

Through Midnight Gloom from Macedon  
Samuel Stone, 1872.  
Michael Wise, 1684.

Through midnight gloom from Macedon  
The cry of myriads as of one,  
The voiceful silence of despair,  
Is eloquent in awful prayer,  
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,  
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on!  
For half the earth is Macedon;  
These brethren to their brethren call,  
And by the Love which loved them all,  
And by the whole world's Life they cry,  
"O ye that live, behold we die!"

By other sounds the world is won  
Than that which wails from Macedon;  
The roar of gain is round it rolled,  
Or men unto themselves are sold,  
And cannot list the alien cry,  
"O hear and help us, lest we die!"

Yet with that cry from Macedon  
The very car of Christ rolls on;  
"I come; who would abide My day  
In yonder wilds prepare My way;  
My voice is crying in their cry;  
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

Jesu, for men of Man the Son,  
Yes, Thine the cry from Macedon;  
O by the kingdom and the power  
And glory of Thine advent hour,  
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;  
Help us to help them, lest we die!