Lord, Send Thy Word, and Let It Run

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Lord, send thy word, and let it run, Armed

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
with thy Spirit's po- wer; Ten

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
thousand shall con- fess its sway, And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
bless the saving hour.

The other verses

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; — those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold!

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); words by Thomas Gibbons (1720–1785). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.