

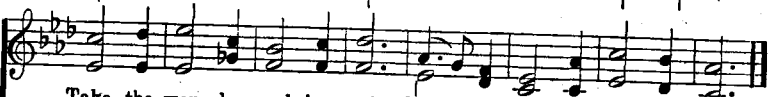
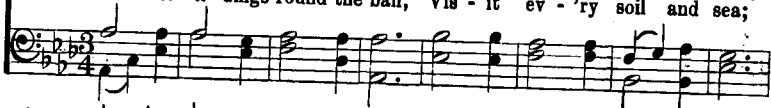
## Go, Ye Messengers

Joshua Marsden

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



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|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Go, ye mes-sen-gers of God;       | Like the beams of morn-ing, fly;  |
| 2. Where the loft-y min-ar-et        | Gleams a-long the morn-ing skies, |
| 3. Go to man-y a trop-ic isle        | In the bos-om of the deep,        |
| 4. O'er the pa-gan's night of care   | Pour the liv-ing light of heav'n; |
| 5. Where the gold-en gates of day    | O - pen on the palm - y East,     |
| 6. Bear the ti-dings round the ball, | Vis - it ev - 'ry soil and sea;   |



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|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Take the won-der-work-ing rod;     | Wave the ban-ner-cross on high.      |
| Wave it till the cres-cent set,    | And the "Star of Ja-cob" rise.       |
| Where the skies for-ev-er smile,   | And th'op-pressed for-ev-er weep.    |
| Chase a-way his dark de-spair,     | Bid him hope to be for-giv'n.        |
| High the bleed-ing cross dis-play; | Spread the Gos-pel's rich-est feast. |
| Preach the cross of Christ to all, | Christ, whose love is full and free. |

