

Chorus of Fire

Robert Lowry, 1868.

O! golden hereafter, thine every bright rafter
Will shake in the thunder of sanctified song;
And every swift angel proclaim an evangel,
To summon God's saints to the glorified throng.

Refrain

O! chorus of fire,
That will burst from God's choir,
When the loud hallelujahs leap up from the soul,
Till the flowers on the hills,
And the waves in the rills,
Shall tremble with joy in the music's deep roll.

O! host without number, awaked from death's slumber,
Who walk in white robes on the emerald shore;
The glory is o'er you, the throne is before you,
And weeping will come to your spirits no more.

Refrain

O! mansions eternal, in fields ever vernal,
Awaiting your tenantry ransomed from sin,
We'll stand on your pavement, no more in enslavement,
With home-songs to Jesus who welcomes us in.

Refrain

O! Jesus, our master, command to beat faster
These weary life pulses that bring us to Thee,
Till, past the dark portal, we stand up immortal,
And sweep with hosannas the jasper lit sea.

Refrain