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 prepared Thy way;
   Now all a broad Thy banner fling.
   Set time's great battle inarray.

3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
   "The Cross!" the Cross! the battle call.
   The old grim tower's of darkness yield.
   And soon shall totter 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.