

# Who Will Run with the Tidings?

William Orcutt Cushing, 1880

Edmund Simon Lorenz

♩=125

1. Some-one must go to the far off lands Where the tem - ple shrine of the  
2. Some-one must weep for the soul that sighs, In its pain and woe un - der  
3. O'er earth's wide realm send the tid - ings forth, Let the news be told of a

i - dol stands, Where the heart bows down to its gods of gold, And the soul to  
hea - then skies; In the far off land where it bows un - blest, With no hope to  
Sav - ior's birth; Let the isles re - joice and on ev - ery shore, Shout the glad new

*Refrain*

blind - ness and death is sold.  
cheer, with no ark of rest. Who will run with the tid - ings and bear them a - way, To the  
song, life for - ev - er - more.

soul in its night as it gropes for the day? Who will say when the whis - per comes o - ver the

sea, "Here, Lord, am I— send me, send me"?"