

A Cry, as of Pain
Sarah Stock, 1890.

A cry, as of pain, again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide spreading main;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying,
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing;
It comes unto me; it comes unto thee;
Oh whatoh what shall the answer be?

Oh! hark to the call; it comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall;
"Come over and help us! in bondage we languish";
"Come over and help us! we die in our anguish!";
It comes unto me; it comes unto thee;
Oh whatoh what shall the answer be?

It comes to the soul that Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing;
"For Christ's sake" to me; "For Christ's sake" to thee;
Oh whatoh what shall the answer be?

We come, Lord, to Thee, Thy servants are we;
Inspire Thou the answer, and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar Thou should send us,
Oh grant that Thy mercy may ever attend us,
That each one may be a witness for Thee,
Till all the earth shall Thy glory see!