Cry Of Macedon

1. Thru midnight gloom from Macedonia The cry of myriads, as one, 
   The voiceful silence of despair.
   Macedonia: Those brethren to their brethren call,
   Christ rolls on, "I come, who would abide My day, 
   Oh by the kingdom and the pow'r,

2. How mournfully it echoes on! For half the earth is
   Is eloquent in awful prayer, The soul's exceeding
   And by the love which loved them all, And by the whole world's
   In yonder wilds prepare My way; My voice is crying
   And glory of thine advent hour, Wake heart and will, to

3. Yet with that cry of Macedonia, The very car of
   And life they cry, "O ye that live, behold we die." 
   In their cry, Help ye the dying, lest ye die."
   Hear their cry, Help us to help them, lest we die. 

4. Jesus for men, of Man the Son, Yea, thine the cry from

Words: S. J. Stone
Music: Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

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