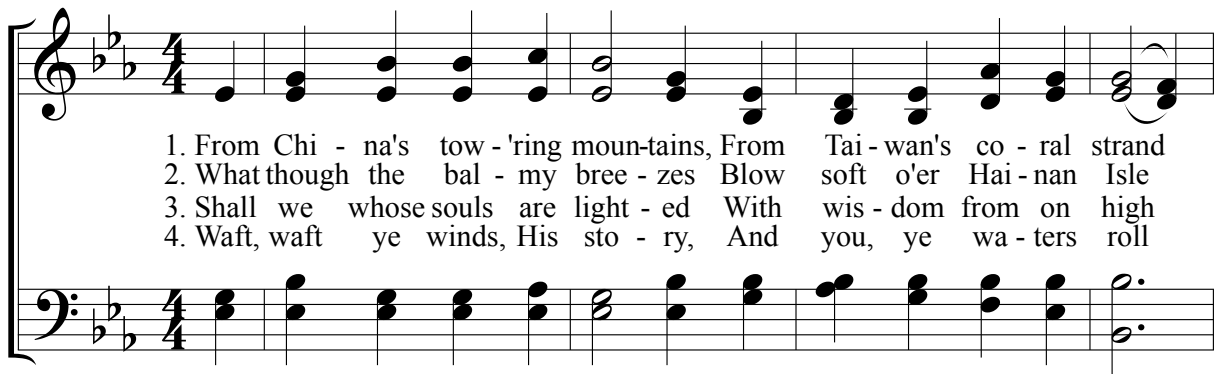


From China's Towering Mountain

Reginald Heber
adapted by T. Tow

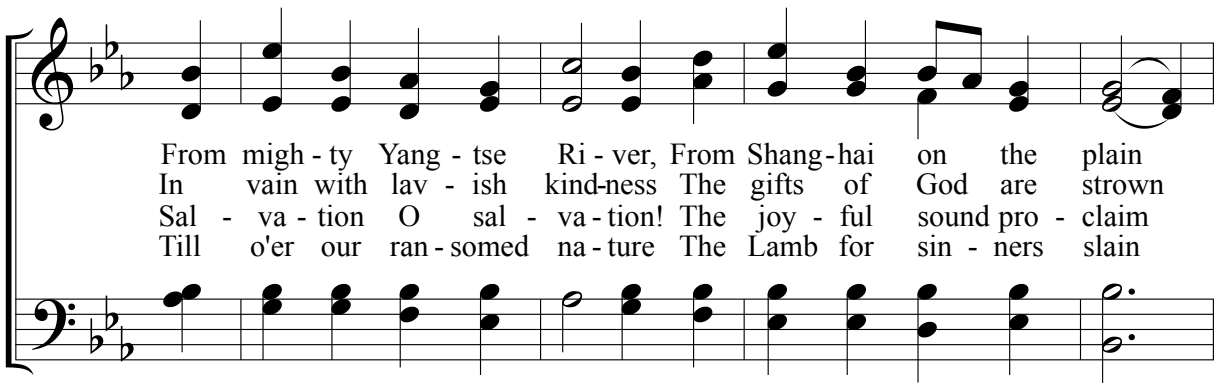
Lowell Mason



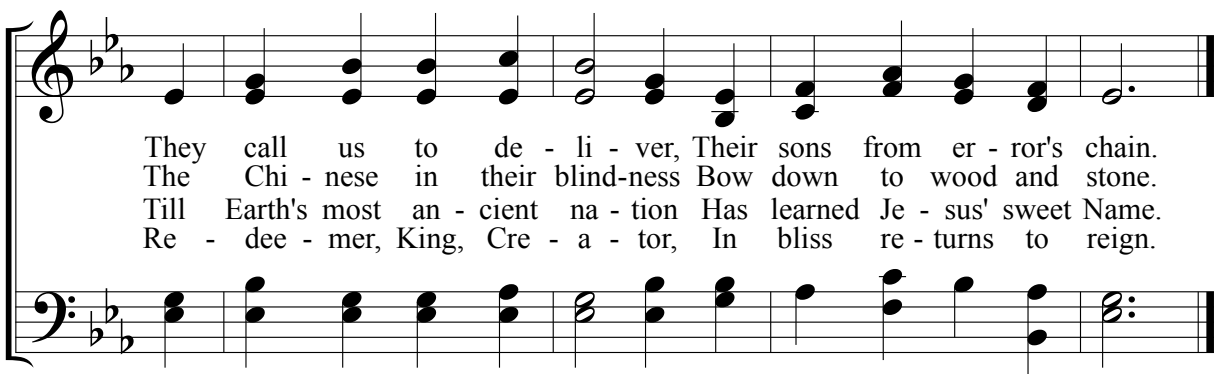
1. From Chi - na's tow - 'ring moun - tains, From Tai - wan's co - ral strand
2. What though the bal - my bree - zes Blow soft o'er Hai - nan Isle
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high
4. Waft, waft ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll



Where Yun - nan's lof - ty foun - tains, Roll down the South - ern sand
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect plea - ses And on - ly man is vile
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of Life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole



From migh - ty Yang - tse Ri - ver, From Shang - hai on the plain
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown
Sal - va - tion O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain



They call us to de - li - ver, Their sons from er - ror's chain.
The Chi - nese in their blind - ness Bow down to wood and stone.
Till Earth's most an - cient na - tion Has learned Je - sus' sweet Name.
Re - dee - mer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.