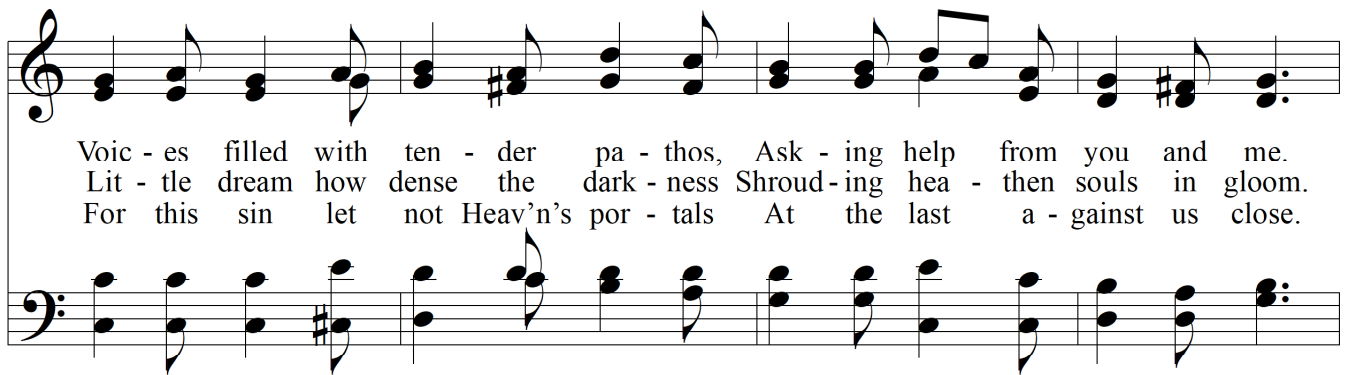


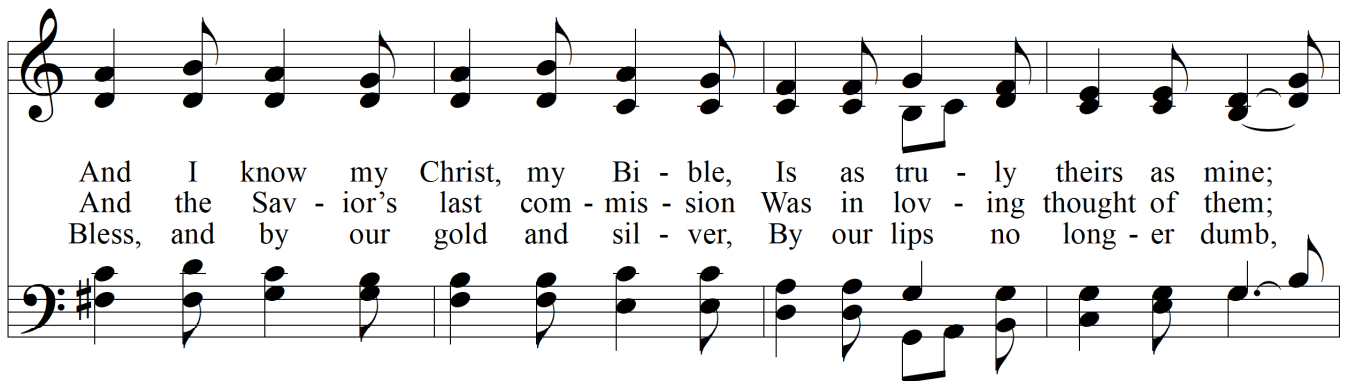
Voices O'er The Sea



1. Oft they break the mid - night still - ness, - Voic - es float - ing o'er the sea,
2. We, who nev - er knew a sor - row God's dear smile could not il - lume,
3. Christ, for - give the souls so faith - less To the trust thou didst re - pose;



Voic - es filled with ten - der pa - thos, Ask - ing help from you and me.
Lit - tle dream how dense the dark - ness Shroud - ing hea - then souls in gloom.
For this sin let not Heav'n's por - tals At the last a - gainst us close.



And I know my Christ, my Bi - ble, Is as tru - ly theirs as mine;
And the Sav - ior's last com - mis - sion Was in lov - ing thought of them;
Bless, and by our gold and sil - ver, By our lips no long - er dumb,



And I know that I de - fraud them, Not to share these gifts di - vine.
How His ten - der, sweet com - pas - sion Doth our cold ne - glect con - demn!
We will spread a - broad Thy gos - pel, Till on earth Thy king - dom come.