

"Nobody ever told me,"

And the years went rolling by,  
Swift and sure and Christless  
Into eternity.

Oh ! cry of Him, and spare not ;  
Though devils smite your lips,  
All the light seems circled  
In the hate of hell's eclipse.

Oh ! cry of Him to thousands ;  
Some yearning heart like mine,  
Shall bring to Him you tell of,  
And prove He is divine.

Tell of Jesus seeking  
The lost in sin's highway,  
Bearing their load on Calvary  
And letting justice slay.

Tell of Jesus risen,  
The same in glory's height,  
Seeking a soul from heaven  
And flooding earth with light.

Tell, and the parched hearts drinking  
The life-draught as they die,  
Shall rise, and spread their praise-wings  
In boundless ecstasy.

Shall cry a Saviour's precious blood  
Washing as white as snow,  
Till not one crimson sin-spot  
Is found above, below.

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