

# Sound ye the trumpet-call

Preaching of the Gospel — Sending forth the Tidings

920

(Guitar)

1. Sound ye the trum - pet - call; Her - alds pro - claim  
 Je - sus as Lord of all, Sound forth His fame;  
 Tell of His great re - nown, Lift high the king - ly crown,  
 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!