

Hymn Lyrics

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Souls in heathen darkness lying

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew.
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgement.
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten —
Light of nations, lead us o'er :
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.