

EARTH'S JUBILEE

FOLLOWS THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Blow ye the trumpet blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

Jesus, our Great High Priest
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood,
To all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who were sold for naught,
Whose heritage was lost,
Shall have it back for naught,
A gift at Jesus' cost.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Seventh Trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;

And, saved from death, appear
Before the Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

