

Upon the words that fell from Jesus' tongue ;
For never had their Master's voice before
Sounded so sweet as when—his mission o'er,—
He gathered round him that devoted band,
To give his blessing and his last command :
" Go ye, and teach all nations in my name—
The Jew and Greek, the bond and free, the same ;
But first proclaim a Saviour's love to those
Who thirsted for his blood, and mocked his woes,
That they, believing, through his death may live,
And know their risen Saviour can forgive.
Ye shall declare salvation's waters free,
And bid all nations to the fountain flee ;
And though ye meet with perils dark and drear,
And tribulation be your portion here,—
Though persecution, with uplifted sword,
Shall call for blood, and your own blood be poured,—
Yet know that I, your Saviour and your friend,
Will be with you till life itself shall end ;
And with all those who boldly shall proclaim
To a lost world salvation through my name,
In every land, in every age and clime,
Till the last trump shall sound the knell of time."

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The humble followers of the Nazarene
In silent awe gazed on the wondrous scene ;
Beheld their Lord in power and glory rise
Up the bright pathway of the parting skies ;
And while they strove with piercing eyes in vain
To catch one glimpse of that dear form again,
Two angels left the bright and heavenly shore,
And messages of joy and love they bore.
Oh, glorious message to that faithful band,
Who on the mountain's top bewildered stand !
Oh, glorious sound to every ransomed soul,