

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where the churches, once planted, and watered, and bless'd Have been smitten, despoil'd! and by heathen possess'd,
With the dews which the Spirit distilled, 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.