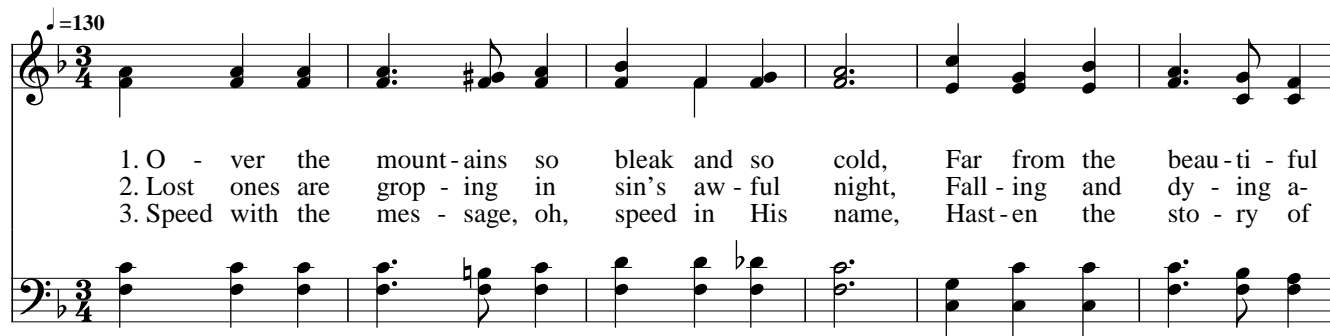


# Won't Somebody Tell Them?

William Charles Poole, 1900

Anna G. Lambert

$\text{♩} = 130$

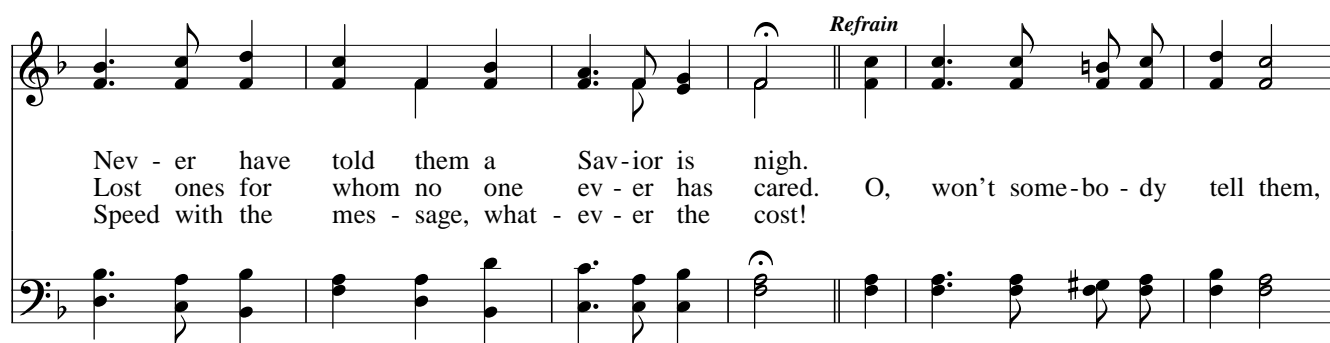


1. O - ver the mount - ains so bleak and so cold, Far from the beau - ti - ful  
2. Lost ones are grop - ing in sin's aw - ful night, Fall - ing and dy - ing a -  
3. Speed with the mes - sage, oh, speed in His name, Hast - en the sto - ry of

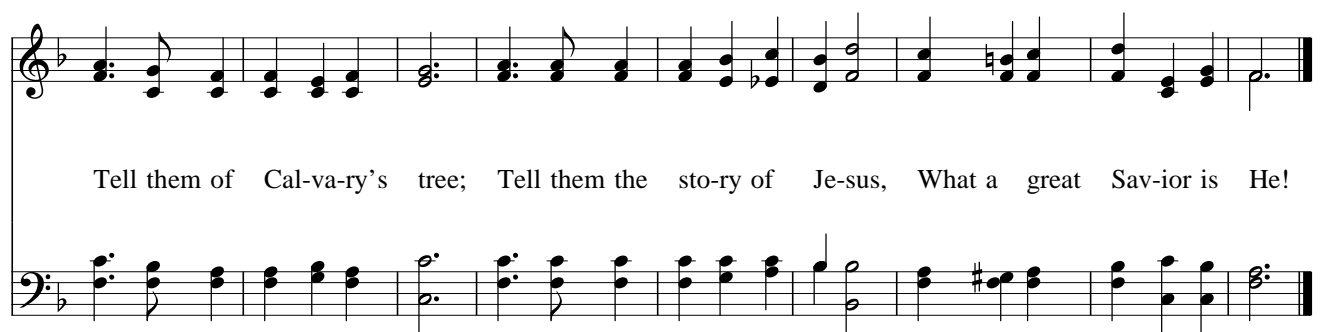


ci - ty of gold; Lost ones are stray - ing be - cause you and I  
- way from the right; Man - y the mes - sage of Christ nev - er heard,  
Christ to pro - claim! Hast - en to bring back the fall - en and lost,

*Refrain*



Nev - er have told them a Sav - ior is nigh.  
Lost ones for whom no one ev - er has cared. O, won't some - bo - dy tell them,  
Speed with the mes - sage, what - ev - er the cost!



Tell them of Cal - va - ry's tree; Tell them the sto - ry of Je - sus, What a great Sav - ior is He!