The Macedonian Cry

1. Souls in hea-then dark-ness ly-ing, Where no light has broken thro'; Souls that
2. Chris-ti-an, hear-ken: none has taught them Of His love so deep and dear; Of the
3. Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings Wide to earth's remotest strand; Let no
4. Lo! the hills for har-vest whit-en, All a-long each dis-tant shore; Sea-ward

Je-sus bought by dy-ing, Whom His Soul in travail knew; Thousand voic-es
pre-ｃious price that bo't them; Of the nail, the thorn, the spear; Ye who know Him,
broth-er's bit-ter chid-ings Rise a-gainst us when we stand In the judg-ment,
far the is-lands bright-en; Light of na-tions, lead us o'er! When we seek them,

Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue, Thousand voices Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue.
Guide them from their darkness drear, Ye who know Him, Guide them from their darkness drear.
From some far, for-got-ten land, In the judg-ment, From some far, for-got-ten land.
Let Thy Spir-it go be-fore, When we seek them, Let Thy Spir-it go be-fore.