The Battle Hymn Of Missions

WIMBORNE

1. Eternal Father, Thou hast said,
   That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That He who once a sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2. We wait Thy triumph, Savior King;
   Long ages have Thy way;
Now all a broad Thy banner fling.
Set time's great battle in array.

3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
   "The Cross!" the Cross!
The old grim towers of darkness yield;
And soon shall terror to their fall.

4. On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
   Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5. Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and pow'r,
   Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Words by Ray Palmer
Music by John Whitaker