

Hymn Lyrics

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Trumpet of God, sound high

Trumpet of God, sound high,
till the hearts of the heathen shake,
and the souls that in slumber lie
at the voice of the Lord awake.
Till the fenced cities fall
at the blast of the Gospel call,
trumpet of God, sound high!

Hosts of the Lord, go forth:
go, strong in the power of his rest,
till the south be at one with the north,
and peace upon east and west;
till the far-off lands shall thrill
with the gladness of God's good will,
hosts of the Lord, go forth!

Come, as of old, like fire;
O force of the Lord, descend,
till with love of the world's Desire
earth burn to its utmost end;
till the ransomed people sing
to the glory of Christ the King,
come, as of old, like fire!