1. Thru midnight gloom from Macedonia, The cry of myriads, as one, The voiceful silence of despair.

2. How mournfully it echoes on! For half the earth is Macedonia: Those brethren to their brethren call, And by the love which loved them all, And by the whole world's eloquent in awful prayer; The soul's exceeding life they cry "O ye that live, behold we die." In yonder wilds prepare My way; My voice is crying in their cry, Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

3. Yet with that cry of Macedonia, The very car of Christ rolls on "I come, who would abide My day And glory of thine advent hour, Wake heart and will, to hear their cry, Help us to help them, lest we die. Amen."

4. Jesus for men, of Man the Son, Yea, thine the cry from ads, as one, The voiceful silence of despair Macedon; Those brethren to their brethren call, And by the love which loved them all, And by the whole world's eloquent in awful prayer; The soul's exceeding life they cry "O ye that live, behold we die." In yonder wilds prepare My way; My voice is crying in their cry, Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

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