

Burmah

Mary Bridges Canedy Slade, 1865

Benjamin Russell Hanby

♩=103

1. A voice that I hear, a - cross the sea, Sings the sweet-est songs of the east to me; It
2. Oh! hark to the song that o'er the seas Soft - ly flows a - long on the sum - mer breeze; Oh
3. For, un - der the palm trees' love - ly shade, There the dread-ful shrine of the i - dol's made; The
4. Oh, child-ren of God, from east and west, So the hea - then come to the heaven-ly rest! And

sings of a land where bright suns glow, And the beau-ti - ful blos-soms of Bur - mah blow. Hear it say,
list - en, and ming-ling with its flow, You will hear the sad wail-ing of pain and woe. Hear it say,
land of the east is bright and fair, Bu - t sor - row, and sin a - nd death are there. Hear it say,
Bur - mah be - seech-ingly begs to - day, That you pi - ty and help her and show the way. Hear her say,

hear it say, "Come to the beau - ti - ful land a - way!" Hear it say, hear it say,
hear it say, "Sit - ting in dark - ness we wait for day!" Hear it say, hear it say,
hear it say, "Come, in the night of our need, a - way!" Hear it say, hear it say,
hear her say, "Come, ye, and lead us to God, we pray!" Hear it say, hear it say,

"Come to the beau-ti - ful land!"
"Sit - ting in dark-ness we wait!"
"Come in the night of our need!"
"Come, ye, and lead us to God!"