Spread, O spread, Thou mighty Word





Spread, O spread, thou mighty Word, Spread the kingdom of the Lord, Wheresoe'er His breath has given, Life to beings meant for Heaven.

Word of life, most pure and strong, Lo! for Thee the nations long, Spread, till from its dreary night All the world awakes to light.

Up! the ripening fields ye see, Mighty shall the harvest be; But the reapers still are few, Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be Joy and strength to work for Thee, Till the nations, far and near, See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Jonathan F. Bahnmaier

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