

# HEALING TO THE NATIONS

Bob Fitts

I hear a young child cry-ing and see  
tears of un-end-ing pain. I've watched as war torn na-  
tions treat-ed life with such dis-dain.  
My heart grieves to know that these have-n't come to un-der-stand  
that I suff-ered for their suff-rings, and  
died that they might live a-gain. Take my heal-  
ing to the na-tions, Bind their bro-ken hearts with love.  
Stretch my hand thru' out cre-a-tion with this

verse 2 For the fields are ready for harvest  
 And the labourers, they're so few  
 Countless millions still that I want to fill  
 But the task isn't mine to do  
 I gave you my commandment  
 Go and preach good tidings of love  
 For I finished the work on Calvary  
 And their healings already been done.

CHORUS