

THE CHARIOT 11,12,12,12

1. The cha-riot! The cha-riot! its wheels roll on fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-mov-ing it drives on its path-way of cloud,

2. The glo-ry! The glo-ry! a-round him are pour'd Mighty hosts of the an-gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo-ri-fied saints and the mar-tyrs are there,

3. The trump-et! The trump-et! the dead have all heard: Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd; From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,

4. The judg-ment! The judg-ment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested el-ders are met; There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,

And the heav'ns with the bur - den of God - head are bow'd.

And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic - to - ry wear.

All the vast gen - e - ra - tions of man are come forth.

And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on his word.