O Zion, Haste

Mary A. Thomson

1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfill-ing, To tell to all the world that God is Light; That he who made all nations is not willing prison-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy-ing, One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

2. Behold how many thousands still are lying Bound in the darksome. Lord his life laid down; Be-ware lest, sloth-ful to full-fill thy mission, or of the life he died for them to win. Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown. Publish glad tid-ings;

3. 'Tis thine to save from peril of per-diction The souls for whom the live and move, is love: Tell how he stoop'd to save his lost cre-a-tion, And died on earth that man might live a- bove. And all thou spendest Je-sus will re-pay.

4. Proclaim to ev'ry people, tongue, and na-tion That God, in whom they speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vi-co-rious; Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je-sus, Redemption and re-lease.

5. Give of thy sons to bear the message glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

James Walsh

Refrain.