

The Cry of the Heathen

Martin Knapp, 1901.

Leonard Breedlove, 1850.

Millions in heathen lands, over the sea;
Wandering in sin and night, and misery.
Oh hear their bitter cry! O heed e'er they die!
Oh quickly to them fly, their souls to save!

Boundless the love of God; mankind to win
Yielding His only Son to save from sin.
Oh, who the news will tell, that saves from sin and hell,
And will all fear dispel! Oh, who will go?

Jesus commands to go to every land,
From Greenland's gleaming snow to Afric's strand.
No longer then delay, or needless waiting stay;
Oh, quickly speed away; oh, heed His word.

Jesus for them did bleed on Calvary;
For them does intercede up in the sky.
He bids us quickly go, that they His love may know,
And turn from sin and woe, and now be saved.

Oh, how for help they cry to you and me!
Jesus can satisfy, He can set free.
Who will the tidings take? Who will from sin awake?
Oh, who for Jesus sake, will to them go?