## The Heathen at Your Door

Herbert Buffum, 1915
Edmund Simon Lorenz

now are dy - ing dai - ly, lost in su - per-sti-tion's night; Let us ne - ver leave our loved ones o - ver land and sea to roam; Dark-est you for years are sleep-ing un-der-neath a lit-tle mound; We will
give our-selves, our mon-ey- give it
Af - ri - ca and In - dia we perfeel re - paid in Hea-ven, when we

in a - bun - dant store, But not for-get the hea - then at our ve-ry door.

- haps will ne'er ex - plore, But not for-get the hea - then at our ve-ry door. Don't for-get our bro-thers reach that shin-ing shore, If one is there to greet us, saved at our own door.

call-ing o'er the sea; Don't for-get the neigh-bors next to you and me; We may ne-ver bear the mes-sage to some


