

Speed Thy Servants, Saviour, Speed Them  
by Charles Wesley

1 SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them,  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;  
They were bound, but thou hast freed them,  
Now they go to free the slaves;  
Be thou with them:  
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at thy command;  
As their stay thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land;  
O be with them!  
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,  
In the dark and stormy day;  
When the waves in wild commotion  
Fill all others with dismay,  
Be thou with them,  
Drive their terrors far away.

4 When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
Be thou with them:  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 When they think of home, now dearer  
Than it ever seemed before,  
Bring the promised glory nearer,  
Let them see that peaceful shore,  
Where thy people  
Rest from toil, and weep no more.

6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain;  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

7 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let thy servants humbler be:  
Never leave them,  
Till thy face in heaven they see:

8 There to reap in joy for ever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,  
There to be with him who never  
Ceases to preserve his own,  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to him alone.