

When the Gospel Race Is Run

William Dickinson, 1846.

William Monk, 1875.

When the Gospel race is run,  
When the Gentile day is done,  
Signs and wonders there shall be  
In the heaven, and earth, and sea.

Jesus, in that awful hour  
Every soul shall own Thy power,  
Every eye "the cloud"; shall scan,  
Signal of the Son of Man.

Lo! mid terror and mid tears,  
Jesus in the clouds appears,  
While the trump's tremendous blast  
Peals, the loudest and the last.

East and west, and south and north,  
Speeds each glorious angel forth,  
Gathering in with glittering wing  
Zion's saints to Zion's king.

Man nor angel knows that day,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Still shall stand the Savior's Word,  
Deathless as its deathless Lord.