

The Macedonian Cry

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1. Souls in hea-then dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has broken thro'; Souls that
2. Christians, hearken: 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. Lol 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-against 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 judgment, 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.

