

He Comes**Lyrics: O. A. Pratt****Scripture: 1 Thessalonians 4:16****Meter: 8.8.8.4.8.8.8.4**

He comes! He comes with trumpet sound,
To wake the slumb'ring nations 'round;
His pard'ning love no more is found-
He comes! He comes!
The dead in Christ shall then arise,
To meet their Savior in the skies,
No more a bleeding sacrifice-
He comes! He comes!

He comes no more in priestly dress;
Each eye shall see, each tongue confess;
To judge the world in righteousness
He comes! He comes!
The earth shall melt, the mountains quake,
The sea shall roar, the heavens shake,
The trumpet sounds, the dead awake-
He comes! He comes!

Dear sinners, what will be your fate?
The cry will be, "Too late, too late!
To enter in at heaven's gate!"
He comes! He comes!
"Let rocks and mountains on us fall,"
In vain at mercy's door they call;
Now doomed to swift destruction all-
He comes! He comes!

His loved, His own all hear His voice,
Obey His call, in Him rejoice;
The way of life has been their choice;
He comes! He comes!
Now to those mansions fair and bright
They take their everlasting flight;
There they shall walk with Him in white-
He comes! He comes!

Behold, what wonder greets mine eye-
Ten thousand angels in the sky!
The end has come, destruction's nigh,
He comes! He comes!
Oh, fearful scene! creation groans,
While loud above the trumpet tones
What peals of joy! What piercing moans!
He comes! He comes!