

The Chariot

Words: Henry Milman, ca. 1827

Music: J. Williams.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire!
Lo! self moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone covered charnel are stirred;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, Thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in Heaven.