The Trumpeters

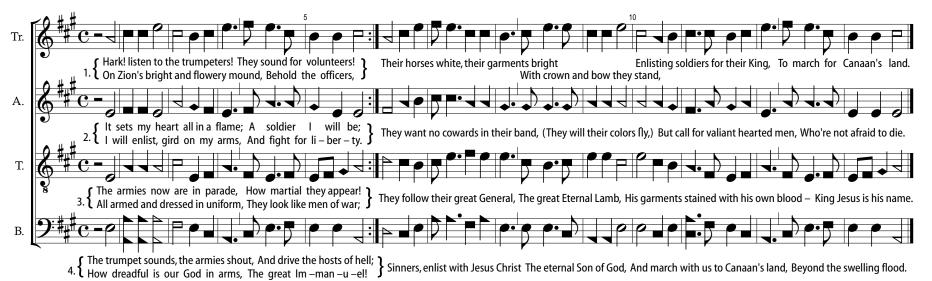
Transcribed from Southern Harmony, 1847; and from Christian Harmony, 1867.

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

A Major

John A. Granade, 1804

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



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.

4. 1 How dreadful is our God in arms, The great Im -man -u -el!

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.

[&]quot;Melody by the Rev. Mr. McCloud" (Walker 1847).