

Send Thou, O Lord, to Every Place
Mary Gates, 1888.
Edwin Drewett, 1887.

Send Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Thou who hast died, Thy vict'ry claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name
In every place to bring them in
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless Word;
And make them conquerors, conquering, Lord,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come."