Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters! They sound for volunteers,
   Their horses white, their armor bright, With courage bold they stand,
   Enlisting soldiers for their King, To march to Zion's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame A soldier brave to be;
   We want no cowards in our bands, Who will our colors fly,
   We call for valiant hearted men, Who're not afraid to die.

3. To see our armies on parade, How martial they appear!
   We follow their great General, The great Eternal Lamb;
   His garments stained in His own blood, King Jesus is His name.

4. The trumpets sound, the armies shout. They drive the hosts of hell,
   Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ, The eternal Son of God,
   And march with us to Zion's land, Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There on a green and flowery mount, Where fruits immortal grow,
   We'll shout and sing for evermore, In that eternal world;
   While Satan and his army too Shall down to hell be hurled.

6. Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold, Redemption now draws nigh;
   In fiercer chariots we shall rise, And leave the world on fire,
   And all surround the throne of love, And join the heav'nly choir.

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