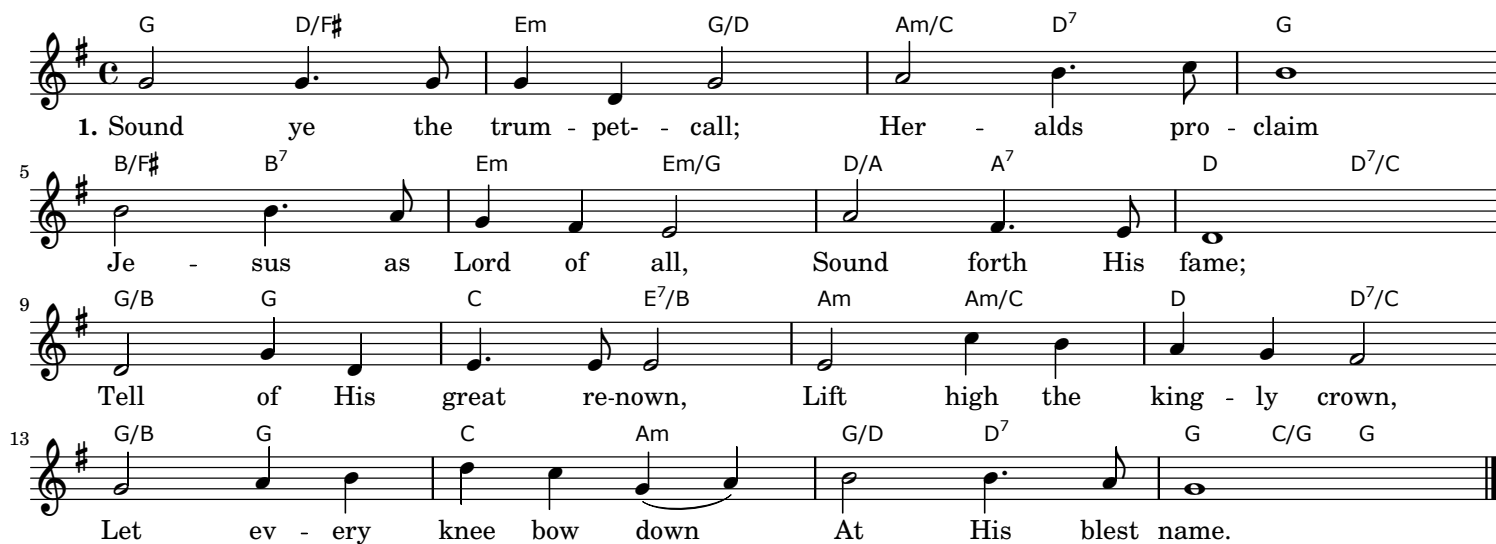


Sound ye the trumpet-call
 Preaching of the Gospel — Sending forth the Tidings

920



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!