

Fanny Crosby

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. When the trump of the great arch - an - gel its  
 2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And  
 3. O the seed that was sown in weak - ness shall

might - y tones shall sound, And, the end of the age pro -  
 they who loved Him here, From their graves shall a - wake and  
 then be raised in pow'r, And the songs of the blood bought

claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found; When the  
 praise Him with joy and not with fear; When the  
 mil - lions shall hail that bliss - ful hour; When we

Son of Man shall come in His glo - ry to  
 bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, and  
 gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, and

take the saints on high,      What a shout - ing in  
 clothed no more to die,      What a shout - ing there  
 night's dark shad - ows fly,      What a shout - ing on

the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,  
 will be when each oth - er's face we see,  
 the shore when we meet to part no more,

Changed in the twin - kling of an eye.  
 Changed in the twin - kling of an eye.  
 Changed in the twin - kling of an eye.

Refrain

Changed in the twin - kling of an eye,

Changed in the twin-king of an eye, The

trum - pet shall sound, the dead shall be raised,

Changed in the twin-king of an eye.