

Go, Ye Messengers of God

Joshua Marsden, 1812.

Edward Hopkins, 1867.

Go, ye messengers of God!  
Like the beams of morning fly,  
Take the wonder working rod,  
Wave the banner cross on high;  
Where the lofty minaret  
Gleams along the morning skies,  
Wave it till the crescent set,  
And the Star of Jacob rise!

Go to many a tropic isle  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile  
And the oppressed forever weep:  
O'er their gloomy night of care  
Pour the living light of Heaven;  
Chase away their dark despair,  
Bid them hope to be forgiven!

Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the palmy East,  
Wide the bleeding cross display,  
Spread the Gospel's richest feast:  
Bear the tidings round the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea:  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Jesus' love is full and free!