

Send Them, O Lord

J. Wakefield MacGill (1829-1902)

James E. Stewart, arranged by C. W. and E. M.

♩=110

1. Lord, Thou hast gone two thou - sand years, Yet they have nev - er heard
2. Once o'er this bright and fa - vored land Lay there the pall of night—
3. So would we do for o - ther lands Ly - ing in deep - est death,

Tid - ings of Thy re - deem - ing love, Or seen Thy ho - ly Word.
Gloom of a sav - age hea - then - dom, With foul and blood - y rite.
Sink - ing to meet their aw - ful doom With ev - ery pass - ing breath.

cresc.
Sleep - ing and still Thy Church has lain, Heed - less of the high com -
Brave ones a - rose and came to us, Bring - ing o'er the tid - ings
Hear, Je - sus, hear our fer - vent prayer, Wake Thy sleep - ing Church to

mf *rit.*
- mand— “Go forth to ev - ery tribe and tongue, To ev - ery dis - tant land.”
sweet, Then cru - el men bent low to Thee, And wor - shipped at Thy feet.
know Her hour of pri - vi - lege and power, And bid her rise and go.

Refrain