O Zion, Haste

1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
Bound in the dark-some prison-house of sin,
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
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love;
With none to tell them of the Savior's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

3. Proclaim to ev'ry people, tongue, and nation
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Tell how He stoop'd to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that we might live above.

4. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer's vicarious;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer's vicarious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
That He who made all nations is not willing
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace,

Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion and re - lease.