Go, Ye Messengers

Joshua Marsden

1. Go, ye messengers of God; Like the beams of morning, fly;
2. Where the lofty minaret Gleams along the morning skies,
3. Go to man-y a tropic isle In the bosom of the deep,
4. O'er the pagan's night of care Pour the living light of heav'n,
5. Where the golden gates of day Open on the palm-y East,
6. Bear the tidings round the ball, Visit every soil and sea;

Take the wonder-working rod; Wave the banner-cross on high.
Wave it till the crescent set, And the "Star of Jacob" rise.
Where the skies forever smile, And the oppressed forever weep.
Chase away his dark despair, Bid him hope to be forgiven.
High the bleeding cross display; Spread the Gospel's richest feast.
Preach the cross of Christ to all, Christ, whose love is full and free.