

# A Trumpet Blows on Zion's Hill

A Paraphrase of Joel 2:1-2, 12-17

CMD

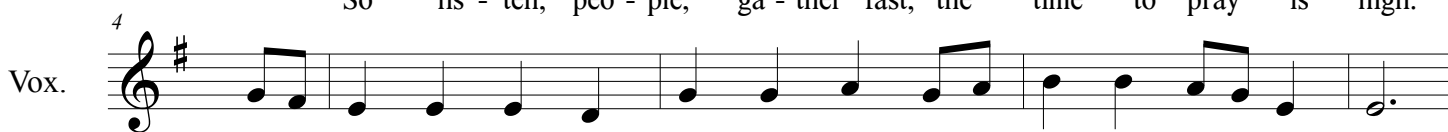
Music: English County Songs, 1893

Text: Stephen M. Fearing, 2015

Tune: KINGSFOLD



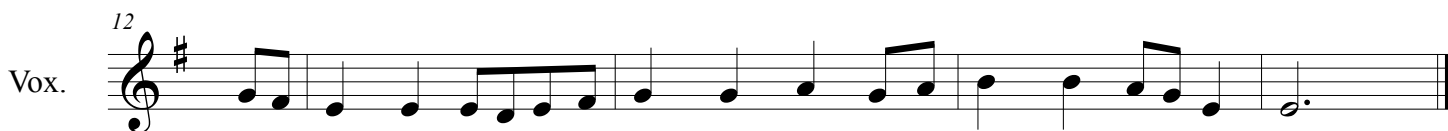
A trum - pet blows on Zi - on's hill; the ho - ly mount - ain rings.  
Yet ev - en now the Lord will say, "re - turn with all your heart,  
For God is mer - ci - ful and great; his grace comes from a - bove,  
So lis - ten, peo - ple, ga - ther fast; the time to pray is nigh.



"Let all the peo - ple list - en close," the cho - sen pro - phet sings.  
with fast - ing, weep - ing, pen - i - tence; each per - son do your part.  
for slow to an - ger God has been, his work is stead - fast love.  
This Lent - en journ - ey calls to us to heed its sol - emn cry.



"The day of God is com - ing near with clouds of ash - en gloom;  
For you're my peo - ple, I'm your God; your peace, my srong de - sire.  
Who knows whatchoice our God will make? The Lord is free to choose.  
Come chil - dren, el - ders, in - fants, too; let bride and groom come near,



like black-ness spread on mount-ains great, as dark as in the womb.  
My hope is for your hap - pi - ness; your trust all I re - quire."  
Be - ware the com - ing of this day, if God's grace we a - buse.  
for time has come for pen - i - tence for God will soon ap - pear.