

Go, Tell the Nations Christ Is King
Priscilla Owens, 1895
Andr Gretry(1741-1813)

Go, tell the nations Christ is king,
His hands the world uphold;
He guides each planet's shining ring,
And spreads the cloud's dark fold;
Go, cast the false gods in the dust,
The idols trample down,
And place in Him your only trust,
For Jesus wears the crown.

Go, tell the nations of the blood
On Calv'ry freely spilt,
The healing streams, the precious flood,
To wash away their guilt.
Tell them to trust no human rites,
That earthly gold is dross;
And yet to pardon God delights,
Since Jesus bore the cross.

Go, tell the nations of the hope,
The joy by Jesus giv'n,
And bid the darkened eyes look up,
Beyond the stars, to Heav'n.
Oh, let your hearts with love o'erflow,
Cross o'er the heaving tide,
Till all the lands of earth shall know
The Crowned, once Crucified.