Shout The Tidings

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion To the a-ged and the young;
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion O’er the prai-ries of the West,
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion, Min-gling with the o-cean’s roar,
4. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion, O’er the is-lands of the sea,

Till the pre-cious in-vi-ta-tion Wak-en ev’ry heart and tongue.
Till each gath’ring con-gre-ga-tion With the gos-pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev’ry na-tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

Chorus

Send the sound the earth a-round, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,

Till each gath’r-ing crowd shall pro-claim a-loud, The glo-rious work is done.

Words by Lucius Hart
Music by William B. Bradbury

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