

C Major.

Bradshaw.

1. Hail the gos - pel ju - bi - lee, Je - sus comes to set us free, Who shed for us his pre - cious blood, To raise our fall - en  
2. Rise, ye her - alds of the Lord, Take the breastplate, shield, and sword, A - gainst the hosts of hell pro - claim A war, in Christ's all -

souls to God; And since the work of suffr-ing's done, We'll glo - ry give to God a-lone. Free sal - va - tion be our boast,  
con - qu'ring name. Nor fear to gain the vic - to - ry, When for this glo - rious lib - er - ty You on Je - sus Christ de - pend;

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let our prais - es reach the skies. Firm u - ni - ted  
He'll the suf - fring cause de - fend; Place, O place in him your trust, He's al - might - y, wise, and just.

let us be, In the bonds of char - i - ty; As a band of broth - ers joined, Lov - ing God and all man - kind.