When, Lord, to This Our Western Land

Doh is Eb · 3/2 Tune: MERIBAH

| d - - - | m - - m m - r - m - f - | s - - - - - - - m - - - |
When, Lord, to this our western land, Led

| l - - l l - s - f - m - | r - - - - - - - s - - - |
by thy providential hand, Our

| t - l - s - - - fe - - - | s - - - - - - - s - - - |
wandering fathers came, Their

| d' - s - s - m - f - l - | s - - - - - - - s - - - |
ancient homes, their friends in youth Sent

| d' - s - s - m - f - l - | s - - - - - - - d - - - |
forth the heralds of thy truth, To

| r - f - m - - - r - - - | d - - - - - - - |
keep them in thy name.

The other verses

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Father, we own this debt of love;
O, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast,
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise, to fix thy name,
Through all our boundless West!

Tune MERIBAH by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.