1. Ye Christian heralds! go proclaim Salvation thro' Immanuel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts inspire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.
Meet with the blood-bo'throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.