Servants of Christ, Arise

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ST. BRIDE

| l, - | m, - l, - d - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
Ser- vants of Christ, a- rise, And

| s, - d - m - r - | d - - - - - m - |
gird you for the toil; The

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - f, - m, - m - |
dew of promise from the skies Al-

| l, - r - d - t, - | l, - - - - - |
ready cheers the soil.

The other verses

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Tune ST. BRIDE by Samuel Howard (died undefined); words by Lydia Sigourney (1791–1865). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.