

Soon Shall the Trump of God
Horatius Bonar(1808-1889)
William Walter, 1872.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes death's silent chamber walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

You dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth, and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heav'nly flower.