Hark! The Swelling Breezes

GO, THOU MIGHTY GOSPEL

1. Hark! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
   Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.
   God is with our armies, He the word has giv’n,
   He is watching o’er you, messengers of heav’n.

2. Go, thou mighty Gospel, conq’ring on thy way;
   Night upon the mountains changes into day;
   I-dols bow before thee, heathen temples fall;
   Soon the world shall own thee victor o’er all.

3. Oh, Thou blessed Savior, reigning now on high,
   May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh.
   Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
   Till the whole creation worship only Thee.

Words: Unknown
Music by W. H. Callcott

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