

The Trumpeters

McCloud

John A. Granade, 1804

86. 86. D. (C. M. D.)

Transcribed from *Southern Harmony*, 1847;
and from *Christian Harmony*, 1867.

A Major

Arranged by William Walker, 1847
Alto by William Walker, 1867

Tr. ⁵ ¹⁰

1. { Hark! listen to the trumpeters! They sound for volunteers! } Their horses white, their garments bright Enlisting soldiers for their King, To march for Canaan's land.
1. { On Zion's bright and flowery mound, Behold the officers, } With crown and bow they stand,

A.

2. { It sets my heart all in a flame; A soldier I will be; } They want no cowards in their band, (They will their colors fly,) But call for valiant hearted men, Who're not afraid to die.
2. { I will enlist, gird on my arms, And fight for li-ber-ty. }

T.

3. { The armies now are in parade, How martial they appear! } They follow their great General, The great Eternal Lamb, His garments stained with his own blood – King Jesus is his name.
3. { All armed and dressed in uniform, They look like men of war; }

B.

4. { The trumpet sounds, the armies shout, And drive the hosts of hell; } Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ The eternal Son of God, And march with us to Canaan's land, Beyond the swelling flood.
4. { How dreadful is our God in arms, The great Im-man-u-el! }

5. There is a green and flowery field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world:
But Satan and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurled.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
Twill shake both earth and sky:
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire;
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune the immortal lyre.

"Melody by the Rev. Mr. McCloud" (Walker 1847).