

Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trump-et - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers,
 2. It sets my heart all in a flame A sol - dier brave to be;
 3. To see our ar - mies on par - ade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!
 4. The trum-pets sound, the ar - mies shout, They drive the hosts of hell,
 5. There on a green and flow - 'ry mount Where fruits im - mor - tal grow,
 6. Lift up your heads, ye sol - diers bold; Re - demp-tion now draws 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 un - i - form, They look like men of war.
 How dread - ful is our God, our King, The great E - man - u - el!
 With an - gels all ar - rayed in white, We'll our Re - deem - er know.
 We soon shall hear the trum - pet sound That shakes the earth and sky.

Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright, With cour - age bold they stand,
 We want no cow - ards in our bands, Who will our col - ors fly,
 They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E - ter - nal Lamb;
 Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, Th'e - ter - nal Son of God,
 We'll shout and sing for ev - er - more, In that e - ter - nal world,
 In fie - ry char - iots we shall rise, And leave the world on fire,

En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Zi - on's land.
 We call for val - iant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - afraid to die.
 His gar - ments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus is His name.
 And march with us to Zi - on's land, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.
 While Sa - tan and his ar - my too Shall down to hell be hurled.
 And all sur - round the throne of love, And join the heav'n - ly choir.

Text: Unknown, 1835

Music: L. D. Edwards, 1909