

The Great Archangel's Trump

Charles Wesley, 1749.

Henry Smith, 1874.

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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.