With Thy Pure Dews and Rains

Doh is C · 3/4 Tune: DORT

| d - m - d - | s - - l s - | s - t - s - | r' - - m' r' - |
With thy pure dews and rains, Wash out, O God! the stains

| d' - t - l - | s - - - - - | s - m - f - | s - - l s - |
From Afric's shore; And while her palm trees bud,

| s - m - f - | s - - l s - | s - d' - r' - | m' - - f' m' - |
Let not her children's blood, With her broad Niger's flood,

| r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
Be mingled more.

The other verses

2 Quench, righteous God! the thirst,
That Congo's sons hath cursed —
The thirst for gold;
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

3 Hear'st thou, O God! those chains,
That clank on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought?
Those who these chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

4 Lord! wilt thou not, at last,
From thine own image cast
Away all cords,
Save those of love, which brings
Man, from his long wand'rings,
Back — to the King of kings, —
The Lord of lords?

Tune DORT by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by John Pierpont (1785–1866). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.