

Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters!



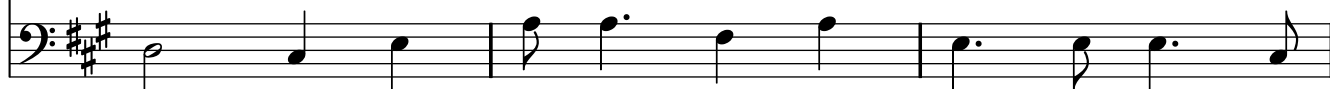
1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum-pet - ers! They sound for vol - un-teers!
 2. It sets my heart all in a flame; A sol - dier I will be;
 3. The ar - mies now are in pa - rade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!
 4. The trum-pet sounds, the ar - mies shout, And drive the hosts of hell;
 5. There is a green and flow - 'ry field, Where fruits im - mor - tal grow;
 6. Hold up your heads, ye sol - diers bold, Re - demp-tion's draw - ing nigh



On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount Be - hold the of - fi-cers—
 I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.
 All armed and dressed in u - ni - form, They look like men of war.
 How dread - ful is our God in arms! The great Im - man - u - el!—
 There, clothed in white, the an - gels bright Our great Re - deem - er know.
 We soon shall hear the trum-pet sound 'Twill shake both earth and sky;



Their hor - ses white, their gar - ments bright With crown and
 They want no cow - ards in their band, (They will their
 They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E -
 Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ Th'e - ter - nal e -
 We'll shout and sing for ev - er - more In that e -
 In fier - y char - iots then we'll fly, And leave the



bow they stand, En - list - ing sol - diers for their
 col - ors fly,) But call for val - iant-heart - ed
 ter - nal Lamb His gar - ments stained with his own
 Son of God, And march with us to Can - aan's
 ter - nal world; But Sa - tan and his ar - mies
 world on fire And meet a - round the star - ry



King, To march for Can - aan's land.
 men, Who're not af - raid to die.
 blood, King Je - sus is his name.
 land, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.
 too, Shall down to hell be hurled.
 throne To tune th'im - mor - tal lyre.

