

The Great Archangel's Trump Shall Sound  
by Charles Wesley

1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,  
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar)  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,  
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurled,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down;  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.