

Zebulun, rejoice in going forth

Preaching of the Gospel — The High Gospel

6875

(Guitar: Capo 1)

G C
1. Ze - bu-lun, re-joyce in go - ing forth, Hoist your sail, blown by Spir - it of
G D G Em C D⁷
might; Gospel boat, with all Christ's rich - es la - - den, His re - surrec-tion preach, tes - ti-
G C G A⁷
fy. Pro - pa-gate Christ to ev - ery land As His tes - ti - mo - ny
D G C D⁷ G
true; Make disci - - ples of all na-tions and Thus our Lord's great commis - sion do.

2. As a hind let loose is Naphtali
Giving beautiful words from his mouth;
Full of grace, receiving all God's blessings,
Possessing both the sea and the south.
Let the high gospel be proclaimed,
With the life of Christ outpoured;
Boldly go, the lands and peoples claim
By the pow'r promised of the Lord.

3. Lo, the world is full of hungry souls,
Only Christ has the surplus to feed;
Quickly rise ! Throw open Joseph's storehouse,
The Lord calls us to fill all their need.
Says the Lord, Whom ~ shall I send;
And ~ who will go for Us?
We respond: Lord, Here am I; send me;
All Your will do accomplish thus.

4. Judah's lion conquers every foe,
To establish His kingdom of worth;
Ruler's staff and scepter ne'er shall leave him
Till Shiloh comes and peace fills the earth.
We'll the Lord's victory display,
Pow'r of darkness vanquishing;
Thus we'll reign in life, as Spirit leads,
To all nations, His blessing bring.

5. Joseph is a fruitful bough indeed,
Bearing fruit by the fount without end;
Nothing hinders this life's reproduction;
As o'er the wall his branches extend.
In the Lord constantly abide,
In His flow of life divine;
In all things, let Christ be magnified;
Bear new fruit; let His virtues shine.

6. Issachar, between the sheepfolds lies—
Gains the good land, at rest in his lot;
In his tents made glad, he bows his shoulder,
And offers pleasing tribute to God.
Christ the good land we must enjoy,
Drop religion utterly;
In the church, as members functioning,
Build His Body organically.

7. Benjamin, beloved of the Lord,
Like a ravenous wolf for the fight,
Foe destroys, at morn the prey devouring,
Dividing spoil in triumph at night.
Christ's belov'd, with Him we'd abide;
Gladsome shelter, rest, obtain,
God and man forever satisfied—
Let's press forward, this goal attain!