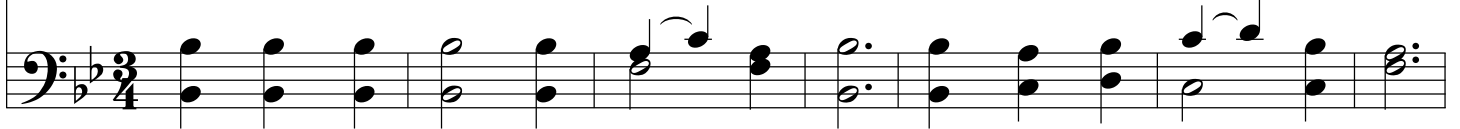


Choose Some Heralds Here

B \flat



1. Our Sav - ior's voice is soft and sweet, When, bend - ing from a - bove,
2. He leads to heav'n where an - gels dwell, He saves from end - less woe;
3. But while our youth - ful hearts re - jice, That thus He bids us come,
4. They nev - er heard the Sav - ior's name, They have not learnt His way,
5. Dear Sav - ior, let the joy - ful sound In dis - tant lands be heard;
6. And if our lips hut breathe the pray'r, Tho' raised in trem - bling fear,



He bids us gath - er round His feet, And calls us by His love.
Our lips, our lives, can nev - er tell How much to Christ we owe.
Je - sus, we cry with plead - ing voice, Bring hea - then wan - d'ers home.
They do not know His grace who came To take their sins a - way.
And oh, wher - ev - er sin is found, Send forth Thy par - d'ing word.
Oh, let Thy pow'r our heart pre - pare, And choose some her - alds here.

