

# O stop and tell me Red Man

*attributed to William W. Phelps (LDS); was in the 1835 hymnal; included as recent as the 1927 Hymnal. There might have been a day and age in which this text had relevance, but today, when your local bishop might be of Native American heritage and have a Doctorate in Medieval English literature or even Space Engineering, it loses much of its impact. Don't condemn it for what it is; put it in the proper historical content.*

## COME TELL ME, WANDERING SINNER

The earliest known printing of "Come tell me, wandering sinner" dates to 1828 12th edition of a Methodist collection entitled "Social and Campmeeting Songs for the Pious", published in Baltimore; no author identified. Since this is the 12th edition, it's possible the text actually appeared in an earlier edition of this very popular Methodist collection. Alexander Campbell first included this text in his 1832 4th edition of "Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs". This 4th edition was reprinted in 1834 and 1835.

Come tell me wand'ring sinner,  
Say whither do you roam,  
O'er this wide world a stranger -  
Have you no savior known?  
He calls you to his bosom,  
Bu, ah! you still delay:  
He'll fit your soul for heaven,  
And guide you in the way.

Angels are no attending  
To waft the news above,  
Your Saviour still presenting  
The joys or pardoning love:  
O! come, accept the offer,  
Of pardon and free grace,  
And own the mighty power  
In songs of love and praise.

All you sorrows he'll remove,  
His grace and peace bestow;  
Heaven's glories you shall prove,  
As angels now do know.  
All his love can ne'er be told,  
While here on earth we stay;  
Still his glory will unfold -  
In realms of endless day.

## W. W. Phelps's lyrics

1. O stop and tell me Red Man,  
Who are ye? why you roam?  
And how you get your living?  
Have you no God;—no home?
2. With stature straight and portly,  
And deck'd in native pride,  
With feathers, paints and broaches,  
He willingly replied:—
3. "I once was pleasant Ephraim,  
"When Jacob for me pray'd;  
"But oh! how blessings vanish,  
"When man from God has stray'd!
4. "Before your nation knew us,  
"Some thousand moons ago,  
"Our fathers fell in darkness,  
"And wander'd to and fro.
5. "And long they've liv'd by hunting,  
"Instead of work and arts,  
"And so our race has dwindled  
"To idle Indian hearts.
6. "Yet hope within us lingers,  
"As if the Spirit spoke:—  
'He'll come for your redemption,  
'And break your Gentile yoke:
7. 'And all your captive brothers,  
'From every clime shall come,  
'And quit their savage customs,  
'To live with God at home.
8. "Then joy will fill our bosoms,  
"And blessings crown our days,  
"To live in pure religion,  
"And sing our Maker's praise."