

Rise, Thou Light of Gentile Nations  
Hermann Fick(1822-1885)  
Basel, Switzerland: 1745.

Rise, Thou Light of Gentile nations,  
Jesus, bright and Morning Star;  
Let Thy Word, the gladsome tidings,  
Ring out loudly near and far,  
Bringing freedom to the captives,  
Peace and comfort to the slave,  
That the heathen, free from bondage,  
May proclaim Thy power to save.

See the blindness of the heathen,  
Strangers to Thy glorious light,  
Straying hopeless till they find Thee,  
Wandering aimless in the night.  
See their pitiful condition;  
Lo, gross darkness covers all,  
And no ray of hope refreshes  
Nor dispels the dreadful pall.

If Thou, merciful Redeemer,  
Hadst not saved us from this plight,  
In like darkness we would languish  
Hopeless, helpless, in sin's night.  
Lovingly Thou, Lord, didst seek us  
In the beauty of Thy grace;  
Now with joy we freely serve Thee,  
We, Thy blessed, chosen race.

Knowing Thee and Thy salvation,  
Grateful love dare never cease  
To proclaim Thy tender mercies,  
Gracious Lord, Thy heavenly peace.  
Sound we forth the Gospel tidings  
To the earth's remotest bound  
That the sinner has been pardoned  
And forgiveness can be found.

May our zeal to help the heathen  
Be increased from day to day  
As we plead in true compassion  
And for their conversion pray.  
For the many faithful heralds,  
For the Gospel they proclaim,  
Let us all be cheerful givers  
To the glory of Thy name.

Savior, shine in all Thy glory  
On the nations near and far;  
From the highways and the byways  
Call them, O Thou Morning Star.  
Guide them whom Thy grace hath chosen  
Out of Satan's dreadful thrall  
To the mansions of Thy Father  
There is room for sinners all.