

A Missionary Cry
Albert Simpson(1843-1919)
James Burke(1858-1901)

A hundred thousand souls a day
Are passing one by one away
In Christless guilt and gloom;
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom,
They're passing to their doom.

Refrain

They're passing, passing fast away
In thousands day by day;
They're passing to their doom,
They're passing to their doom.

O Holy Ghost, Thy people move,
Baptize their hearts with faith and love
And consecrate their gold.
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,
And all their ranks unite once more,
As in the days of old,
As in the days of old.

Refrain

The Master's coming draweth near;
The Son of Man will soon appear;
His kingdom is at hand.
But ere that glorious day can be,
This gospel of the kingdom we
Must preach in every land,
Must preach in every land.

Refrain

Oh, let us then His coming haste,
Oh, let us end this awful waste
Of souls that never die.
A thousand millions still are lost;
A Savior's blood has paid the cost,
Oh, hear their dying cry,
Oh, hear their dying cry.

Refrain

They're passing, passing, fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day
In Christless guilt and gloom.
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When, in the awful judgment day,
They charge thee with their doom,
They charge thee with their doom?

Refrain