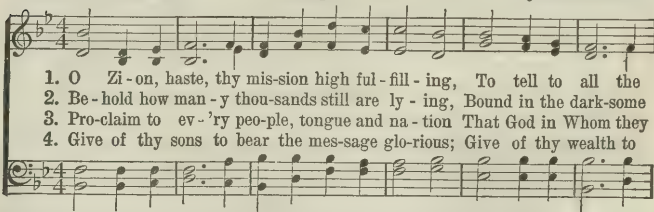


O Zion, Haste.

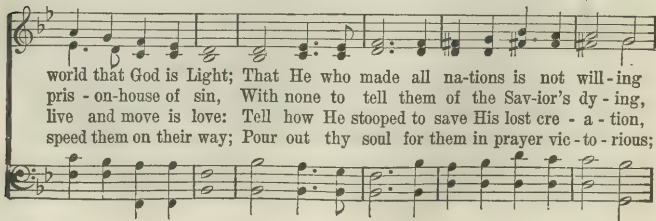
Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings. P. M.

James Walch.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
 3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
 4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



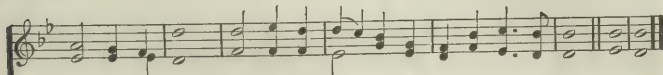
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
 live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;

O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

