

# 149. The Trumpet 12s.

H. H. Milman, 1827.

J. Williams, 1831.

1. The char - iot! the char - iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth  
2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a - round Him are poured Might - y hosts of the  
3. The trum - pet! the trum - pet! the dead all have heard, Lo, the depths of the  
4. The judg - ment! the judg - ment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the  
5. O mer - cy! O mer - cy! look down from a - bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on

down in the pomp of His ire! Lo! self - mov - ing it drives on its  
an - gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo - ri - fied saints and the  
stone - cov - ered char - nel are stirred: From the sea, from the earth, from the  
white - vest - ed eld - ers are met; There all flesh is at once in the  
us, Thy sad chil - dren, with love; When be - neath to their dark - ness the

path - way of cloud, And the heav'n's with the bur - den of God - head are bowed.  
mar - tyrs are there, And there all who the palm - wreaths of vic - to - ry wear.  
south, from the north, And the vast gen - er - a - tions of man are come forth.  
sight of the Lord, And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on His word.  
wick - ed are driv'n, May our jus - ti - fied souls find a wel - come in heav'n.