

The Last Dread Trump Is Sounding
Hermon Batterson, 1877.
From Haydn.

The last dread trump is sounding!
Heaven's pearly gates unfold;
The Judge, with might abounding,
Ye nations, now behold!
Heaven is shaking, earth is quaking,
Death's grim record see unrolled.

With angel hosts surrounded,
On glory clouds His throne!
Hell's legions now confounded,
Must yield the King His own.
Sinners moaning, crimes now owning,
Which before were all unknown!

In piteous tones now pleading,
In terror and in fear;
All other cries unheeding
Save this one, "Savior, hear!"
Man is sighing, bitter crying!
See at last the Judge appear.

Let faithful souls, victorious,
With joy and gladness sing;
While heavenly hosts all glorious,
On light and joyous wing,
With the story of His glory
Make the starry arches ring!

With shouts of rapt devotion
And songs of holy joy,
From ocean back to ocean,
Ye saints, your tongues employ;
Filled with gladness, past all sadness,
Peace He brings without alloy!