

Sound the Alarm!

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1880. Music: Howard Doane.

Sound the alarm! Let the watchman cry!
"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
Who will escape from the wrath to come?
Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"

Refrain

Sound the alarm, watchman! Sound the alarm!
For the Lord will come with a conqu'ring arm;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance,
Shall wither and fall at His glance.

Sound the alarm! Let the cry go forth,
Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;
"Flee to the rock where the soul may hide!
Flee to the rock! in its cleft abide!"

Refrain

Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!
Plead with the lost by the wayside now:
Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.

Refrain

Sound the alarm in the youthful ear;
Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

Refrain