1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the world that God is light, That He who made all nations is not willing. One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

2. Behold how many thousands still are lying Bound in the darksome prison house of sin, With none to tell them of the Savior's life and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost creatures; speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious.

3. Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation That God, in Whom they dy ing, Or of the life He died for them to win. Publish glad tidings, a tion, And died on earth that we might live above. - tor ious; O Zion, haste to bring the bright er day.

4. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to tidings of peace; Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

Refrain