

1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,  
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,  
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,  
And Jehovah his mandate display'd,

2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound  
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,  
Was re-echoed on earth through the regions around,  
In the accents of heavenly love.

3. They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone  
To the land where the martyrs once bled;  
Where the beast and false prophet have since trodden down  
The fair fabric that Zion had reared,

4. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel! have gone,  
The glad mission in love to restore;  
Thou wilt never forsake them nor leave them alone,  
Thy rich blessings we humbly implore.

To the land where the Savior of sinners once trod:  
Where he labor'd, and languished and bled;  
Where he triumph'd o'er death and ascended to God  
As He cap-tive cap-ti-vi-ty led.

Where the Spirit de-scended in tokens of flame,  
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal;  
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,  
For the truth of their mission to seal.

Where the churches, once planted, and watered, and bless'd  
With the dew's which the Spirit distilled,  
Have been smitten, despoil'd! and by heathen possess'd,  
And the places that knew them defiled.

Let thy blessings go with them—O be thou their shield  
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;  
O thou Savior of sinners! thine arm be revealed,  
In thy mercy and might from on high.