

THE God of glory sends His summons forth,
Calls southern nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead;
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

- 2 No more shall atheists mock His long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more—behold the Day!
Behold the Judge descends, His guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend Him from the sky.
When He appears, all nature shall adore Him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.
- 3 ‘Here,’ saith the Lord to angels, ‘spread their thrones,
And near Me seat My favourites and My sons.’
‘Come, My redeemed, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began; ’tis your divine reward.’
When Christ returns, arise with exultation,
Sing ransomed saints, He comes for your salvation.
- 4 Sinners awake! O foolish ones, be wise!
Awake before this awesome morning rise.
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Then with the ransomed join in adoration,
When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.