“ Hope”

by George Heim, Jr.

When the great trumpet sounds

Down the halls of time

And the King stands up

From His throne sublime

When all of Heaven is hushed

And the gates thrown wide

And the city is empty

And there’s no one inside

When Christ’s angels are gathered

Into an infinite throng

And they rise from the city

With the victor’s song

When there’s joy in their wings

And they light up as day

And Jesus, their great God

Leads them all to the fray

When there’s a sign in the sky

That of a small black hand

And our King of all Kings

Comes to free a captured land

When great mountains are moved

And the isles flee away

When the night Is banished

For an eternal day

When great throngs of angels

Descend down from the sky

And the evil and sinful

Scream and they cry

When great earthquakes rock

And men’s hearts fail from fear

And the saints raise their hands

As the savior draws near

Then God opens the graves

And the faithful come out

And are lifted toward Heaven

And the living rise about

And a great song springs aloud

As they rise in the air

All of His forgiven ones

And they go toward Heaven so fair

And a great song of salvation

Is sung by all mankind

As we wing our way homeward

With not one saint left behind

On the great treasures in store

A river of life, golden streets,

But the best treasure of all

Is to fall at Christ’s feet