

Sound Ye the Trumpet Call

J. H. Stuart, ca. 1902

M. W. Stubbs.

Sound ye the trumpet call; heralds proclaim
Jesus as Lord of all, sound forth His fame:
Tell of His great renown, lift high the kingly crown,
Let every knee bow down at His blest name.

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?

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.

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!