

THE TRUMPET.

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1. The char - 'ot! the char - 'ot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth down in the pomp of His ire!
 2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a - round Him are poured, Might-y hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lord;

3. The trum - pet! the trum - pet! the dead have all heard, Lo! the depths of the stone-cov-ered char-nel are stirred,

4. The judg - ment! the judg - ment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vest-ed el-ders are met;
 5. O mer - cy! O mer - cy! look down from a - bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on us, Thy sad chil-dren with love;

Lo! self-mov-ing it drives on its path-way of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur - den of God-head are bowed.
 And the glo - ri - fied saints And the mar - tyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic - to - ry wear.

From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, And the vast gen - er - a - tions of man are come forth.

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on His word.
 When be - neath to their dark - ness the wick - ed are driv'n, May our jus - ti - fied souls find a wel - come in heav'n.