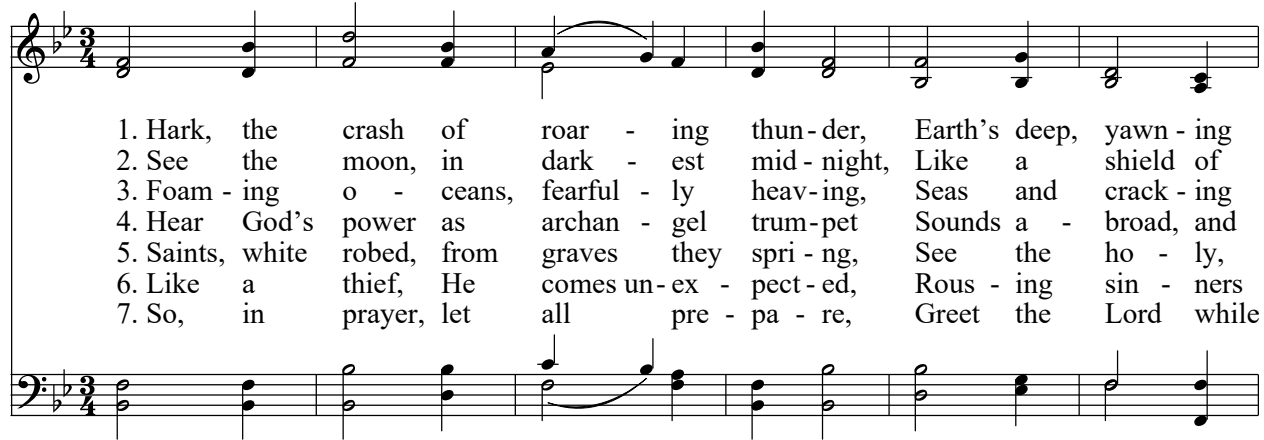


Hark, the Crash of Roaring Thunder

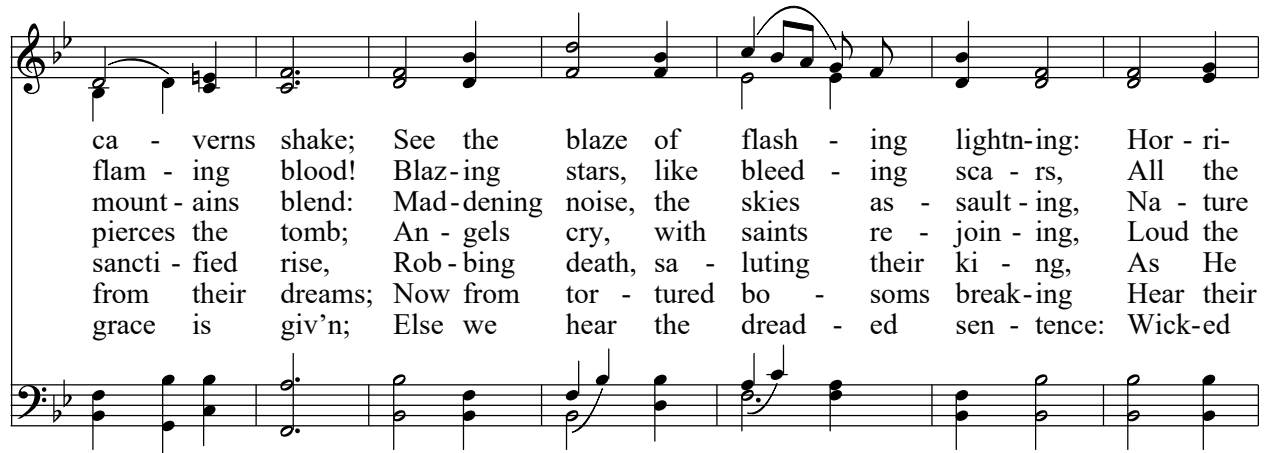
James Holme, 1861, adap. by Richard Adams 2024

Ithamar Conkey, 1849

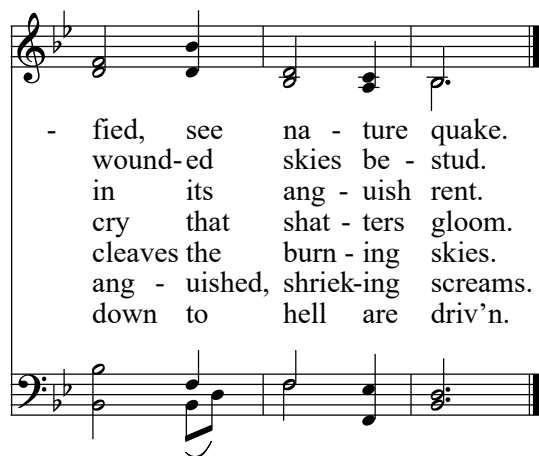
♩=130



1. Hark, the crash of roar - ing thun - der, Earth's deep, yawn - ing
2. See the moon, in dark - est mid - night, Like a shield of
3. Foam - ing o - ceans, fearful - ly heav - ing, Seas and crack - ing
4. Hear God's power as archan - gel trum - pet Sounds a - broad, and
5. Saints, white robed, from graves they spri - ng, See the ho - ly,
6. Like a thief, He comes un - ex - pect - ed, Rous - ing sin - ners
7. So, in prayer, let all pre - pa - re, Greet the Lord while



ca - verns shake; See the blaze of flash - ing lightn - ing: Hor - ri -
flam - ing blood! Blaz - ing stars, like bleed - ing sca - rs, All the
mount - ains blend: Mad - dening noise, the skies as - sault - ing, Na - ture
pierces the tomb; An - gels cry, with saints re - join - ing, Loud the
sancti - fied rise, Rob - bing death, sa - luting their ki - ng, As He
from their dreams; Now from tor - tured bo - soms break - ing Hear their
grace is giv'n; Else we hear the dread - ed sen - tence: Wick - ed



- fied, see na - ture quake.
wound - ed skies be - stud.
in its ang - uish rent.
cry that shat - ters gloom.
cleaves the burn - ing skies.
ang - uished, shriek - ing screams.
down to hell are driv'n.