

The Trumpet

The Chariot

The chariot! The chariot! Its wheels roll in fire,
As the lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!
Lo! self moving it drives on its pathway of clouds.
And the heavens with the burden of godhead are bowed.
O mercy! O mercy! Look down from above,
Great creator, on us, thy sad children, with love.
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.