

For My Sake, and the Gospel's  
Edward Bickersteth, 1899.  
Arthur Sullivan, 1874.

"For My sake, and the Gospel's, go  
And tell redemption's story";  
His heralds answer, "Be it so,  
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!"  
They preach His birth, His life, His cross,  
The love of His atonement,  
For whom they count the world but loss,  
His Easter, His enthronement.

Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee  
Proclaims to every nation,  
From pole to pole, by land and sea,  
Glad tidings of salvation;  
As nearer draws the day of doom,  
While still the battle rages,  
The heav'nly dayspring through the gloom  
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread  
Of alleluia voices,  
In concert with the holy dead  
The warrior Church rejoices;  
Their snow white robes are washed in blood,  
Their golden harps are ringing;  
Earth and the paradise of God  
One triumph song are singing.

He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns  
The last of time's evangels,  
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,  
The Lord of saints and angels;  
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,  
Triune, who changest never,  
The throne of God and of the Lamb  
Is Thine, and Thine forever.