

A Missionary Hymn

William Henry Westcott.

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Tune — 723 Bristol Tune Book.

Father, in days gone by
Thy people sought Thy face
Longing that souls might be
Reached by Thy saving grace.

Thou gav'st the answer then
In blessing far and near;
Saving the souls of men
From sin and guilt and fear.

Father, save!

Bowing together here,-
Thy people of to-day,-
Thou dost, in Jesu's name
Drive unbelief away.
Faith's holy confidence
Is resting now on Thee
O Thou that hearest prayer
We would Thy blessing see.

Father, save!

Think of those distant lands
Where lived Thy saints of old
Let Naaman's leprous home
Again of grace be told.
Let Israel's captive souls
Hear of Thy gospel free
And Zion's hills resound
With songs of liberty.

Father, save!

Let Egypt's ebbing grace,

As tidal waters turn
Nor let her rulers now
Thy gracious dealing spurn:
Let Pharaoh's starving land
Again her Joseph see,
In Jesus Who has died,
And risen again to Thee.

Father, save!

Down Eden's valleys Lord,
Let living waters flow:
And Adam's fallen race
Thy full salvation know
And 'midst the thorny woes,
Euphrates knows so well
May those who know its balm
The Saviour's mercy tell.

Father, save!

And, oh! not there alone
But far across the wave
How China's plaint awakes
The prayer that Thou wilt save!
Her millions passing on
Approach a fearful end
O God! stretch forth Thine hands
And mighty blessing send!

Father, save!

But how the heart grows faint,
And then o'erflows in grief
Thinking of India's sons
So long without relief
While Africa's weary hosts
Down-trodden and oppressed
Seem silently to stand

Yearning for heavenly rest.

Father, save!

Let all our hearts arise

Alive with heavenly glow

Moved by Thy Spirit, Lord,

With love's deep stream to flow

And if in foreign lands

Or this, Thou bid'st us roam,

Oh! for Thy mighty power,

To call Thy wanderers home.

Father, save!