



# The Trump of God

*John Ecob*

The Trump of God will one day sound  
and the mystery church will not be found;  
The Lord will call to all His Own  
And the saints on earth will know the tone.

The Trump of God will sound so clear  
and after that the earth will fear;  
For seven seals will spell out doom  
And men on earth will seek a tomb.

The Trump of God will bring great fear  
As millions here will disappear;  
Some from their bed and from the mill  
And those who plow the earth to till.

The Trump of God and Michael's voice  
Will call the Jews to make a choice;  
A northern army will appear  
To put the nation in great fear.

The Trump of God will be so brief  
As suffering saints find sweet relief;  
Their earthly journey now complete  
They gather home at Jesus' feet.

The Trump of God will call the bride  
To gather at the Bridegroom's side;  
Her future now will be so bright  
Arrayed in garments pure and white.

The Trump of God will ope' the door  
To where the Saviour went before;  
He said He would return one day  
And take us home with Him to stay.

O Saviour, Lord, Thou Bridegroom sweet  
Arise, and call us to thy feet;  
We watch, and wait, and look above  
To know the fulness of thy love.  
To know the fulness of thy love.

