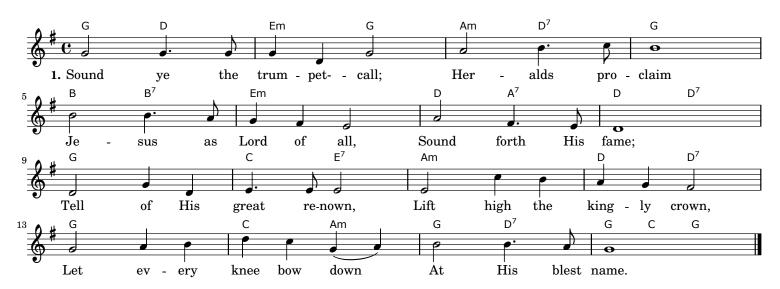
## Sound ye the trumpet-call

## Preaching of the Gospel — Sending forth the Tidings

920

(Guitar)



- 2. Who will go forth for Him? Who will arise? Though eyes with tears are dim, Severed love's ties: Counting all things but loss, Earth's highest gain but dross, And glorying in the cross, Who will arise?
- 3. Go, for the crowning day
  Draws ever near;
  Time will soon pass away,
  Jesus be here:
  Raise ye the cross where now
  Nations to idols bow;
  Dawn o'er the mountain's brow
  Tells He is near.

4. Hark to the trumpet-blast!
Jesus is King!
He comes to reign at last,
All conquering:
Then the wide world shall own,
Bending before His throne,
Jesus is King alone,
Jesus is King!