

Souls in Heathen Darkness Lying

Cecil Alexander, 1852.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

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;
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:
Nail, and thorn, and cruel spear.
Ye who know Him, guide them from their darkness drear;
Ye who know Him, guide them from their darkness drear.

Still the earth hath cruel places,
Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,
Still God looks on human faces
Heavenward turned, but not to Him;
Slaves in bondage, worse than of fettered limb;
Slaves in bondage, worse than of fettered limb.

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;
When we seek them, let Thy Spirit go before.

Haste, oh, haste, and spread the tidings
Let no shore be left untrod,
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the further sod;
Tell the heathen all the precious truths of God,
Tell the heathen all the precious truths of God.