

Ye Christian Heralds, Go Proclaim
Bourne Draper, 1797.
Heinrich Zeuner, 1832.

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

Ruler of worlds, display Thy power,
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric shores, on India's plains;
On wilds and continents unknown,
And be the universe Thine own!

Speak and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak and the deserts shall rejoice!
Scatter the shades of mortal night;
Let worthless idols flee the light!

Trusting in Him, dear brethren, rear
The Gospel standard void of fear;
Go seek with joy your destined shore,
To view your native land no more.

God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tumult into peace.

And when our labors are all o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all!