Send Them, O Lord
Wakefield MacGill.
James Stewart.

Lord, Thou hast gone two thousand years,
Yet they have never heard
Tidings of Thy redeeming love,
Or seen Thy holy Word.
Sleeping and still Thy Church has lain,
Heedless of the high command
"Go forth to every tribe and tongue,
To every distant land."

Refrain

Send them, O Lord, to speak of Thee,
Telling of Thy love and grace;
Send them, O Lord, to tell of Thee,
To every tribe and race.

Once o'er this bright and favored land
Lay there the pall of night
Gloom of a savage heathendom,
With foul and bloody rite.
Brave ones arose and came to us,
Bringing o'er the tidings sweet,
Then cruel men bent low to Thee,
And worshipped at Thy feet.

Refrain

So would we do for other lands
Lying in deepest death,
Sinking to meet their awful doom
With every passing breath.
Hear, Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Wake Thy sleeping Church to know
Her hour of privilege and power,
And bid her rise and go.

Refrain