The Macedonian Cry

1. There's a wail from the islands of the sea, (of the sea.)
2. There's a moan from the desert, full of pain, (full of pain.)
3. There's a groan from the Ganges, where they fall, (where they fall.)

There's a voice that is calling you and me, (you and me.)
There's a sigh over Africa's sunny plain, (sunny plain.)
At the feet of the idols in their thrall, (in their thrall.)

In the old ship of Zion, The strong help of Zion,
In the old ship of Zion, The strong help of Zion,
In the old ship of Zion, The strong help of Zion,

The good news of Zion, carry ye! (carry ye!)
Bear good news of Zion o'er the main! (o'er the main!)
The good news of Zion, bear them all! (bear them all!)

Words: Mrs. M. B. C. Slade
Music: W. E. M. Hackleman
The Macedonian Cry

Chorus

"Come over and help us!" is the cry; "Come over and help us, or we die,"
I see the woe falling, I hear the voice calling,
Across the wide waters, And Africa's dark daughters, Oh, ship of salvation thither fly.
The idols are falling, And India calling, thither fly.