The Regions Beyond

Albert Benjamin Simpson, 1904
Margaret Mae Simpson

1. To the regions beyond I must go, I must go Where the story has never been told; To the millions that never have heard of His love, I must tell the sweet story of old.

2. To the hardest of places He calls me to go, Never thinking of comfort or ease; The world may pronounce me a dreamer, a fool, Enough if the Master I please. To the folly and sin, And go to the regions beyond.

3. Oh, you that are spending your leisure and powers In those pleasures so foolish and fond; A wake from your selfishness, And welcome them back to His fold.

4. There are other "lost sheep" that the Master must bring, And to them must the message be told; He sends me to gather them out of all lands, And we welcome them back to His fold.

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I must go, I must go,
To the regions beyond.
I must go, Till the world, all the world,
His salvation shall know.