

A Cry from Macedonia  
Fanny Crosby, ca. 1865.  
William Bradbury(1816-1868)

There's a cry from Macedonia  
Come and help us;  
The light of the Gospel bring, oh come!  
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,  
We thirst for the living spring.  
O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,  
Remember the great command! away!  
Go ye forth and preach the Word to ev'ry creature,  
Proclaim it in ev'ry land.  
They shall gather from the east,  
They shall gather from the west,  
With the patriarchs of old;  
And the ransomed shall return  
To the kingdoms of the blest,  
With their harps and crowns of gold.

Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,  
The tidings of peace who bring, who bring,  
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,  
And tell them of Zion's King:  
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,  
Go work in your Master's field, away!  
Sound the trumpet! sound the trumpet of salvation!  
The Lord is your Strength and Shield.  
Let the distant isles be glad,  
Let them hail the Savior's birth,  
And the news of pardon free,  
Till the knowledge of the truth  
Shall extend to all the earth,  
As the waters o'er the sea.

Ye've enlisted in the army of the faithful,  
Like heroes the battle fight! away!  
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,  
Then gird on your armor bright;  
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,  
The sword of the Spirit wield! away!  
Ye shall conquer through His mercy who hath loved you,  
The Lord is your Strength and Shield.  
Ye are marching to the land,  
Where the saints in glory stand,  
And the just for joy shall sing:  
Ye by faith may bring it nigh;  
Ye shall reach it by and by,  
And your shouts of triumph ring.