

Sound ye the trumpet-call
Preaching of the Gospel — Sending forth the Tidings

920

(Guitar)

G	D	Em	G	Am	D⁷	G
1. Sound	ye	the trum -	pet- -	call;	Her -	alds pro-claim
B	B⁷	Em	D	A⁷	D	D⁷
Je -	sus	as Lord	of	all,	Sound	forth His fame;
G	C	E⁷	Am	D	D⁷	
Tell	of His	great	re-noun,	Lift	high the	king - ly crown,
G	C	Am	G	D⁷	G	C G
Let	ev -	ery knee	bow	down	At	His blest name.

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!