

When the Trumpet shall sound and the angel shall
call,

"To the place of My presence, the centuries all—

"To the dust of the war field shall rise in its
might

"Embattled to stand or to fall in My sight,

"And the waves shall be hid by the hosts they give
forth,

"From the sands of the South to the snows of the
North,

"And ye too shall be there!—there with him you
deplore,

"To be Mine, if ye will it, when time is NO MORE!"