

# A Missionary Cry

Albert B. Simpson, 1843-1919

Melody by James H. Burke, 19th century

1. A hun - dred thou - sand souls a day Are pass - ing one by  
 2. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple move, Bap - tize their hearts with  
 3. The Mas - ter's com - ing draw - eth near; The Son of Man will  
 4. Oh, let us then His com - ing haste; Oh, let us end this  
 5. They're pass - ing, pass - ing fast a - way, A hun - dred thou - sand

one a - way In Christ - less guilt and gloom; With - out one ray of  
 faith and love And con - se - crate their gold. At Je - sus' feet their  
 soon ap - pear; His king - dom is at hand. But ere that glo - rious  
 aw - ful waste Of souls that nev - er die. A thou - sand mil - lions  
 souls a day In Christ - less guilt and gloom. O Church of Christ, what

hope or light, With fu - ture dark as  
 mil - lions pour, And This all their ranks u -  
 day are lost; A gos - pel Sav - iour's blood has  
 will thou say When, in the aw - ful  
 end - less night,  
 nite once more,  
 king - dom the  
 paid the cost,  
 judg - ment day,

They're pass - ing to their doom, They're pass - ing to  
 As in the days of old, As in the days of old.  
 Must preach in ev - ery land, Must preach in ev - ery land.  
 Oh, hear their dy - ing cry, Oh, hear their dy - ing cry.  
 They charge thee with their doom, They charge thee with their doom?  
 They're pass - ing to their doom,  
 As in the days of old.  
 Must preach in ev - ery land,  
 Oh, hear their dy - ing cry.  
 They charge thee with their doom?

**REFRAIN**

They're pass - ing, pass - ing fast a - way In thou - sands day by  
 day, They're pass - ing to their doom, They're pass - ing to their doom.